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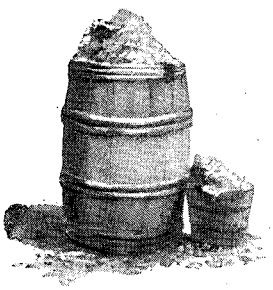
HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES.

STUDIES AMONG THE TENEMENTS.

By Jacob A. Riis.



NEW YORK alone, of the great cities of the world, has grown up with the century. The village of a hundred years ago is the metropolis of to-day. So fast a pace is not without its perils; in the haste to become great, our city has lost opportunities for healthy growth that have passed not to return. Lessons in home-building that would have been worth the learning have been lost on us. Other cities that took time to think have profited by them, and have left to New York the evil inheritance of the tenement, the Frankenstein of our city civilization. We are retracing our steps too late, and endeavoring to unlearn the pennywise ways of the past by tearing down to make elbow-room and breathing space for the pent-up crowds. What would have been easy at the start is a costly and unsatisfactory expedient now; ground has been lost that cannot be regained.

It was in the old historic homes downtown that the tenement was born of ignorance and nursed in greed. The years that have brought to these houses unhonored age have not effaced the stain. Step by step it has followed them uptown, poverty and wretchedness moving in as the children of fairer fortune moved out, and the vicious progeny far and fast outgrowing its parent in ugliness. But where its cradle stood, the tenement has yet left its foulest stamp.* Long ago its encroachment upon the lower wards that were the New York of a hundred years ago, gave to the home of the Knickerbockers the name and fame of the worst wards in the city.

Turn but a dozen steps from the rush and roar of the Elevated Railroad, where it dives under the Brooklyn Bridge at Franklin Square, and with its din echoing yet in your ears you have turned the corner from prosperity to poverty. You stand upon the domain of the tenement. In the shadow of the great stone abutments, linger about the old houses the worst traditions of half a century. Down the winding slope of Cherry Street—proud and fashionable Cherry Hill that was—their broad steps, sloping roofs, and dormer windows (solid comfort stamped by the builder in every one of their generous lines) are easily made out; all the more easily for the contrast with the ugly barracks that elbow them right and left. These never had other design than to shelter, at as little outlay as possible, the great-

* The discovery made at a recent census of the tenements, that as the buildings grew taller the death-rate fell, surprised most people. The reason is plain: The biggest tenements have been built in the last ten or fifteen years of sanitary reform rule, and have been brought, in all but the crowding, under its laws. The old houses, that from private dwellings were made into tenements, in defiance of every moral and physical law, can be improved by no device short of demolition. They will ever remain the worst.

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est crowds out of which rent could be wrung, for in the wake of the discovery that money could be coined out of human misery, or, as it was less offensively put, that "tenements were good property," came a viler creation of man's greed, a ton these have no place. The old garden gate long since went to decay and fell from its hinges. The arched gateway is there still, but it leads no longer to a garden. In its place has come a dark and nameless alley, shut in by high

At the Cradle of the Tenement.—Doorway of an old fashionable dwelling on Cherry Hill.

before the public conscience awoke to the wrong that can never again be undone, and of which we must be always paying the penalty. Like ghosts of a departed day, the old houses linger; but their glory is gone. This one, with its shabby front and poorly patched roof, who shall tell what glowing firesides, what happy children it once owned? Heavy feet, often with unsteady step, for the pot-house is next door, have worn away the brown-stone steps since; the broken columns at the door have rotted away at the base. Of the handsome cornice barely a trace is left. Dirt and desolation reign in the wide hallway, and danger lurks on the rickety stairs. Rough pine boards fence off the roomy fireplaces; where coal is bought by the pail at the rate of twelve dollars

brick walls, cheerless as the lives of those they shelter. A horde of dirty children play on the broken flags about the dripping hydrant, the only thing in the alley that thinks enough of its chance to make the most of it: it is the best it can do. These are the children of the tenements, the growing generation of the slums. From the great highway overhead, along which throbs the lifetide of two great cities, one might drop a pebble into half a dozen such alleys.

One yawns just across the street; not very broadly, but it is not to blame. The builder of the old gateway had no thought of its ever becoming a public thoroughfare. But inside it widens; a man might fall across it, with nice judgment, and not touch wall on either side with head or feet. No sound of chil-

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dren's romping feet makes this old alley ring. Morning and evening it echoes with the gentle, groping tap of the blind man's staff as he feels his way to the street. Sunless and joyless though it be, Blind Man's Alley has that which its compeers of the slum vainly yearn for. It has a pay-day. Once a year sunlight shines into the lives of the blind beggars who for many seasons have made it and the surrounding tenements their home. In June, when the Superintendent of Outdoor Poor distributes the twenty thousand dollars annually allowed the poor blind by the city, in half-hearted recognition of its failure to otherwise provide for them, Blind-Man's Alley takes a vacation and goes to "see" Mr. Blake. Even the blind landlord, who, after making a fortune out of the Alley and its poverty-stricken tenants, has in extreme old age, with singular appropriateness, grown blind himself, rejoices, for much of the money goes into his coffers.*

Double-alley, Gotham Court.

* In the interval between the preparation of this article and its publication the health officers have wrought a wellnigh miraculous change in this alley by compelling the landlord, against loud and bitter protests, to clean and

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In the Home of an Italian Rag-picker, Jersey Street.

From their perch up among the rafters Mrs. Gallagher's blind boarders might hear, did they listen, the tramp of the policeman always on duty in Gotham Court, half a stone's throw away. His beat, though it takes in but a small portion of a single block, is quite as lively as most larger patrol-rounds. There are few streets in the city where the crowd is as dense. A single big tenement, cut in halves lengthwise by a dividing wall with barred openings on the stairs, so that the tenants on either side may see but cannot get at each other, makes the "Court." Alleys, one wider by a couple of feet than the other, whence the distinction Single and Double Alley, skirt the barracks on either side. There are rooms for one hundred and forty-two families in the Court, which, with the ordinary New York average of four and a half to the family, gives a larger population than that of many a thriving country town that spreads itself over a square mile of land. It is claimed that this number has recently been reduced. The cosmopolitan character of lower New York, as well as the constant need of the policeman and the use of the iron bars, were well illustrated by the statement of the agent at one of my visits, that there were one hundred Irish, thirty-eight Italian, and two German families in the Court. It was an eminently Irish suggestion that the two German families were to blame for the necessity of police surveillance; but a Chinaman whom I questioned as he hurried past the iron gate of the alley was evidently of a different opinion, though he prudently hesitated to express it. The whole building is a fair instance of the bad after-thought of the age that followed immediately upon the adoption of the tenement as a means of solving the problems presented by the sudden rapid growth of the city; just how bad the last great cholera epidemic taught the community, when the death-

repair the worst of its old tenements. The process apparently destroyed the home-feeling of the alley, for many of its blind tenants moved away and have not returned since.

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rate rose in Gotham Court to the unprecedented height of one hundred and ninety-five in a thousand. There are plenty like it throughout the lower wards, with and without alleys.

Of the sort of answer that would come from these tenements to the vexed question, "Is life worth living?" were they heard at all in the discussion, the following, cut from the last report of the Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor, a long name for a weary task, contains a suggestion:

"In the depth of winter, the attention of the Association was called to a Protestant family living in a garret in a miserable tenement on Cherry Street. The family's condition was most deplorable. The man, his wife, and three small children shivering in one room, through the roof of which the pitiless winds of winter whistled. The room was almost barren of furniture, the parents slept on the floor, the elder children in boxes, and the baby was swung in an old shawl attached to the rafters by cords by way of a hammock. The father, a seaman, had been obliged to give up that calling because he was in consumption, and was unable to provide either bread or fire for his little ones."

Perhaps this may be put down as an exceptional case; but one that came to my notice some months ago, in a Seventh Ward tenement, was typical enough to escape that reproach. There were nine in the family: husband, wife, an aged grandmother, and six children; honest, hard-working Germans, scrupulously neat, but poor! All nine lived in two rooms, one about ten feet square that served as parlor, bedroom, and eating-room, the other a small hall-room made into a kitchen. The rent was seven dollars and a half, more than a week's wages for the husband and father. That day the mother had thrown herself out of the window, and was carried up from the street dead. She was "discouraged," said some of the other women from the tenement, who had come in to look after the children while a messenger carried the news to the father at the shop. They went stolidly about their task, although they were evidently not without feeling for the dead woman. No doubt she was wrong in not taking life philosophically, as the four families a city missionary found housekeeping in the four corners of one room. They got along well enough together until one of the families took a

A "Black-and-tan Dive," in Thompson Street.

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boarder and made trouble. But then, the philosophy of the slums is too apt

four or five hundred, while the other asserts that there are thirty-two thou-

Poverty in a West Twenty-eighth Street Tenement—An English Coal-heaver's Home.*

to be of the kind that readily recognizes the saloon, always handy, as the refuge from every trouble, and shapes its practice according to the discovery.

There is a standing quarrel between the professional—I mean now the official—sanitarian and the unsalaried agitator for sanitary reform, over the question of overcrowded tenements. The one puts the number a little vaguely at

sand, the whole number of houses classed as tenements at last year's census, taking no account of the better kind of flats. It depends on the angle from which one sees it, which is right. At best the term overcrowding is a relative one, and the scale of official measurement conveniently sliding. Under the pressure of the Italian influx of the last few years the standard of breathing space required for an adult by the health officers has been cut down from six to four hundred cubic feet. The "needs of the situation" is their plea, and no more perfect argument could be advanced for the reformer's position.

It is upon "The Bend," in Mulberry Street, that this Italian blight has fallen chiefly. It is here the sanitary policeman locates the bulk of his Four Hundred, and the reformer gives up the task in despair. Where Mulberry Street crooks like an elbow, within hail of the old depravity of the Five Points, are the miserable homes of the ragpickers. The law of kaleidoscopic change that rules life in the lower strata of our city long since put the swarthy, stunted emi-

*Suspicions of murder, in the case of a woman who was found dead, covered with bruises, after a day's running fight with her husband, in which the beer-jug had been the bone of contention, brought me to this house, a ramshackle tenement on the tail-end of a lot over near the North River docks. The family in the picture lived above the rooms where the dead woman lay on a bed of straw, overrun by rats, and had been uninterested witnesses of the affray that was an every-day occurrence in the house. A patched and shaky stairway led up to their one bare and miserable room, in comparison with which a white-washed prison-cell seemed a real palace. A heap of old rags, in which the baby slept serenely, served as the common sleeping-bunk of father, mother, and children—two bright and pretty girls, singularly out of keeping even in their clean, if coarse, dresses, with their surroundings. The father, a slow-going, honest English coal-heaver, earned on the average five dollars a week, "when work was fairly brisk," at the docks. But there were long seasons when it was very "slack," he said doubtfully. Yet the prospect did not seem to discourage them. The mother, a pleasant-faced woman, was cheerful, even light-hearted. Her smile seemed the most sadly hopeless of all in the utter wretchedness of the place, cheery though it was meant to be, and really was. It seemed doomed to certain disappointment—the one thing there that was yet to know a greater depth of misery.

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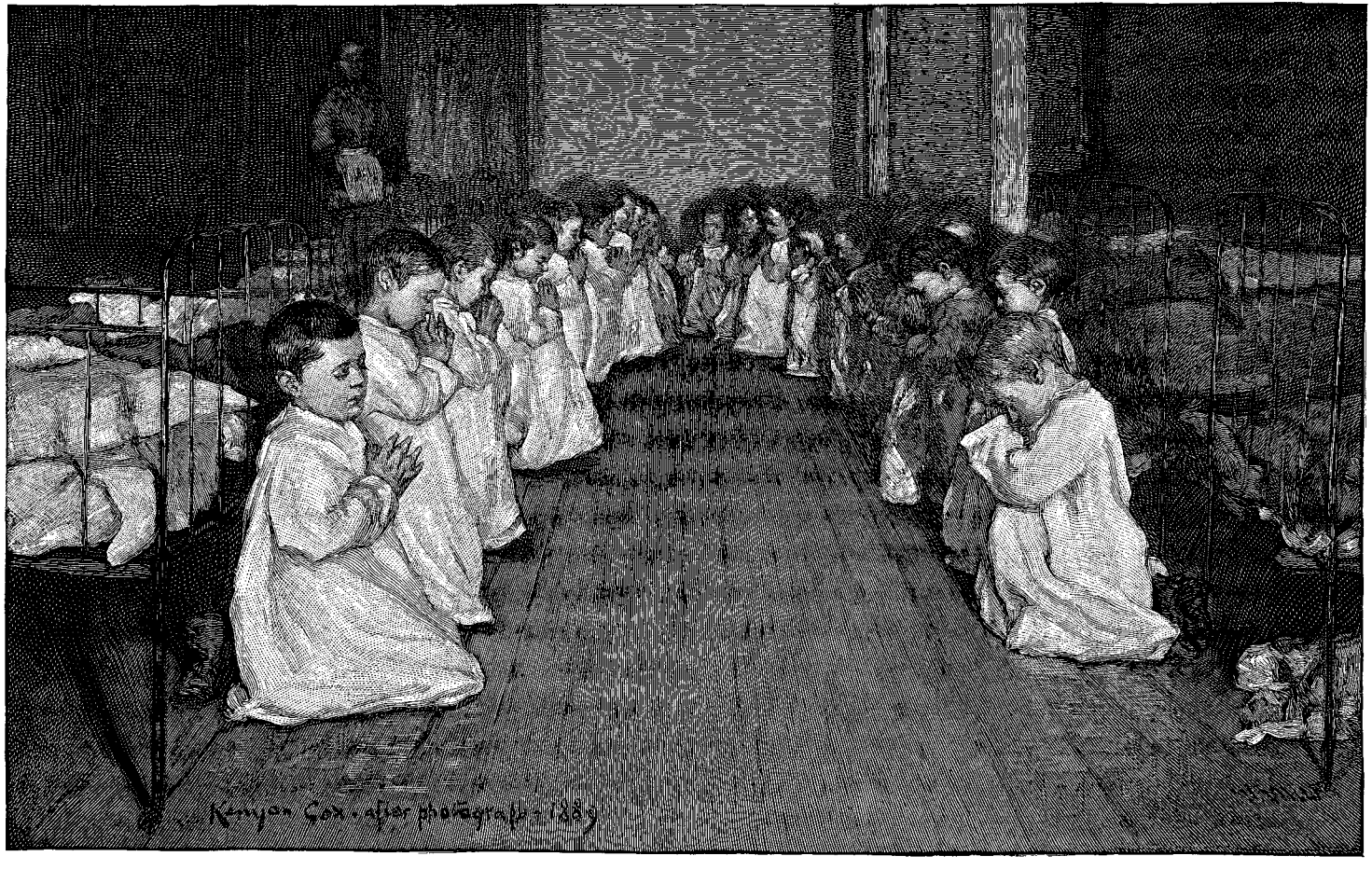

Prayer-time in the Nursery—Five Points House of Industry.

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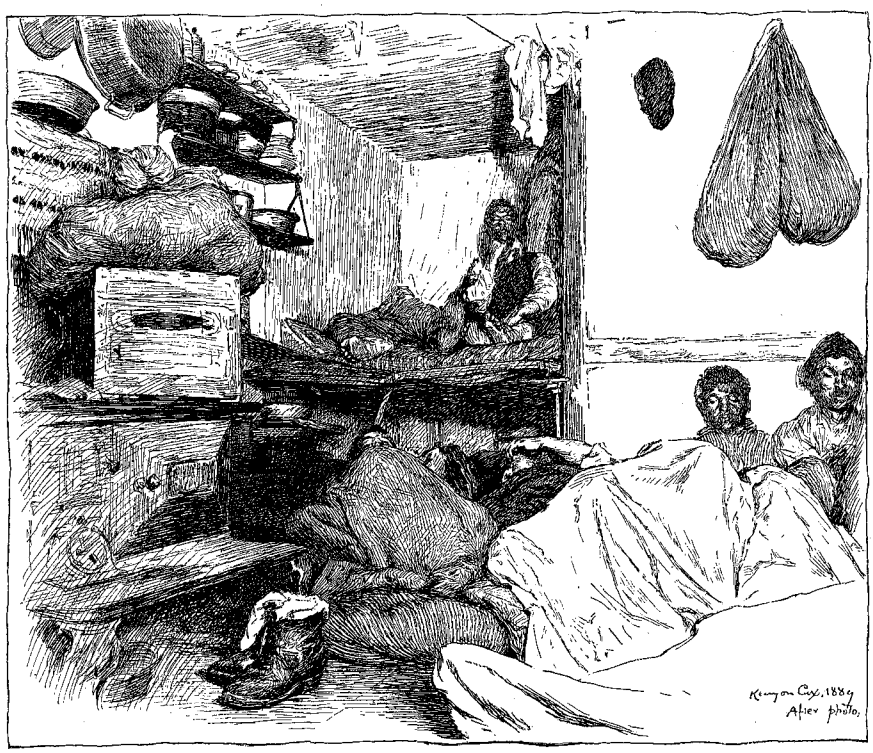
grant from southern Italy in exclusive possession of this field, just as his black-eyed boy has monopolized the boot-black's trade, the Chinaman the laundry, and the negro the razor for purposes of honest industry as well as anatomical research. Here is the back alley in its foulest development—naturally enough, for there is scarcely a lot that has not two, three, or four tenements upon it, swarming with unwholesome crowds. What squalor and degradation inhabit no word of English—upon such scenes as the one presented in the picture. It was photographed by flash-light on just such a visit. In a room not thirteen feet either way slept twelve men and women, two or three in bunks set in a sort of alcove, the rest on the floor. A kerosene lamp burned dimly in the fearful atmosphere, probably to guide other and later arrivals to their "beds," for it was only just past midnight. A baby's fretful wail came from



Lodgers in a Crowded Bayard Street Tenement—"Five cents a spot."

these dens the health officers know. Through the long summer days their carts patrol The Bend, scattering disinfectants in streets and lanes, in sinks and cellars, and hidden hovels where the tramp burrows. From midnight till far into the small hours of the morning the policeman's thundering rap on closed doors is heard, with his stern command, "*Apri port'!*" on his rounds gathering evidence of illegal overcrowding. The doors are opened unwillingly enough—but the order means business and the tenant knows it even if he understands an adjoining hall-room, where, in the semi-darkness, three recumbent figures could be made out. The "apartment" was one of three in two adjoining buildings we had found, within half an hour, similarly crowded. Most of the men were lodgers, who slept there for five cents a spot.

Another room on the top floor, that had been examined a few nights before, was comparatively empty. There were only four persons in it, two men, an old woman, and a young girl. The landlord opened the door with alacrity, and ex-

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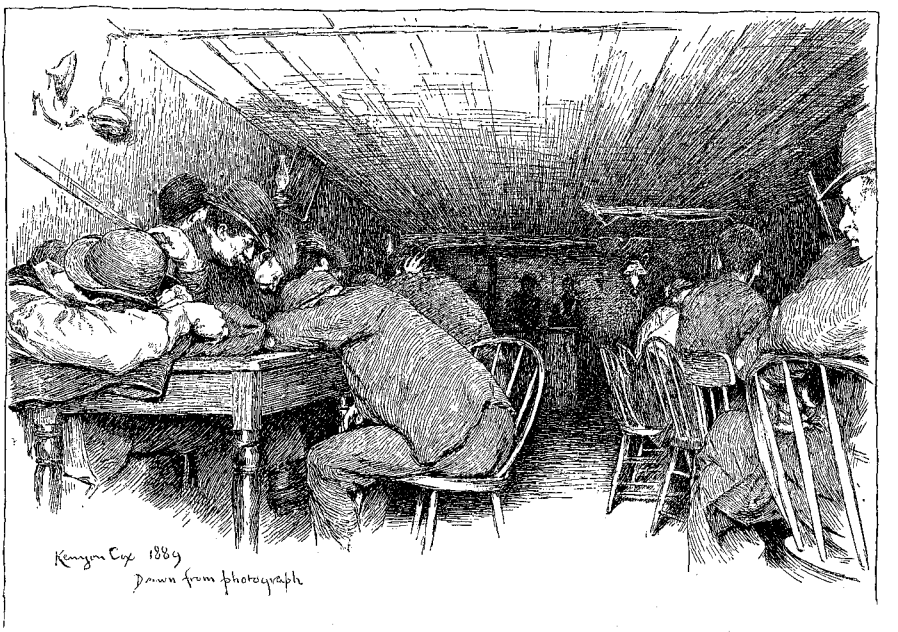

An All-night Two-cent Restaurant, in "The Bend."

hibited with a proud sweep of his hand the sacrifice he had made of his personal interests to satisfy the law. Our visit had been anticipated. The policeman's back was probably no sooner turned than the room was reopened for business.

Of the vast homeless crowds the census takes no account. It is their instinct to shun the light, and they cannot be coralled in one place long enough to be counted. But the houses can, and the last count showed that in "The Bend district," between Broadway and the Bowery and Canal and Chatham Streets, in a total of nearly four thousand four hundred "apartments," only nine were for the moment vacant. West of Broadway, in the old "Africa" that receives the overflow from The Bend and is rapidly changing its character (the colored population moving uptown before the tide of Italian immigration and the onward march of business—an odd co-partnership), the notice "standing-room only" is up. Not a single vacant room was found there. The problem of the children becomes, in these swarms, to the last degree perplexing. It is not unusual to find half a hundred in a single tenement. I have counted as many as one hundred and thirty-six in two adjoining houses in Crosby Street.

There was a big tenement in the Sixth Ward, now happily in process of being appropriated by the beneficent spirit of business that blots out so many foul spots in New York—it figured not long

In a Chinese Joint.

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ago in the official reports as "an out-and-out hog-pen"—that had a record of one hundred and two arrests in four years among its four hundred and seventy-eight tenants, fifty-seven of them for drunken and disorderly conduct. I do not know how many children there were in it, but the inspector reported that he found only seven in the whole house who owned that they went to school. The rest gathered all the instruction they received running for beer for their elders. Some of them claimed the "flat" as their home as a mere matter of form. They slept in the streets at night. The official came upon a little party of four drinking beer out of the cover of a milk-can in the hallway. They were of the seven good boys, and proved their claim to the title by offering him some.

Helping hands are held out on every side for the rescue of these forlorn ones, but the need of help only grows with the effort. The mission houses at the Five Points have cared, and still care, for their thousands with food and raiment, as well as much-needed instruction. It is one of the most touching sights in the world to see a score of babies, rescued from homes of brutality and desolation where drunken curses took the place of blessings, saying their prayers in the nursery of the Five Points House of Industry at bedtime. Too often their white night-gowns hide tortured little bodies and limbs cruelly bruised by inhuman hands. The Children's Aid So-

The Old Clo'e's Man—In the Jewish Quarter.

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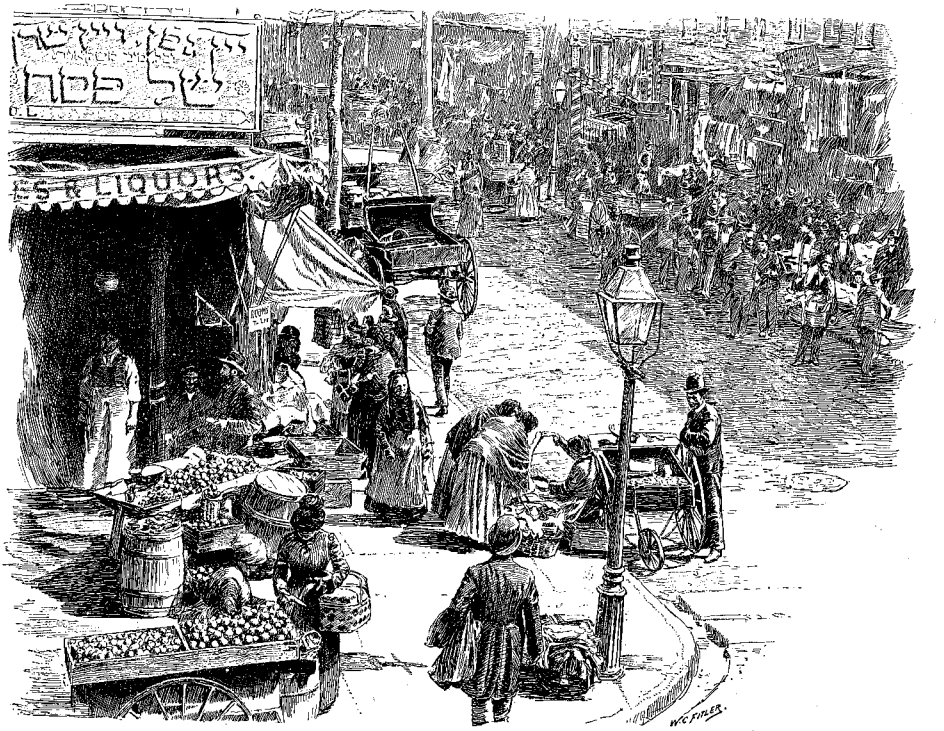
ciety and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children conduct an ever-active campaign against the depraving



A Market Scene in the Jewish Quarter.

influences of the slums, but neither these nor the truant officer can prevent ever-increasing herds of the boys and girls from growing up, to all intents and purposes, young savages, to recruit the army of paupers and criminals. The graduating-school is near at hand in the cheap lodging-houses with which the locality abounds.

The step from these to trampdom, that owns the tenements in The Bend as its proper home, is short and easy. One of the justices on the Police Court bench recently summed up his long experience as a committing magistrate in this statement: "The ten-cent lodging-houses more than counterbalance the good done by the free reading-room, lectures, and all other agencies of reform. Such lodging-houses have caused more destitution, more beggary and crime than any other agency I know of!" Reading-rooms and lectures are not indigenous to the soil of Mulberry Street; but the ten-cent and seven-cent lodging-houses, usually different grades of one and the same abomination, abound. The briefest examination of any one of them will, in most cases, more than justify the harsh judgment of the magistrate. Some sort of an apology for a bed, with mattress and blanket, represents the aristocratic purchase of the tramp who, by a lucky stroke of beggary, has exchanged the chance of an empty box or ash-barrel for shelter on the quality floor of one of these "hotels." A strip of canvas, strung between rough timbers, without covering of any kind, does for the couch of the seven-cent lodger who prefers the questionable comfort of a red-hot stove close to his elbow to the revelry of the stale-beer dive. It is not the most secure perch in the world. Uneasy sleepers roll off at intervals, but they have not far to fall to the next tier of bunks, and the commotion that ensues is speedily quieted by the boss and his club. On cold

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winter-nights, when every bunk had its tenant, I have stood in such a lodging-room more than once, and listening to the snoring of the sleepers like the regular strokes of an engine, and the slow creaking of the beams under their restless weight, imagined myself on shipboard and experiencced the very real nausea of sea-sickness. The one thing that did not favor the deception was the air. Its character could not be mistaken.

I have spoken of the stale-beer dive. As a thief never owns to his calling, however devoid of moral scruples, preferring to style himself a speculator, so this real home-product of the slums is known about The Bend by the more dignified name of the two-cent restaurant. A deep cellar, sometimes giving on the street, more frequently on a back alley, in which doctored beer is sold, and likely a cup of "coffee" and a roll for two cents. The beer is fresh from the barrels put on the sidewalk by saloon-keepers to simmer in the sun until collected by the brewer's cart, and is touched up with drugs to put a froth on it. The privilege to sit all night in a chair, or sleep on a table or in a barrel, goes with each purchase. Generally an Italian, sometimes a negro, occasionally a woman, "runs" the dive. Men and women, alike homeless and hopeless in their utter wretchedness, mingle there together. In one such dive in Bandits' Roost—a notorious Mulberry Street alley—I once, on the occasion of a police raid, counted forty-two "customers." The room was hardly five steps across, and indescribably foul. On a heap of dirty straw in the corner lay a mother and her new-born babe. But if they have nothing else to call their own, even tramps have a "pull"—about election time at all events. They have votes, and votes that are for sale cheap for cash. The sergeant who locked the dreary crowd up predicted that the men, at least, would not stay long on the island. More than once (he said it as if it were the most natural thing in the world) he had sent up one tramp twice in twenty-four hours for six months at a time.

One particularly ragged and disreputable representative of his tribe sat smoking his pipe on the wreck of a ladder with such evident philosophic contentment in the busy labor of a score of ragpickers all about him, that I bade him sit for a picture, offering him ten cents for the job. He accepted the offer with hardly a nod, and sat patiently watching me from his perch until I got ready for work. Then he calmly took his pipe out of his mouth and put it in his pocket, stolidly declaring that it was not included in the contract, and that it was worth a quarter to have it go in the picture. And I had to give in. The man, scarce ten seconds employed at honest labor, even at sitting down, at which he was an undoubted expert, had gone on strike. He knew his rights and the value of "work," and was not to be cheated out of either.

A Tramp's Nest in Ludlow Street.

That pure womanhood should blossom in such an atmosphere of moral decay is one of the unfathomable mysteries of life. And yet it is not an uncommon thing to find sweet and innocent girls, singularly untouched by the evil around them, true wives and faithful mothers, literally "like jewels in a swine's snout," in these infamous barracks. It is the experience of all who have intelligently observed this side of life in a great city,

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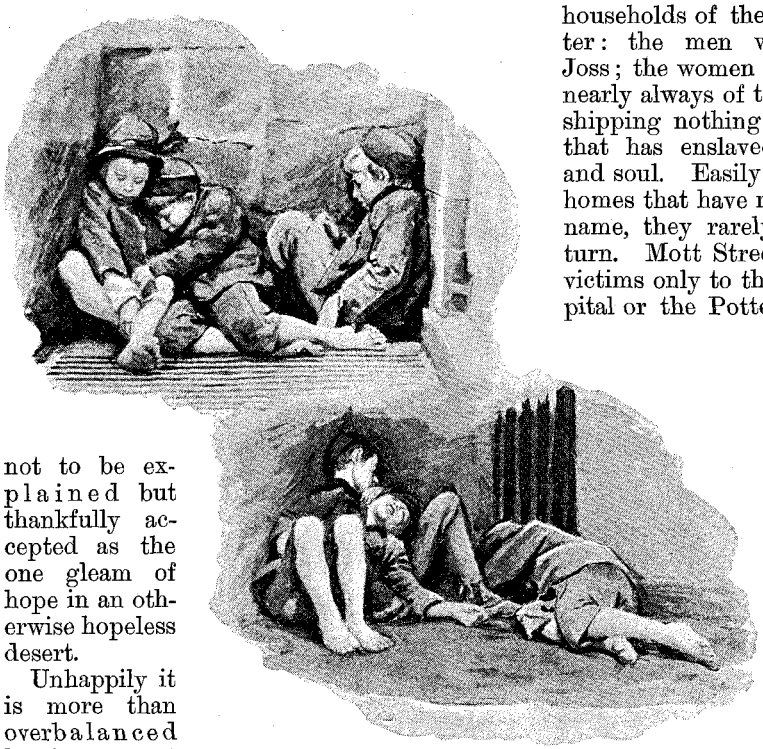

Street Arabs in Sleeping Quarters.

not to be explained but thankfully accepted as the one gleam of hope in an otherwise hopeless desert.

Unhappily it is more than overbalanced by the account on the other side of the ledger. Out of the tenements of The Bend and its feeders come the white slaves of the Chinese dens of vice and their infernal drug, that have infused into the "Bloody Sixth" Ward of old a subtler poison than ever the stale-beer dives knew, or the "sudden death" of the Old Brewery. There are houses, dozens of them, in Mott and Pell Streets that are literally jammed, from the "joint" in the cellar to the attic, with these hapless victims of a passion which, once acquired, demands the sacrifice of every instinct of decency to its insatiate desire. There is a church in Mott Street, at the entrance to Chinatown, that stands as a barrier between it and the tenements beyond. Its young men have waged unceasing war upon the monstrous wickedness for years, but with very little real result. I have in mind a house in Pell Street that has been raided no end of times by the police, and its population emptied upon the island, or into the reformatories, yet is to-day honeycombed with scores of the conventional households of the Chinese quarter: the men worshippers of Joss; the women all white, girls nearly always of tender age, worshipping nothing save the pipe that has enslaved them body and soul. Easily tempted from homes that have no claim to the name, they rarely or never return. Mott Street gives up its victims only to the Charity Hospital or the Potter's Field. Of the depth of their fall no one is more thoroughly aware than these girls themselves; no one less concerned about it. The calmness with which they discuss it, while insisting illogically upon the fiction of a marriage that deceives no one, is disheartening. Their misery is peculiarly fond of company, and an amount of visiting goes on in these households that makes it extremely difficult for the stranger to untangle them. I came across a company of them, "hitting the pipe" together, on a tour through their dens one night with the police captain of the precinct. The girls knew him, called him by name, offered him a pipe, and chatted with him about the incidents of their acquaintance, how many times he had "sent them up," and their chances of "lasting" much longer. There was no shade of regret in their voices, nothing but utter indifference and surrender. One thing about them was conspicuous: their scrupulous neatness. It is the distinguishing mark of Chinatown, outwardly and physically.

It is not altogether by chance the Chinaman has chosen the laundry as his distinctive field. He is by nature as clean as the cat, which he resembles in his traits of cruel cunning and savage fury when aroused to wrath. In his

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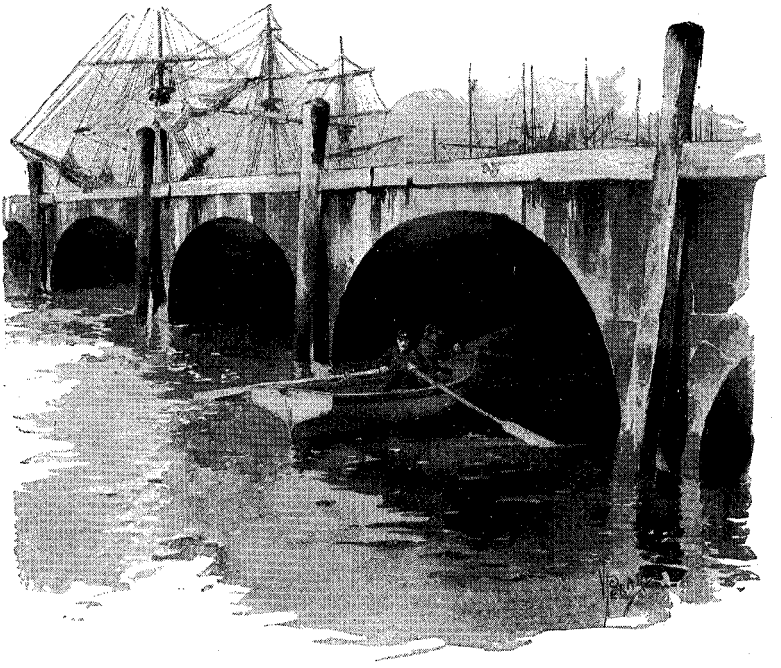
domestic circle he rules with a rod of iron. A specimen of celestial logic in this line came home to me with a personal application one evening when I attempted, with a policeman, to stop a Chinaman whom we found beating his white "wife" with a broom-handle in a Mott Street cellar. He was angry at our interference, and declared vehemently that she was "bad."

"S'ppose your wifee bad, you no lickee her?" he asked, as if there could be no appeal from such a common-sense proposition as that. My assurance that I did not, that such a thing could not occur to me, struck him dumb with amazement. He eyed me a while in stupid silence, poked the linen in his tub, stole another look, and made up his mind. A gleam of intelligence shone in his eye, and pity and contempt struggled in his voice. "Then, I guess, she lickee you," he said.

New York, for the asking, an Italian, a German, French, African, Spanish, Scandinavian, Russian, Jewish, and Chinese colony. Even the Arab who peddles "holy earth" from the Battery as a direct importation from Jerusalem has his exclusive preserves at the lower end of Washington Street. The one thing you shall vainly ask for in the chief city of America is a distinctive American community. There is none; certainly not among the tenements. No need of asking here on the east side where we are. The jargon of the street, the signs of the sidewalk, the manner and dress of the people, betray their race at every step. Men with queer skull-caps, venerable beard, and the outlandish long-skirted kaftan of the Russian Jew, elbow the ugliest and the handsomest women in the land. The contrast is startling. The old women are hags; the young, houries. Wives



Hunting River Thieves.

The tenements grow taller and the gaps in their ranks close up rapidly as we cross the Bowery, and, leaving Chinatown and the Italians behind, invade the Hebrew quarter. One may find in

and mothers at sixteen, at thirty they are old. So thoroughly has the chosen people crowded out the Gentiles in the Tenth Ward, that when a great Jewish holiday came around last year, all but

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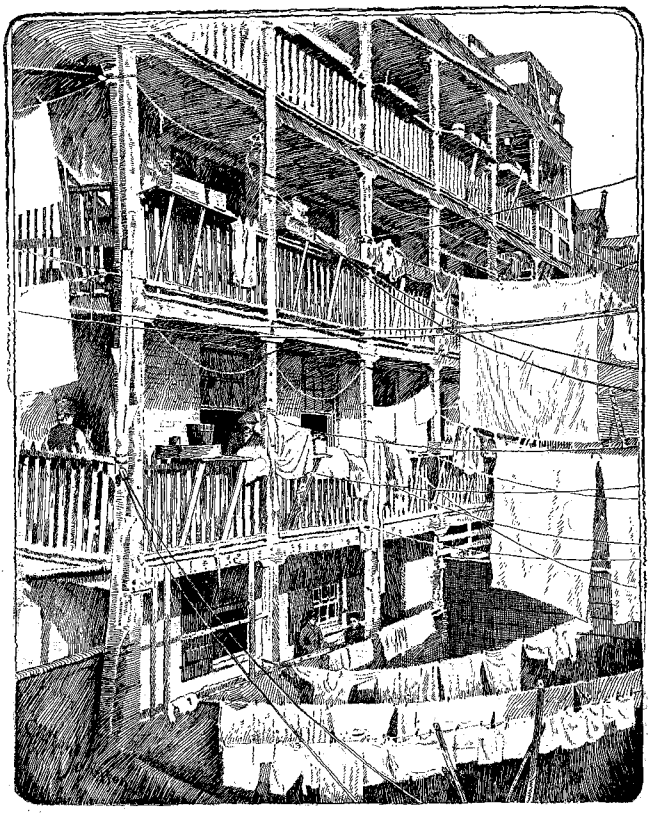
seventy-five of the seventeen hundred pupils in a public school in the district stayed home to celebrate.

It is said that nowhere in the world are so many people crowded together on a square mile as here. The average five-story tenement adds a story or two to its stature in Ludlow Street, and an extra building on the rear lot, and yet the sign "To Let" is the rarest of all there. Here is one seven stories high. The sanitary policeman will tell you that it contains thirty-six families, but the term has a widely different meaning here and on the avenues. In this house, where a case of small-pox was reported, there were fifty-eight babies, and thirty-eight children that were over five years of age. In Essex Street two small rooms in a six-story tenement were made to hold a "family" of father and mother, twelve children, and six boarders. The boarder plays as important a part in the domestic economy of Jewtown as the lodger in the Mulberry Street Bend. These are samples of the packing of the population that has run up the record of this square mile to two hundred and ninety thousand souls, while the densest crowding of Old London is stated to be one hundred and seventy thousand to the square mile. Even the alley is crowded out. Through dark hallways and filthy cellars, crowded, as is every foot of the street, with half-naked children, the settlements in the rear are reached. Thieves know how to find them when pursued by the police, and the tramps that sneak in on chilly nights to fight for the warm spot in the yard over some baker's oven. There is such a tramps' roost in the rear of a tenement near the lower end of Ludlow Street that is never without its tenants in winter. By a judicious practice of flopping over at intervals, and thus warming one side at a time, and with an empty box to put the feet in, it is possible to keep reasonably comfortable there even on rainy nights. In summer this yard is the only one in the neighborhood that does not do duty as a public dormitory.



An Old Rear-tenement in Roosevelt Street.

It is in hot weather, when life in-doors is wellnigh unbearable with cooking, sleeping, and working all crowded into the small room together—for especially in these East-side tenements much of the work that keeps the family is done at home—that the tenement expands, reckless of all restraint. Then a strange and picturesque life moves upon the flat roofs. In the day and early evening mothers air their babies there, the boys fly their kites from the house-tops, undismayed by police regulations, and the

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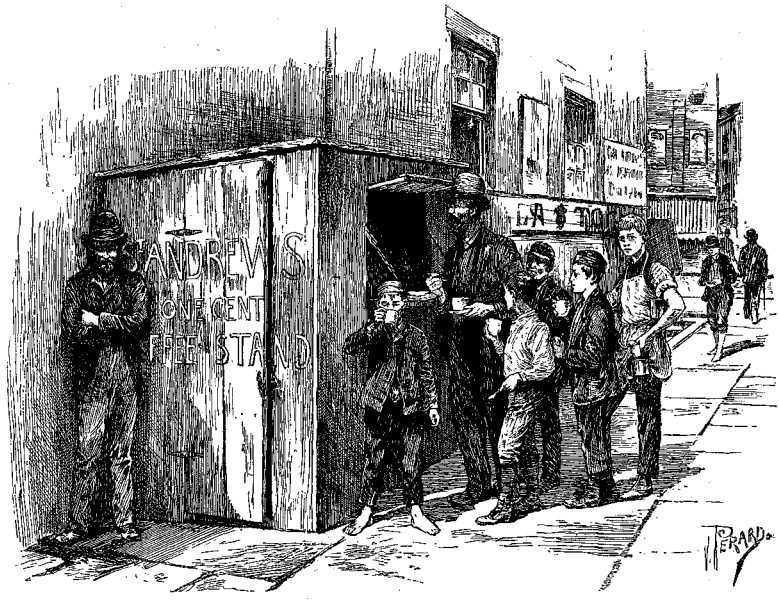
young men and girls court and pass the growler. In the stifling July nights, when the big barracks are like fiery furnaces, their very walls giving out absorbed heat, men and women lie in restless, sweltering rows, panting for air and sleep. Then every truck in the street, every crowded fire-escape, becomes a bedroom, infinitely preferable to any



Coffee at One Cent.

the house affords. A cooling shower on such a night is hailed as a heaven-sent blessing in a hundred thousand homes.

Life in the tenements in July and August spells death to an army of little ones whom the doctor's skill is powerless to save. When the white badge of mourning flutters from every second door, sleepless mothers walk the streets in the gray of the early dawn, trying to stir a cooling breeze to fan the brow of the sick baby. There is no sadder sight than this patient devotion striving against fearfully hopeless odds. Fifty "summer doctors," especially trained to this work, are then sent into the tenements by the Board of Health, with free advice and free medicine for the poor. Fresh-air excursions run daily out of New York on land and on water; but despite all efforts the grave-diggers in Calvary work overtime, and little coffins are stacked mountain-high on the deck of the Charity Commissioners' boat when it makes its semi-weekly trips to the city cemetery.

Within a few years the police captured on the East side a band of firebugs who made a business of setting fire to tenements for the insurance on their furniture. There has, unfortunately, been too much evidence in the past year that another such conspiracy is on foot again. The danger to which these fiends expose their fellow-tenants is appalling. A fire-panic at night in a tenement, by no means among the rare experiences in New York, with the surging, half-smothered crowds on stairs and fire-escapes, the frantic mothers and crying children, the wild struggle to save the little that is their all, is a horror that has few parallels in human experience.

I cannot think without a shudder of one such scene in a First-Avenue tenement. It was in the middle of the night. The fire had swept up with sudden fury from a restaurant on the street floor, cutting off escape. Men and women threw themselves from the windows, or were carried down senseless by the firemen. Thirteen half-clad, apparently

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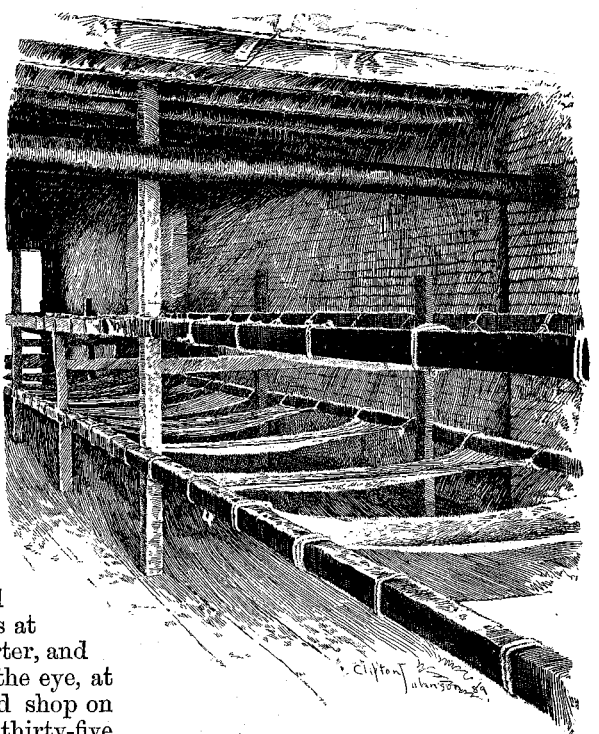
lifeless bodies were laid on the floor of an adjoining coal-office, and the ambulance surgeons worked over them with sleeves rolled up to the elbows. A half-grown girl with a baby in her arms walked about among the dead and dying with a stunned, vacant look, singing in a low, scared voice to the child. One of the doctors took her arm to lead her out, and patted the cheek of the baby. It was cold. The baby had been smothered with its father and mother; but the girl, her sister, did not know it. Her reason had fled.

Thursday night and Friday morning are bargain days in the Pigmarket. Then is the time to study the ways of this peculiar people to the best advantage. A common pulse beats in the quarters of the Polish Jews and in the Mulberry Bend, though they have little else in common. Friday brings out all the latent color and picturesqueness of the Italians, as it does of these Orientals. The crowds and the common poverty are the bonds of sympathy between them. The Pigmarket is in Hester Street, extending either way from Ludlow Street, and up and down the side-streets, two or three blocks, as the state of trade demands. The name was given to it probably in derision, for pork is the one ware that is not on sale in the Pigmarket. There is scarcely anything else that can be hawked from a wagon that is not to be found, and at ridiculously low prices. Bandannas and tin-cups at two cents, peaches at a cent a quart, hats for a quarter, and spectacles, warranted to suit the eye, at the optician's, who has opened shop on a Hester Street doorstep, for thirty-five cents. Frowsy-looking chickens, the great staple of the market, and choice cuts of meat at prices the Avenues never dreamed of. And the crowds that jostle each other at the wagons and about the sidewalk shops, where a gutter-plank on two ash-barrels does duty for a counter! —pushing, struggling, screaming, and shouting in foreign tongues, a veritable Babel of confusion. An English word falls upon the ear almost with a sense of shock, as something unexpected and strange. In the midst of it all there is a sudden wild scattering, a hustling of things from the street into dark cellars, into backyards and by-ways, a slamming and locking of doors hidden under the improvised shelves and counters. The health officer's cart is coming down the street, preceded and followed by stalwart policemen who shovel up with scant ceremony the eatables, musty bread, rotten fish, and stale vegetables, indifferent to the curses that are showered on them from stoops and windows, and carry them off to the dump. In the wake of their wagon, as it makes its way to the East River after the raid, follow



Bunks in a Seven-cent Lodging-house, Pell Street.

a line of despoiled hucksters shouting defiance from a safe distance. Their clamor dies away with the noise of the market. The endless panorama of the tenements, rows upon rows, between stony streets, stretches to the north, to

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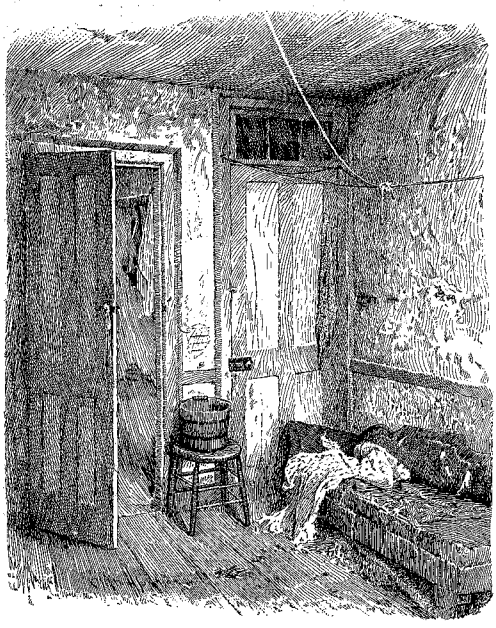

In the Region of Hell's Kitchen—Room in the West Thirty-eighth Street Barracks, with its entire furniture.

the south, and to the west as far as the eye reaches.

The tenement that was born in the old homes of wealth and luxury, nurtured in greed and avarice in Jewtown and The Bend, reaches uptown its third and last stage of development, a new baptism, under the tardy restraint of laws designed for the protection of the community as well as the helpless tenant. An aroused public conscience stood sponsor to the new order of things. Not that all the tenements above Fourteenth Street are good, or even better than those we have seen. There is Hell's Kitchen and Murderer's Row in the region of West-side slaughter-houses and three-cent whiskey, representatives of a class that breed the typical "tough" to perfection. There is Little Italy in Harlem, a miniature copy of The Bend, and in a fair way of becoming its rival in corruption. Of such as these there is no dearth. Tenements quite as bad as the worst are too numerous above Fourteenth Street, and it is a grave question whether all the improvements made under the sanitary regulations of recent years deserve the name. But one tremendous factor for evil in the lives of the poor has been taken by the throat, and something has unquestionably been done, where that was possible, to lift those lives out of the rut where they were equally beyond the reach of hope and of ambition. It is no longer lawful to construct barracks to cover the whole of a lot. Air and sunlight have a legal claim, and the day of the rear tenement is past. Last year a hundred thousand people burrowed in these inhuman dens; but some have been torn down since. Their number will decrease steadily until they shall have become a bad tradition of a heedless past. The dark, unventilated bedroom is going with them, and the open sewer. The day is not far distant when the greatest of all evils that now curses life in the tenements—the dearth of water in the hot summer days—will also have been remedied, and a long step taken toward the moral and physical redemption of their tenants.

These are the bright spots in the dreary picture; bright only by com-

The Trench in the Potter's Field.

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parison. They are sad makeshifts, many of them, and there is no disguising the fact that it is making the best of a bad job; but even that is something. There is so little of relief, so little that is grateful, in the whole subject that one cannot afford to let any of the brightness go to waste. Perhaps of all the disheartening experiences of those who have devoted lives of unselfish thought and effort, and their number is not so small as often supposed, to the lifting of this great load, the indifference of those they would help is the most puzzling. They will not be helped. Dragged by main force out of their misery, they slip back again on the first opportunity, seemingly content only in the old rut. The explanation was supplied by two women of my acquaintance, in an Elizabeth Street tenement, whom the city missionaries had taken from their wretched hovel and provided with work and a decent home somewhere in New Jersey. In three weeks they were back, saying that they preferred their dark rear room to the stumps out in the country. But to me the oldest, the mother, who had struggled along with her daughter making cloaks at half a dollar apiece, twelve long years, since the daughter's husband was killed in a street accident and the city took the children, made the bitter confession: "We do get so kind o' downhearted living this way, that we have to be where something is going on, or we just can't stand it." And there was sadder pathos to me in her words than in the whole long story of their struggle with poverty; for unconsciously she voiced the sufferings of thousands, misjudged by a happier world, deemed vicious because they are human and unfortunate.

Weak tea with a dry crust is not a diet to nurse moral strength. Yet how much better might the fare be expected to be in the family of this "widow with seven children, very energetic and prudent"—I quote again from the report of the Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor—whose "eldest girl was employed as a learner in a tailor's shop at small wages, and one boy had a place as 'cash' in a store. There were two other little boys who sold papers and sometimes earned one dollar. The mother finishes pantaloons and can do three pairs in a day, thus earning thirty-nine cents. Here is a family of eight persons with rent to pay and an income of less than six dollars a week."

And yet she was better off in point of pay than this Sixth Street mother, who "had just brought home four pairs of pants to finish, at seven cents a pair. She was required to put the canvas in the bottom, basting and sewing three times around; to put the linings in the waistbands; to tack three pockets, three corners to each; to put on two stays and eight buttons, and make six button-holes; to put the buckle on the back strap and sew on the ticket, all for seven cents." Better off than the "church-going mother of six children," and with a husband sick to death, who to support the family made shirts, averaging an income of one dollar and twenty cents a week, while her oldest girl, aged thirteen, was "employed down-town cutting out Hamburg edging at one dollar and a half a week—two and a half cents per hour for ten hours of steady labor—making the total income of the family two dollars and seventy cents per week." Specimen wages of the tenements these, seemingly inconsistent with the charge of improvidence so often laid at the door of the poor.

But the connection on second thought is not obscure. There is nothing in the prospect of a sharp, unceasing battle for the bare necessaries of life, to encourage looking ahead, everything to discourage the effort. Improvidence and wastefulness are natural results. The instalment plan secures to the tenant who lives from hand to mouth his few comforts; the evil day of reckoning is put off till a to-morrow that may never come. When it does come, with failure to pay and the loss of hard-earned dollars, it simply adds another hardship to a life measured from the cradle by such incidents. The children soon catch the spirit of this sort of thing. I remember once calling at the home of a poor washer-woman, living in an East-side tenement, and finding the door locked. Some children in the hallway stopped their play and eyed me attentively while I knocked. The biggest girl volunteered the information

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that Mrs. Smith was out; but while I was thinking of how I was to get a message to her, the child put a question of her own: "Are you the spring man or the clock man?" When I assured her that I was neither one nor the other, but had brought work for her mother, Mrs. Smith speedily appeared.

Out of such conditions is developed logically the "tough," and the perverse philosophy that persuades him that the world that gave him poverty and ignorance for his portion "owes him a living." Sooner or later—he has not generally long to wait—society, against which his hand is raised from the cradle, compels him to earn it on Blackwell's Island or at Sing Sing. His apprenticeship is brief, but thorough. The saloon, too often the only cheerful, bright, and comfortable spot in the block, receives him with open doors. From the moment he, almost a baby, for the first time carries the "growler" for beer, he is never out of its reach. It is less than a year since the Excise Board deemed it prudent to make the rule that no three corners of any street-crossing should thenceforward be licensed for rum-selling. And the saloon is the only thing that takes kindly to him. Honest play is interdicted in the streets. The policeman arrests the ball-tossers, and there is no room in the back-yard. In one of these I read this ominous notice the other day: "*All boys caught in this yard will be delt with accorden to law.*"

Along the water-fronts, in the holes of the dock-rats, and on the avenues the young tough finds plenty of kindred spirits. Every corner has its "gang," not always on the best of terms with the rivals in the next block, but all with a common programme: defiance of law and order, and with a common ambition: to get "pinched," *i.e.*, arrested, so as to pose as heroes before their fellows. As I have said, their ambition is early gratified. The New York tough has some of the qualities that would go toward making a hero under different training and social conditions. He has ready wit and a certain innate sense of fair play. There is no meanness in his make-up, but an intense love of show and applause that carries him to any length of bravado. I have a very vivid recollection of seeing one of his tribe, a robber and murderer before he was nineteen, go to the gallows unmoved, all fear of the rope overcome, as it seemed, by the secret, exultant pride of being the centre of a first-class show, shortly to be followed by that acme of tenement-life bliss, a big funeral.

Bad as he was, he was more sinned against than sinning. No toadstool was ever less justly to blame for not having grown up a spotless rose in its swamp, than he for being a tough. It is manifest that all effort to reclaim his kind must begin with the conditions of life against which his very existence is a protest. That this is now well understood is evidence that even the tough has not lived in vain. Most of the rescue work among the tenements is planned upon these lines. The model tenement, the neighborhood guilds, the children's friends, the free reading-rooms, the flower missions, the fresh-air excursions—all aim at the same object. It is a fight in which eternal vigilance is truly the price of the liberty and preservation of the state even more than of the individual.

One free excursion awaits young and old whom bitter poverty has denied the poor privilege of the choice of the home in death they were denied in life, the ride up the Sound to the Potter's Field, charitably styled the City Cemetery. But even there they do not escape their fate. In the common trench of the Poor Burying Ground they lie packed three stories deep, shoulder to shoulder, crowded in death as they were in life, to "save space;" for even on that desert island the ground is not for the exclusive possession of those who cannot afford to pay for it. There is an odd coincidence in this, that year by year the lives that are begun in the gutter, the little nameless waifs whom the police pick up and the city adopts as its wards, are balanced by the even more forlorn lives that are ended in the river. I do not know how or why it happens, or that it is more than a mere coincidence. But there it is. Year by year the balance is struck—a few more, a few less—substantially the same when the record is closed.

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IN THE VALLEY.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER XII.

OLD TIME POLITICS PONDERED UNDER THE FOREST STARLIGHT.

AMONG the numerous books which at one time or another I had resolved to write, and which the evening twilight of my life finds still unwritten, was one on Fur-trading. This volume indeed came somewhat nearer to a state of actual existence than any of its unborn brethren, since I have yet a great store of notes and memoranda, gathered for its construction in earlier years. My other works, such as the great treatise on Astronomical Delusions—which Herschel and La Place afterward rendered unnecessary—and the "History of the Dutch in America," never even progressed to this point of preparation. I mention this to show that I resist a genuine temptation now in deciding not to put into this narrative a great deal about my experiences in, and information concerning, the almost trackless West of my youth. My diary of this first and momentous journey with Mr. Jonathan Cross, yellow with age and stained by damp and mildew, lies here before me; along with it are many odd and curious incidents and reflections jotted down, mirroring that strange, rude, perilous past which seems so far away to the generation now directing a safe and almost eventless commerce to the Pacific and the Gulf. But I will draw from my stock only the barest outlines, sufficient to keep in continuity the movement of my story.

When we reached Caughnawaga Mr. Cross and his party were waiting for us at the trading store of my godfather, good old Douw Fonda. I was relieved to learn that I had not delayed them—for it was still undecided, I found, whether we should all take to the river here, or send the boats forward with the men, and ourselves proceed to the Great Carrying Place at Fort Stanwix by the road. Although it was so early in the season, the Mohawk ran very low between its banks. Major Jelles Fonda, the eldest son of my godfather, and by this time the true head of the business, had only returned from the Lakes, and it was by his advice that we settled upon riding and carting as far as we could, and leaving the lightened boats to follow. So we set out in the saddle, my friend and I, stopping one night with crazy old John Abeel—he who is still remembered as the father of the Seneca half-breed chieftain Corn-Planter—and the next night with Honnikol Herkimer.

This man, I recall, greatly impressed Mr. Cross. We were now in an exclusively German section of the Valley, where no Dutch and very little English was to be heard. Herkimer himself conversed with us in a dialect that must often have puzzled my English friend, though he gravely forebore showing it. I had known Colonel Herkimer all my life; doubtless it was this familiarity with his person and speech which had prevented my recognizing his real merit, for I was not a little surprised when Mr. Cross said to me that night: "Our host is one of the strongest and most sagacious men I have ever encountered in the Colonies; he is worth a thousand of your Butlers or Sir Johns."

It became clear in later years that my friend was right. I remember that I regarded the hospitable Colonel, at breakfast next morning, with a closer and more respectful attention than ever before, but it was not easy to discern any new elements of greatness in his talk.

Herkimer was then a middle-aged, undersized man, very swart and sharp-eyed, and with a quick, almost vehement way of speaking. It took no time at all to discover that he watched the course of politics in the Colonies pretty closely, and was heart and soul on the anti-English

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side. One thing which he said, in his effort to make my friend understand the difference between his position and the more abstract and educated discontent of New England and Virginia, sticks in my memory:

"We Germans," he said, "are not like the rest. Our fathers and mothers remember their sufferings in the old country, kept ragged and hungry and wretched, in such way as my negroes do not dream of, all that some scoundrel baron might have gilding on his carriage, and that the Grand Duke might enjoy himself in his palace. They were beaten, hanged, robbed of their daughters, worked to death, frozen by the cold in their nakedness, dragged off into the armies to be sold to any prince who could pay for their blood and broken bones. The French who overran the Palatinate were bad enough; the native rulers were even more to be hated. The exiles of our race have not forgotten this; they have told it all to us, their children and grandchildren born here in this Valley. We have made a new home for ourselves over here, and we owe no one but God anything for it. If they try to make here another aristocracy over us, then we will die first before we will submit."

The case for the Mohawk Valley's part in the great revolt has never been more truly stated, I think, than it was thus, by the rough, uneducated little frontier trader, in his broken English, on that May morning years before the storm broke.

We rode away westward in the full sunshine that morning, in high spirits. The sky was pure blue overhead; the birds carolled from every clump of foliage about us; the scenery, to which Mr. Cross paid much delighted attention, first grew nobly wild and impressive when we skirted the Little Falls—as grand and gloomy in its effect of towering jagged cliffs and foaming cataracts as one of Jacob Ruysdael's pictures—and then softened into a dream of beauty as it spread out before us the smiling, embowered expanses of the German Flatts. Time and time again my companion and I reined up our horses to contemplate the charms of this lovely scene.

We had forded the river near Fort Herkimer, where old Hon Yost Herkimer, the father of the Colonel, lived, and were now once more on the north side. From an open knoll I pointed out to my friend, by the apple and pear blossoms whitening the deserted orchards, the site of the Palatines' village where Daisy's father had been killed, fifteen years ago, in the midnight rout and massacre.

"It was over those hills that the French stole in darkness. Back yonder, at the very ford we crossed, her poor mother was trampled under foot and drowned in the frightened throng. It was at the Fort there, where we had the buttermilk and *Kuchen*, that your cousin, Major Cross, found the little girl. I wonder if he ever knew how deeply grateful to him we were—and are!"

This brought once more to my mind—where indeed it had often enough before intruded itself—the recollection of young Philip's arrival at The Cedars. For some reason I had disliked to speak of it before, but now I told Mr. Cross of it as we walked our horses along over the rough, muddy road, under the arching roof of thicket.

"I'll be bound Mr. Stewart welcomed him with open arms," said my companion.

"Ay, indeed! No son could have asked a fonder greeting."

"Yes, the lad is very like his mother; that of itself would suffice to warm the old gentleman's heart. You knew he was a suitor for her hand long before Tony Cross ever saw her?"

I didn't know this, but I nodded silently.

"Curious creature she was!" mused he, as if to himself. "Selfish, suspicious, swift to offence, jealous of everything and everybody about her—yet with moods when she seemed to all she met the most amiable and delightful of women. She had her fine side, too. She would have given her life gladly for the success of the Jacobites, of that I'm sure. And proud!—no duchess could have carried her head higher."

"You say her son is very like her?"

"As like as two leaves on a twig. Perhaps he has something of his father's

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Irish openness of manner as well. His father belonged to the younger, what we call the Irish, branch of our family, you know—though it is as English in the matter of blood as I am. We were only second cousins, in point of fact, and his grandfather was set up in Ireland by the bounty of mine. Yet Master Philip condescends to me, patronizes me, as if the case had been reversed."

Mr. Cross did not speak as if he at all resented this, but in a calm, analytical manner, and with a wholly impersonal interest. I have never known another man who was so totally without individual bias, and regarded all persons and things with so little reference to his own feelings. If he had either prejudices or crotchets on any point, I never discovered them. He was, I feel assured, a scrupulously honest and virtuous gentleman, yet he never seemed to hate people who were not so. He was careful not to let them get an advantage over him, but for the rest he studied them and observed their weaknesses and craft, with the same quiet interest he displayed toward worthier objects. A thoroughly equable nature was his—with little capacity for righteous indignation on the one side, and no small tendencies toward envy or peevishness on the other. There was not a wrinkle on his calm countenance, nor any power of angry flashing in his steadfast, wide-apart, gray eyes. But his tongue could cut deep on occasion.

We were now well beyond the last civilized habitation in the Valley of the Mohawk, and we encamped that night above the bank of a little rivulet that crossed the highway some four miles to the east of Fort Stanwix. Tulp and the Dutchman, Barent Coppernol, whom Mr. Cross had brought along, partially unpacked the cart, and set to with their axes. Soon there had been constructed a shelter for us, half-canvas, half-logs, and brush, under a big beech-tree which stood half-way up the western incline from the brook, and canopied with its low boughs a smooth surface of clear ground. We had supper here, and then four huge night-fires were built as an outer wall of defence, and Barent went to sleep, while young Tulp, crouching and crooning by the blaze, began his portion of the dreary watch to keep up the fires.

We lay awake for a long time on our bed of hemlock twigs and brake, well wrapped up, our heads close to the beech-trunk, our knees raised to keep the fierce heat of the flames from our faces. From time to time we heard the barking of the wolves, now distant, now uncomfortably near. When the moon came up, much later, the woods seemed alive with strange vocal noises and ominous rustlings in the leaves and brakes. It was my London companion's first night in the open wilderness, but while he was very acute to note new sounds and inquire their origin, he seemed to be in no degree nervous.

We talked of many things, more particularly, I remember, of what Herkimer had said at breakfast. And it is a very remarkable thing that as we talked thus of the German merchant-farmer and his politics, we were lying on the very spot where, five years later, I was to behold him sitting, wounded but imperturbable, smoking his pipe and giving orders of battle, under the most hellish rain of bullets from which man ever shrank affrighted. And the tranquil moon above us was to look down again upon this little vale, and turn livid to see its marsh and swale choked with fresh corpses, and its brook rippling red with blood! And the very wolves we heard snapping and baying in the thicket were to raise a ghastly halloo, here among these same echoes, as they feasted on the flesh of my friends and comrades!

We did not guess this fearsome future, but instead lay peacefully, contentedly under the leaves, with the balmy softness of the firs in the air we breathed, and the flaming firelight in our eyes. Perhaps lank, uncouth Barent Coppernol may have dreamed of it, as he snored by the outer heap of blazing logs. If so, did he, as in prophecy, see his own form, with cleft skull, stretched on the hill-side?

"I spoke about Philip's having some of his father's adopted Irish traits," said Mr. Cross, after a longer interval of silence than usual. "One of them is the desire to have subordinates, dependents, about him. There is no Irish-

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man so poor or lowly that he will not, if possible, encourage some still poorer, lowlier Irishman to hang to his skirts. It is a reflection of their old Gaelic tribal system, I suppose, which, between its chiefs above and its clansmen below, left no place for a free yeomanry. I note this same thing in the Valley, with the Johnsons and the Butlers. So far as Sir William is concerned, the quality I speak of has been of service to the Colony, for he has used his fondness and faculty for attracting retainers and domineering over subordinates to public advantage. But then he is an exceptional and noteworthy man—one among ten thousand. But his son, Sir John, and his son-in-law, Guy Johnson, and the Butlers, father and son; and now to them added our masterful young Master Philip—these own no such steadying balance-wheel of common-sense. They have no restraining notion of public interest. Their sole idea is to play the aristocrat, to surround themselves with menials, to make their neighbors concede to them submission and reverence. It was of them that Herkimer spoke, plainly enough, though he gave no names. Mark my words! they will come to grief with that man, if the question be ever put to the test."

I had not seen enough of Englishmen to understand very clearly the differences between them and the Irish, and I said so. The conversation drifted upon race questions and distinctions, as they were presented by the curiously mixed population of New York province.

My companion was of the impression that the distinctly British settlements, like those of Massachusetts and Virginia, were far more powerful and promising than my own polyglot province. No doubt from his point of view this notion was natural, but it nettled me. To this day I cannot read or listen to the inflated accounts this New England and this Southern State combine to give of their own greatness, of their wonderful patriotism and intelligence, and of the tremendous part they played in the Revolution, without smashing my pipe in wrath. Yet I am old enough now to see that all this is largely the fault of the New Yorkers themselves. We have given our time and attention to the making of money, and have left it to them to make the histories. If they write themselves down large, and us small, it is only what might have been expected. But at the time of which I am telling I was very young, and full of confidence in not only the existing superiority but the future supremacy of my race. I could not foresee how we were to be snowed under by the Yankees in our own State, and, what is worse, accept our subjugation without a protest—so that to-day the New York schoolboy supposes Fisher Ames, or any other of a dozen Boston talkers, to have been a greater man than Philip Schuyler!

I remember that I greatly vaunted the good qualities of the Dutch that night. I pointed out how they alone had learned the idea of religious toleration toward others in the cruel school of European persecution; how their faith in liberty and in popular institutions, nobly exemplified at home in the marvellous struggle with Spain, had planted roots of civil and religious freedom in the New World which he could find neither to the east nor to the south of us; and how even the early Plymouth Puritans had imbibed all they knew of clemency and liberty during their stay in Holland.

I fear that Mr. Cross inwardly smiled more or less at my enthusiasm and extravagance, but his comments were all serious and kindly. He conceded the justice of much that I said, particularly as to the admirable resolution, tenacity, and breadth of character the Dutch had displayed always in Europe. But then he went on to declare that the Dutch could not hope to hold their own in strange lands against the extraordinary conquering and colonizing power of the more numerous English, who by sheer force of will and energy were destined in the end to dominate everything they touched. Note how Clive and the English had gradually undermined or overthrown French, Portuguese, and Dutch alike in the Indies, he said; the same thing has happened here, either by bloodshed or barter. No nation could resist the English in war; no people could maintain themselves in trade or the peaceful arts against the English.

"But you yourself predicted, not an

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hour ago, that the young gentry down the Valley would come to grief, in their effort to lord it over the Dutch and Palatines."

"Oh, that indeed," my friend replied. "They are silly sprouts, grown up weak and spindling under the shadow of Sir William; when he is cut down the sun will shrivel them, no doubt. But the hardier, healthier plants which finally take their place will be of English stock —not Dutch or German."

I hope devoutly that this lengthened digression into politics has not proved wearisome. I have touched upon but one of a hundred like conversations which we two had together on our slow journey—and this because I wanted to set forth the manner of things we discussed, and the views we severally had. Events proved that we both were partially right. The United States of the Netherlands was the real parent of the United States of America, and the Constitution which the Dutch made for the infant State of New York served as the model in breadth and in freedom for our present noble Federal Constitution. In that much my faith was justified. But it is also true that my State is no longer Dutch but English, and that the language of my mother has died out from among us.

Before noon next day we reached Fort Stanwix, the forest-girdled blockhouse commanding the Great Carrying Place. Here we waited one day for the boats to come up, and half of another to get them through the sluices into Wood Creek. Then, as the horses and carts returned, we embarked and set our faces toward the Lakes.

CHAPTER XIII.

TO THE FAR LAKE COUNTRY AND HOME AGAIN.

We had left what it pleases us to call civilization behind. Until our return we were scarcely again to see the blackened fields of stumps surrounding clearings, or potash kettles, or girdled trees or chimneys.

Not that our course lay wholly through unbroken solitude; but the men we for the most part encountered were of the strange sort who had pushed westward farther and farther to be alone—to get away from their fellows. The axe to them did not signify the pearlash of commerce, but firewood and honey and coon-skins for their own personal wants. They traded a little, in a careless, desultory fashion, with the proceeds of their traps and rifles. But their desires were few—a pan and kettle, a case of needles and cord, some rum or brandy from cider or wild grapes, tobacco, lead and powder—chiefly the last three. They fed themselves—adding to their own fish and game only a little pounded maize which they got mostly from the Indians, and cooked in mush or on a baking stone. In the infrequent cases where there were women with them we sometimes saw candles, either dips or of the wax of myrtle-berries, but more often the pine-knot was used. Occasionally they had log-houses, with even here and there a second story above the puncheon-floor, reached by a ladder; but in the main their habitations were half-faced camps, secured in front at night by fires. They were rough, coarse, hardened, drunken men as a rule, generally disagreeable and taciturn; insolent, lazy, and miserable from my point of view; but, I judge, both industrious and contented from their own.

We should have had little favor or countenance from these fellows, I doubt not, but for Enoch Wade. He seemed to know all the saturnine, shaggy, lounging outcasts whom we met in unexpected places; if he did not, they knew him at a glance for one of their own kidney, which came to the same thing. It was on his account that we were tolerated, nay, even advised and helped and entertained.

Enoch had been a prodigious traveller —or else was a still more prodigious liar—I never quite decided which. He told them, when we chanced to sit around their fires of an evening, most remarkable stories of field and forest—of caribou and seals killed in the North; of vast herds of bison on far western prairies; of ice-bound winters spent in the Hudson Bay Company's preserves beyond the Lakes; of houses built of oyster-shells and cement on the Caro-

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lina coast. They listened gravely, smoking their cob-and-reed pipes, and eying him attentively. They liked him, and they did not seem to dislike Coppernol and our other white servants. But they showed no friendliness toward my poor Tulp, and exhibited only scant, frigid courtesy to Mr. Cross and me.

The fact that my companion was a power in the East India Company, and a director in the new Northwestern Fur Company, did not interest them, at least favorably. It was indeed not until after we had got beyond the Sandusky that Enoch often volunteered this information, for the trappers of the East had little love for companies, or organized commerce and property of any sort.

I like better to recall the purely physical side of our journey. Now our little flotilla would move for hours on broad, placid, still waters, flanked on each side by expanses of sedge and flags—in which great broods of water-fowl lived—and beyond, by majestic avenues formed of pines, towering mast-like sheer sixty feet before they burst into intertwining branches. Again we would pass through darkened, narrow channels, where adverse waters sped swiftly, and where we battled not only with deep currents but had often to chop our way through barriers of green tree-trunks, hickory, ash, and birch, which the soft soil on the banks had been unable to longer hold erect. Now we flew merrily along under sail or energetic oars; now we toiled laboriously against strong tides, by poles or by difficult towing.

But it was all healthful, heartening work, and we enjoyed it to the full. Toward sundown we would begin to look for a brook upon which to pitch our camp. When one was found which did not run black, showing its origin in a tamarack swamp, a landing was made with all the five boats. These secured, axes were out with, and a shelter soon constructed, while others heaped the fire, prepared the food and utensils, and cooked the welcome meal. How good everything tasted! how big and bright the stars looked! how sweet was the odor of the balsam in the air, later, as we lay on our blankets, looking skyward, and talked! Or, if the night was wild and wet, how cheerily the great fires roared in the draught, and how snugly we lay in our shelter, blinking at the fierce blaze!

When in early July we drew near the country of the Outagamis, having left the Detroit settlement behind us, not to speak of Oswego and Niagara, which seemed as far off now as the moon, an element of personal danger was added to our experiences. Both white hunters and Indians were warmly affected toward the French interest, and often enough we found reason to fear that we would be made to feel this, though luckily it never came to anything serious. It was a novel experience to me to be disliked on account of the English, whom I had myself never regarded with friendship. I was able, fortunately, being thus between the two rival races, as it were, to measure them each against the other.

I had no prejudice in favor of either, God knows. My earliest recollections were of the savage cruelty with which the French had devastated, butchered, and burned among the hapless settlements at the head of the Mohawk Valley. My maturer feelings were all colored with the strong repulsion we Dutch felt for the English rule, which so scornfully misgoverned and plundered our province, granting away our lands to court favorites and pimps, shipping to us the worst and most degraded of old-world criminals, quartering upon us soldiers whose rude vices made them even more obnoxious than the convicts, and destroying our commerce by selfish and senseless laws.

From the Straits west I saw the Frenchman for the first time, and read the reasons for his failure to stand against the English. Even while we suspected grounds for fearing his hostility, we found him a more courteous and affable man than the Englishman or Yankee. To be pleasant with us seemed a genuine concern—though it may really have been otherwise. The Indians about him, too, were a far more satisfactory lot than I had known in the Valley. Although many of our Mohawks could read and some few write, and although the pains and devotion of my friend Samuel Kirkland had done much for the Oneidas, still these French-spoken,

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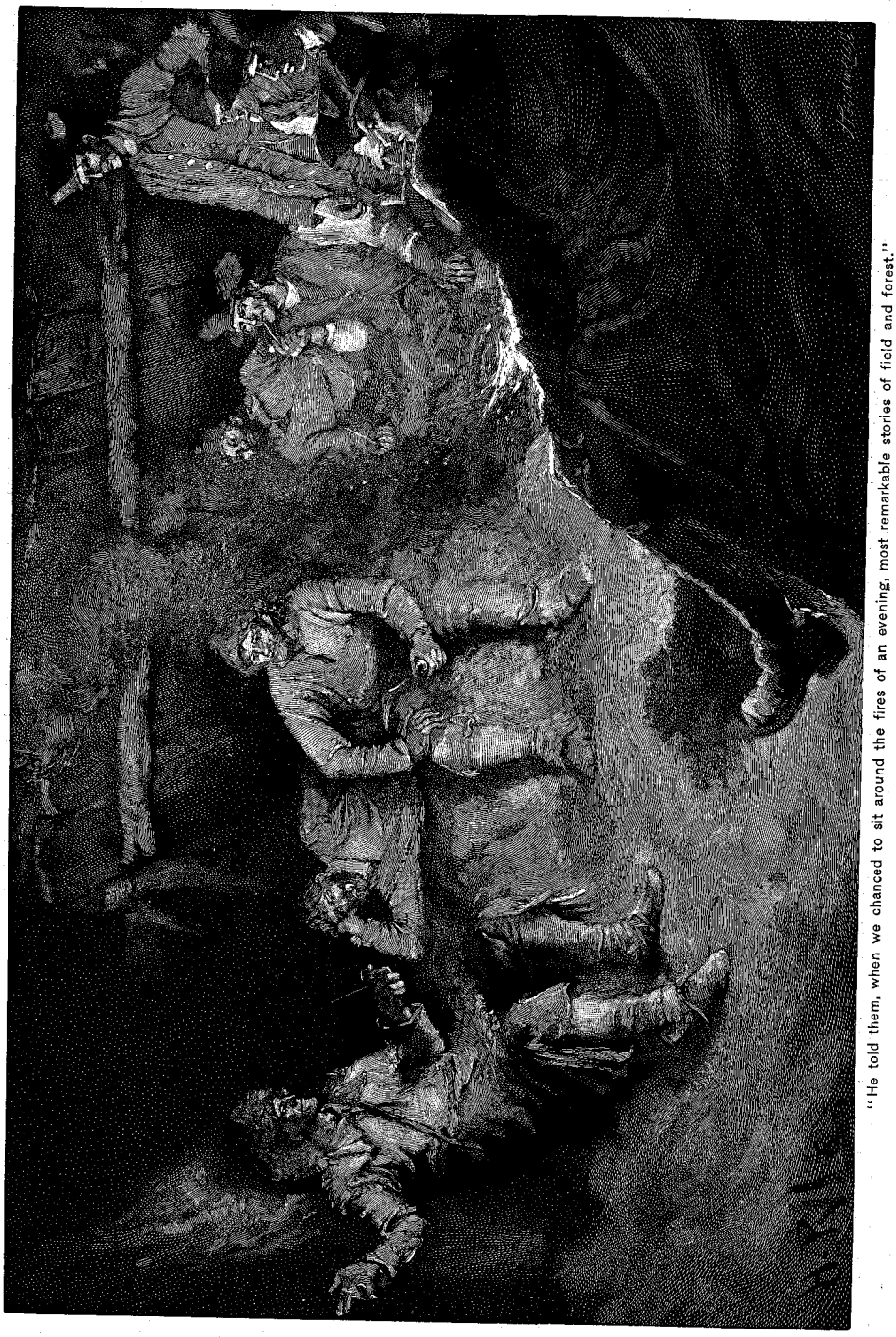

"He told them, when we chanced to sit around the fires of an evening, most remarkable stories of field and forest."

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Jesuit-taught Indians seemed a much better and soberer class than my neighbors of the Iroquois. They drank little or no rum—save as English traders furtively plied them with it, for the French laws were against its sale. They lived most amicably with the French, too, neither hating nor fearing them—and this was in agreeable contrast to the wearisome bickering eternally going on in New York between the Indians, striving to keep their land, and the English and Dutch forever planning to trick them out of it. So much for the good side.

The medal had a reverse. The Frenchman contrived to get on with the Indian by deferring to him, cultivating his better and more generous side, and treating him as an equal. This had the effect of improving and softening the savage, but it inevitably tended to weaken and lower the Frenchman—at least, judged by the standard of fitness to maintain himself in a war of races. No doubt the French and Indians lived together much more quietly and civilly than did the English and Indians. But when these two systems came to be tested by results, it was shown that the Frenchman's policy and kindliness had only enervated and emasculated him, while the Englishman's rough domineering and rule of force had hardened his muscles and fired his resolution. To be sure, measured by the received laws of humanity, the Frenchman was right and the other wrong. But is it so certain, after all, that the right invariably wins?

It was well along in September when, standing on the eminence to the east of Fort Stanwix, I first looked again upon my beloved Mohawk.

The trip had been a highly successful one. Enoch was bringing back four bateaux well packed under thin oilskin covers with rare peltries—including some choice black-beaver skins and sea-otter furs from the remote west, which would fetch extravagant prices. On the best estimate of his outward cargo of tea, spirits, powder, traps, calico, duffle, and silver ear-bobs, breast-buckles, and crosses, he had multiplied its value twenty-fold.

Of course, this was of secondary importance. The true object of the journey had been to enable Mr. Jonathan Cross to see for himself the prospects of the new Northwestern Company—to look over the territory embraced in its grants, estimate its probable trade, mark points for the establishment of its forts and posts, and secure the information necessary to guard the company from the frauds or failings of agents. He professed himself vastly gratified at the results, physical as well as financial, of his experience—and that was the great thing.

Or no!—perhaps for the purposes of this story there was something more important still. It is even now very pleasant to me to recall that he liked me well enough, after this long, enforced intimacy, to proffer me the responsible and exacting post of the company's agent at Albany.

To say that the offer made me proud and glad would be to feebly understate my emotions. I could not be expected to decide all at once. Independent of the necessity of submitting the proposition to Mr. Stewart, there was a very deep distaste within me for fur-trading at Albany—of the meanness and fraudulency of which I had heard from boyhood. A good many hard stories are told of the Albanians which, aside from all possible bias of race, I take the liberty of doubting. I do not, for instance, believe all the Yankee tales that the Albany Dutchmen bought from the Indians the silver plate which the latter seized in New England on the occasions of the French and Indian incursions—if for no other reason than the absence of proof that they ever had any plate in New England. But that the Indians used to be most shamefully drugged and cheated out of their eye-teeth in Albany, I fear there can be no reasonable doubt. An evil repute attached to the trade there, and I shrank from embarking in it, even under such splendid auspices. All the same, the offer gratified me greatly.

To be in the woods with a man, day in and day out, is to know him through and through. If I had borne this closest of all conceivable forms of scrutiny, in the factor's estimation, there must be something good in me.

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So there was pride as well as joy in this first glance I cast upon the soft-flowing, shadowed water, upon the spreading, stately willows, upon the far-off furrow in the hazy lines of foliage—which spoke to me of home. Here at last was my dear Valley, always to me the loveliest on earth, but now transfigured in my eyes, and radiant beyond all dreams of beauty—because in it was my home, and in that home was the sweet maid I loved.

Yes! I was returned a man, with the pride, and the self-reliance, and the heart of a man. As I thought upon myself, it was to recognize that the swaddlings of youth had fallen from me. I had never been conscious of their pressure; I had not rebelled against them, nor torn them asunder. Yet somehow they were gone, and my breast swelled with a longer, deeper breath for their absence. I had almost wept with excess of boyish feeling when I left the Valley—my fond old mother and protector. I gazed upon it now with an altogether variant emotion—as of one coming to take possession. Ah, the calm elation of that one moment, there alone on the knoll, with the sinking September sun behind me, and in front but the trifle of sixty miles of river route—when I realized that I was a man!

Perhaps it was at this moment that I first knew I loved Daisy; perhaps it had been the truly dominant thought in my mind for months, gathering vigor and form from every tender, longing memory of The Cedars. I cannot decide—nor is it needful that I should. At least now my head was full of the triumphant thoughts that I returned successful and in high favor with my companion; that I had a flattering career opened for me; that the people at home would be pleased with me—and that I should marry Daisy!

These remaining twenty leagues grew really very tedious before they were done with. We went down with the boats this time. I fear that Mr. Cross found me but poor company, these last three days, for I sat mute in the bow most of the time, twisted around to look forward down the winding course—as if this would bring The Cedars nearer. I had not the heart to talk. "Now she is winding the yarn for my Aunt," I would think; "now she is scattering oats for the pigeons, or filling Mr. Stewart's pipe, or running the candles into the moulds. Dear girl, does she wonder when I am coming? If she could know that I was here—here on the river speeding to her—what would she think?"

And I pictured to myself the pretty glance of surprise, mantling into a flush of joyous welcome, which would greet me on her face, as she ran gladly to my arms. Good old Mr. Stewart, my more than father, would stare at me, then smile with pleasure, and take both my hands in his, with warm, honest words straight from his great heart. What an evening it would be when, seated snugly around the huge blaze—Mr. Stewart in his arm-chair to the right, Daisy nestling on the stool at his knee and looking up into my face, and Dame Kronk knitting in the chimney-shadow to the left—I should tell of my adventures! How goodly a recital I could make of them, though they had been even tamer than they were, with such an audience! And how happy, how gratified they would be when I came to the climax, artfully postponed, of Mr. Cross's offer to me of the Albany agency!

And then how natural, how easy, while these dear people were still smiling with pride and satisfaction at my good fortune, to say calmly—yes, calmly in tone, though my heart should be beating its way through my breast:

"Even more, sir, I prize the hope that Daisy will share it with me—as my wife!"

What with the delay at Caughnawaga, where Mr. Cross debarked, and Major Fonda would have us eat and drink while he told us the news, and Tulp's crazy rowing later, through excitement at nearing home, it was twilight before the boat was run up into our little cove, and I set my foot on land. "The Cedars" stood before us as yet lightless against the northern sky. The gate was open. The sweet voice of a negro singing arose from the cabins on the dusky hill-side. Tears came to my eyes as I turned to Tulp, who was gathering up the things in the boat, and said:

"Do you see, boy? We're home—home at last!"

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"At sight of me the good soul gave a guttural exclamation, and stared at me open-mouthed."

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CHAPTER XIV.

HOW I SEEM TO FEEL A WANTING NOTE IN THE CHORUS OF WELCOME.

I could hear the noisy clamor among the negroes over the advent of Tulp, whom I had sent off, desiring to be alone, while I still stood irresolute on the porch. My hand was on the familiar, well-worn latch, yet I almost hesitated to enter, so excited was I with eager anticipations of welcome.

The spacious hall—our sitting-room—was deserted. A fire was blazing on the hearth, and plates were laid on the oak table as in preparation for a meal, but there was no one to speak to me. I lighted a candle, and opened the door to the kitchen; here too there was a fire, but my Aunt was not visible. Mr. Stewart's room to the right of the hall, and mine to the left, were alike unoccupied. I threw aside my hat and watch-coat here, and then with the light went upstairs, whistling as was my wont to warn Daisy of my coming. There was no sound or sign of movement. The door of her outer room stood open, and I entered and looked about.

The furniture and appointments had been changed in position somewhat, so that the chamber seemed strange to me. There were numerous novel objects scattered through the rooms as well. A Spanish guitar which I had never seen before stood beside the old piano. There were several elegantly bound books, new to me, on the table; on the mantel-shelf were three miniatures, delicately painted, depicting a florid officer in scarlet, a handsome, proud-looking lady with towering powdered coiffure, and a fair-haired, proud-looking youth. This last I knew in an instant to be the likeness of Master Philip Cross, though it seemingly portrayed him at an age half-way between the two times I had seen him as boy and man. His resemblance to the lady, and then my own recurring recollection of the officer's features, helped me to place them as his parents.

I called out "Daisy!" My voice had a faltering, mournful sound, and there was no answer.

I came down the stairs again, bur-

dened with a sudden sense of mental discomfort. Already the visions I had had of an enthusiastic welcome were but vague outlines of dreams. There had sprung up in my mind instead a sudden, novel doubt of my position in this house—a cruel idea that perhaps the affection which had so swelled and buoyed my heart was not reciprocated. I put this notion away as foolish and baseless, but all the same the silent hall-room downstairs seemed now larger and colder, and the flames curled and writhed toward the flue with a chill, metallic aspect, instead of the bright, honest glow of greeting.

While I stood before the fireplace, still holding the candle in my hand, my Aunt entered the room from the kitchen door. At sight of me the good soul gave a guttural exclamation, dropped flat an apronful of chips she was bringing in, and stared at me open-mouthed. When she was at last persuaded that I was in proper person and not the spirit, she submitted to be kissed by me—it was not a fervent proceeding, I am bound to add—but it was evident the shock had sent her wits wool-gathering. Her hands were a bright brown from the butternut dye, and the pungent, acrid odor she brought in with her garments made unnecessary her halting explanation that she had been out in the smokehouse.

"Philip sent down two haunches yesterday by Marinus Folts," she said, apologetically, "and this muggy weather, I was afraid they wouldn't keep."

"This is the Dutch conception of a welcome after five months!" I could not help thinking to myself, uncharitably forgetting for the moment my aunt's infirmities. Aloud I said:

"How are they all—Mr. Stewart and Daisy? And where are they? And how have the farms been doing?"

"Well," answered Dame Kronk, upon reflection, "I maintain that the wool is the worst we ever clipped. Was the shearing after you went? Yes, of course it was. Well, how I'm going to get out enough fine for the stockings alone, is more than I can see. It's downright poor."

"But Mr. Stewart and Daisy—are they well? Where are they?"

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"But the niggers have gathered five times as much ginseng as they ever did before. The pigs are fattening fit to eat alive. Eli's been drunk some, but his girls are really a good deal of help. There are going to be more elder-berries this fall than you can shake a stick at; they're just breaking the branches. And the——"

"Oh, Aunt!" I broke in. "Do tell me. Are Daisy and Mr. Stewart well?"

"Why, of course they are," she answered. "That is, they were when they left here a week come Thursday. And Marinus Folts didn't say anything to the contrary yesterday. Why shouldn't they be well? They don't do anything but gad about, these days. Daisy hasn't done a stitch of work all summer but knit a couple of comforters—and the time she's been about it! When I was her age I could have knit the whole side of a house in less time. One of them is for you."

Dear girl, I had wronged her, then. She had been thinking of me—working for me. My heart felt lighter.

"But where *are* they?" I repeated.

"Oh, where are they? Up at Sir William's new summer-house that he's just built. I don't know just where it is, but it's fourteen miles from the Hall, up somewhere on the Sacondaga Vlaie, where two creeks join. He's made a corduroy road out to it, and he's painted it white and green, and he's been having a sort of fandango out there—a housewarming, I take it. Marinus Folts says he never saw so much drinking in his born days. He'd had his full share, himself, I should judge. They're coming back to-night."

I sat down at this, and stared into the fire. It was not just the home-coming which I had looked forward to, but it would be all right when they returned. Ah, but would it? Yes, I forced myself to believe so—and began to find comfort of mind again.

My Aunt picked up the chips and dumped them into the wood-box. Then she came over and stood for a long time looking at me. Once she said: "I'm going to get supper for them when they get back. Can you wait till then, or shall I cook you something now?" Upon my thanking her and saying I would wait, she relapsed into silence, but still keeping her eyes on me. I was growing nervous under this phlegmatic inspection, and idly investing it with some occult and sinister significance, when she broke out with:

"Oh, I know what it was I wanted to ask you! Is it really true that the trappers and men in the woods out there eat the hind-quarters of frogs and toads?"

This was the sum of my relative's interest in my voyage. When I had answered her, she gathered up my luggage and bundles and took them off to the kitchen, there to be overhauled, washed, and mended.

I got into my slippers and a loose coat, lighted a pipe, and settled myself in front of the fire to wait. Tulp came over, grinning with delight at being among his own once more, to see if I wanted anything. I sent him off, rather irritably I fear; but I couldn't bear the contrast which his jocose bearing enforced on my moody mind, between my reception and his. This slave of mine had kin and friends who rushed to fall upon his neck, and made the night echoes ring again with their shouts of welcome. I could hear that old Eli had got down his fiddle, and between the faint squeaking strains I could distinguish choruses of happy guffaws and bursts of childlike merriment, Tulp's return caused joy, while mine——

Then I grew vexed at my peevish injustice in complaining because my dear ones, not being gifted with second-sight, had failed to exactly anticipate my coming—and in blaming my poor Aunt for behaving just as the dear old slow-witted creature had always behaved since she was stricken with small-pox, twenty years before. Yet this course of candid self-reproach upon which I entered brought me small relief. I was unhappy—and whether it was my own fault or that of somebody else did not at all help the matter. And I had thought to be so exaltedly happy, on this of all the nights of my life!

At length I heard the sound of hoofs clattering down the road, and of voices lifted in laughing converse. Eli's fiddle ceased its droning and, on going to the window, I saw lanterns scudding along to the gate from the slaves' cabins like

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fireflies in a gale. I opened the window softly, enough to hear. Not much was to be seen, for the night had set in dark, but there were evidently a number of horsemen outside the gate, and, judging from the noise, all were talking together. The bulk of the party, I understood at once, were going on down the river road, to make a night of it at Sir John's bachelor quarters in old Fort Johnson, or at one of the houses of his two brothers-in-law. I was relieved to hear these roysterers severally decline the invitations to enter The Cedars for a time, and presently out of the gloom became distinguishable the forms of the two for whom I had been waiting. Both were muffled to the eyes, for the air had turned cold, but it seemed as if I should have recognized them in any disguise.

I heard Tulp and Eli jointly shouting out the news of my arrival, for which premature disclosure I could have knocked their woolly heads together—but it seemed that the tidings had reached them before. In fact, they had met Mr. Cross and Enoch on the road down from Johnstown, as I learned afterward.

All my doubts vanished in the warm effusion of their welcome to me—as sincere and honest as it was affectionate. I had pictured it to myself almost aright. Mr. Stewart did come to me with outstretched arms, and wring my hands, and pat my shoulder, and well-nigh weep for joy at seeing me returned, safe and hale. Daisy did not indeed throw herself into my arms, but she ran to me, and took my hands, and lifted her face to be kissed with a smile of pleasure in which there was no reservation.

And it was a merry supper-table around which we sat, too, half an hour later, and gossiped gayly, while the wind rose outside, and the sparks flew the swifter and higher for it. There was so much to tell on both sides!

Somehow, doubtless because of my slowness of tongue, my side did not seem very big compared with theirs. One day had been very much like another with me, and, besides, the scenes through which I had passed did not possess the novelty for these frontier folk that they would have for people nowadays.

But their budget of news was fairly prodigious alike in range and quantity. The cream of this, so to speak, had been taken off by hospitable Jelles Fonda at Caughnawaga, yet still a portentous substance remained. Some of my friends were dead; others were married. George Klock was in fresh trouble through his evil tricks with the Indians. A young half-breed had come down from the Seneca nation and claimed John Abeel as his father. Daniel Claus had set up a pack of hounds, equal in breed to Sir William's. It was really true that Sir John was to marry Miss Polly Watts, of New York—and soon too. Walter Butler had been crossed in love, and was very melancholy and moody, so much so that he had refused to join the house-warming party at the new summer-house on Sacondaga Vlaie, which Sir William had christened Mount Joy Pleasure Hall—an ambitious enough name, surely, for a forest fishing-cottage.

Naturally a great deal was told me concerning this festival, from which they had just returned. It seems that Lady Berenicia Cross and Daisy were the only ladies there. They were given one of the two sleeping-rooms, while Sir William and Mr. Stewart shared the other. The younger men had ridden over to Fish House each night, returning next day. Without its being said in so many words, I could see that the drinking and carousing there had disturbed and displeased Daisy. There had even, I fancied, been a dispute on this subject between her and our guardian, for he was at pains several times to insist upon telling me incidents which it was plain she desired left unmentioned, and to rather pointedly, yet good-humoredly, laugh at her as a little puritan, who did not realize that young gentlemen had their own particular ways, as proper and natural to them as were other habits and ways to young foxes or fishes. Her manner said clearly enough that she did not like these ways, but he pleasantly joked her down.

I noted some slight changes in Mr. Stewart, which gave me a sense of uneasiness. He seemed paler than before,

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and there were darker pits under his prominent, bright eyes. He had been visibly exhausted on entering the house, but revived his strength and spirits under the influence of the food and wine. But the spirits struck, somehow, a false note on my ear. They seemed not to come from a natural and wholesome fund, as of old, but to have a ring of artificiality in them. I could not help thinking, as I looked at him, of the aged French noblemen we read about, who, at an age and an hour which ought to have found them night-capped and asleep, nourishing their waning vitality, were dancing attendance in ladies' boudoirs, painted, rouged, padded, and wigged, aping the youth they had parted with so long ago. Of course, the comparison was ridiculous, but still it suggested itself—and, once framed in my mind, clung there.

It dawned upon me after a time that it was contact with that Lady Berenicia which had wrought this change in him, or, rather, had brought forth in his old age a development of his early associations that, but for her, would to the end have lain hidden, unsuspected under the manly cover of his simple middle life.

If there were alterations of a similar sort in Daisy, I could not see them this night. I had regard only for the beauty of the fire-glow on her fair cheek, for the sweet, maidenly light in her hazel eyes, for the soft smile which melted over her face when she looked upon me. If she was quieter and more reserved in her manner than of old, doubtless the same was true of me, for I did not notice it.

I had learned at Fonda's that young Philip Cross was cutting a great swath, socially, in the Valley, and that he was building a grand mansion, fully as large as Johnson Hall, nearly at the summit of the eminence which crowned his patent. Major Fonda was, indeed, contracting to furnish the bricks for what he called the "shimlies," and the house was, by all accounts, to be a wonderful affair. I heard much more about it, in detail, this evening, chiefly from Mr. Stewart. Nay, I might say entirely, for Daisy never once mentioned Philip's name if it could be avoided. Mr. Stewart was evidently much captivated by the young man's spirit and social qualities and demeanor generally.

"He is his father's own boy, aye, and his mother's too," said the old man, with sparkling eyes. "Not much for books, perhaps, though no dullard. But he can break a wild colt, or turn a bottle inside out, or bore a pencilled hole with a pistol-bullet at thirty paces, or tell a story, or sing a song, or ride, dance, box, cross swords, with any gentleman in the Colony. You should have seen him stand John Frey, the miller, on his head at the races a fortnight ago! I never saw it better done in the Tweed country."

"A highly accomplished gentleman, truly," I said, with as little obvious satire as possible.

"Ah, but he has mind as well as muscle," put in Mr. Stewart. "He is a very Bolingbroke with the ladies. It carries me back to my days at the play, I swear, to hear him and Lady Berenicia clashing rapiers in badinage. You shall hear them, my boy, and judge! And there's a sweet side to his tongue, too, or many a pretty, blushing cheek belies the little ear behind it."

The old gentleman chuckled amiably to himself as he spoke, and poured more Madeira into my glass and his. Daisy somewhat hurriedly rose, bade us "good-night," and left us to ourselves.

Oh, if I had only spoken the word that night!

(To be continued.)

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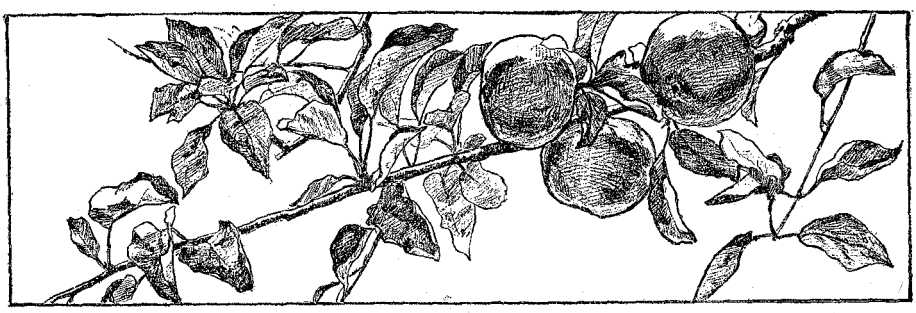

MRS. TOM'S SPREE.

By H. C. Bunner.

THERE was high carnival held in Northoak one breezy August day, some twenty odd years ago, in a time when the weather seems to me, as I look back on it, much more genially bracing and inspiriting than the weather we have nowadays. I am sure of one thing: we have no better days now than that day, none when the breeze blows more briskly, cool and soft, than it blew that day up and down the rolling hill-sides of Northoak, fluttering bright ribbons along every road and path.

It had been a carnival summer for Northoak—though, to be sure, the revellers had very little thought that they were bidding farewell to the delights of the world, the flesh, and the devil, and were much astounded when the penitential day arrived. And on that August morning it was far enough off yet, and all they had to do was to be gay.

Now Northoak had never been gay before. Contented, happy, and well-to-do it had always been; but it reached its high-water mark of festivity each year with the regular annual lawn-party (called a *fête champêtre* by those who were wise in such things), which each family among the landed gentry took its turn at giving. One year it was the Westfields, another year the Lydeckers, the next the Turners, and this year perhaps the Brinckerhoffs. But it was always pretty much the same lawn-party; and while it was sure to be correct, decorous, discreetly liberal in material gratifications, and possibly enjoyable, it could not fairly—it would not if it could—have been called gay.

The gayety of that long-ago summer came to Northoak from outside, and was rather in Northoak than of it. And perhaps its character, as well as its relation to Northoak life, may be summed up in the statement that it was hotel gayety.

For the curse of the summer-hotel had come upon Northoak, and Northoak had received it with dignified submission, accepting it, perhaps, as a punishment for the sins of well-bred pride and polite self-complacency.

The place had always been well satisfied with itself. The little village had been satisfied to be a little village, with a few small shops bidding lazily for the custom of the people on the "estates." The estates, certainly, could look contentedly down from their uplands and rejoice in their well-cultivated acres and in their substantial houses.

Those houses—the older ones at least—were dwellings of an interesting and significant type, much in favor in northern New York. Their pattern is best described by saying that they had their front door at the back. The front must

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surely have been the end with the great Doric portico, looking out on the lawn. Yet you entered at the other end, and found a broad hall, perhaps with two reception-rooms. If the reception-rooms were there, you went into one or the other before you were announced in the large drawing-room beyond the hall. And if you were there to sell rose-bushes, or to collect money for the heathen, or to take orders for wine, the host came to you in the room on the right. But if you were there to make a call, the hostess came and led you forth from the room on the left to the grander chamber that looked out upon the lawn.

You may gather from this that Northoak had an aristocracy and something of a feudal system. It had both, and they were curiously well developed and firmly established for a downright rural community. This maintenance of an old-world social system in a democratic new-world was characteristic of the elder and larger towns of the State. It existed here because Northoak was originally a settlement of what are called retired business-men, who rented their New York houses and gardens, seventy-five or eighty years ago, and turned themselves into country gentlemen. Their grandsons still collected rent for the same property, only that they leased factories and warehouses. And they spent thousands where their grandfathers had spent hundreds, to live just about as their grandfathers had lived.

This state of affairs may seem most iniquitous to some, but I can testify that when I first went to Northoak, toward the end of my boyhood, Northoak great and Northoak small were well pleased with themselves and with each other; and that the stranger soon became sincerely attached to both.

I was but a summer boarder in the village; but summer boarders were rare birds in those days, and if they were birds of any sort of social plumage they were courteously entreated and well fed by the hospitable folk of the estates. It was in Northoak that I wore my first dress-coat to my first grand dinner, and I remember just how proud and just how uncomfortable I was. I would have died for the aristocracy that night—died, conscious of my tails, but loyal.

But if the village had sinned, retribution had come upon it. For the third time I came to Northoak in June, and lo! the village did not know itself, and indeed was no more a village, but a nameless suburb of a summer hotel.

Some sordid scout of the capitalists had found out what we of the elect few had found out long before—that Northoak was pretty and healthful. And so he desecrated Northoak in giving it over to the populace. Now the great hotel stood there, glaring in its paint of reddish-yellow and reddish-brown, and ten splendid elms had been done to death that it might rear its hideous mansard-roof above its three-storied veranda. Inside of it there were white kalsomined bedrooms, a great "general office," and a greater dining-room, with frescoed ceilings and gorgeous fittings of black walnut and gilt, in the taste of what has been aptly called "the Jim Fisk era." Then there were "French bronze" chandeliers that were neither French nor bronze, puffed upholstery of blue and yellow satin, carpets where gigantic flowers spread luxuriously over a white ground, walls covered with velvet paper—the hotel had every attraction that went to make up elegance and completeness in those happy days when we knew no better.

The elegance had spread to the poor little village. The grocery was an emporium; the thread-and-needle shop was a bazar—with only two *a*'s. The honest old village inn was gone, with its innocent "Philadelphia and XXX Ales," and in its place was a gaudily painted frame building, of which the first floor was a sample-room. Above the sample-room, reached by a side-stairway, was a mysterious apartment into which men entered at all hours of the night, and whence they emerged, as a rule, at about five or six in the morning. The unceasing click of a roulette-ball, clearly audible on the street below, announced that a "quiet little game" was going on in the "Club-house."

These things changed the face of the town, but the people brought a greater change. It was an early year in that series of years which linked the close of the war to the panic of 1873—a year,

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like its fellows, of general extravagance and ostentation. Thousands of people were rich who had never expected to be. Shoddy had stood the good fairy to some of them; others had found wealth in government contracts, in stock speculation, in the spouting of petroleum wells. Now, when each of these suddenly acknowledged children of wealth had built his grand house, furnished and pictured it, so to speak, and had made his trip to Paris and seen something of the glory of the Third Napoleon and Baron Haussmann, he had made up his mind to live luxuriously, and had to face the problem of ways and means. Luxury there was to be had, but it was such luxury as ministered to the quiet, conservative, and strictly private and esoteric pleasures of a limited and exclusive class. The newmade millionaire wanted something that showed for more in the shop-window. He found plenty of people to aid him in his search. The summer hotel sprang into existence to relieve him of all trouble for three months in the year. The Parisian opéra bouffe and the British burlesque came across the ocean to give a tone of sophisticated frivolity to the freshly formed society in which he found himself. He accustomed his palate to the taste of champagne. It was not long before his highest ethical aspirations were satisfied.

And here he was, holding high carnival in dazzled Northoak. He had brought his train with him. There were people from Keokuk and Peoria, people from Cynthiana, from Omaha, from San Francisco, from Petrolia, and from Des Moines. "Why, my dear," said one scandalized old lady of Northoak, "I really never supposed there *were* such places, except on the map, you know." There were gentlemen in velvet smoking-jackets, gentlemen in baggy knickerbockers, gentlemen with long, blond whiskers, and gentlemen who affected smoking-caps. There were ladies in silks and ladies in satin, and a great many of them cultivated a supposed resemblance to the Empress Eugénie, while still more were modelled upon the pattern of the "girl of the period." It was what was known as a "fast crowd," and about the most of its members there was nothing worse than the exuberant folly born of sudden luxury. They were gay birds of opulence, and they wanted to spread their wings and to curvet and caracole in the soft summer air. And if some birds of prey slipped in among them, who was to blame? The hotel-keepers of the day were not so wise in the matter of feathers as our experienced landlords of 1889.

. . . . . .

On this August day of which I speak, the hotellites had some merrymaking afoot which awakened interest even among the people of the estates. Between the large contingent from the West and Southwest, and the minority from the Eastern and Middle States, there was a certain rivalry in all things, and each side had its leaders and champions. Two of these rivals (among the younger sets) were Jack Mowatt, of New York, and Clayton Adriance, of Kentucky. These young men danced equally well, they played about the same game of billiards, each was past-master at croquet, and each could

> "Urge toward the table's centre,
> With unerring hand, the squail."

(Squails and croquet! O gilded youth, shall aureate adolescence of 1910 smile thus at your tennis; at your exceeding skill with a little foolish round puzzle which has amused you much of late?) In these accomplishments there was nothing to choose between them; but in the matter of horsemanship, it seemed, they were unwilling to divide honors.

Other young men there were, also, who challenged their supremacy. To-day, therefore, a race, a wonderful race of twenty miles was to be run, in four-mile heats, on the track of the old county-fair grounds. It was an absurd contest; cruel on the country horses which had to be hired to supply four out of the five relays for each rider, and it was no fair test of the horsemanship of the two youths. Adriance was beyond doubt the more skilful and graceful horseman; but in a match like this he stood small chance against the superior wind and strength of his lithe, wiry, deep-chested antagonist, who had pulled in three college races, and who outclassed him in size and weight.

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However, it was an opportunity for fun, for excitement, for showing of pretty gowns, betting of gloves and champagne and bon-bons and cigars. The hotellites turned out, one and all. Their landaulets and barouches and pony phaetons whirled pretty girls along the dusty highways, and all the primary colors flashed in the sun. Even the hill people came. A horse-race aroused every true American among them.

I trudged along the road, happy enough, yet longing for an invitation to ride beside the least of those pretty girls. I knew the hotel people, after a fashion; I was kindly permitted to hang on the outer edge of their grandeur. Jack Mowatt, who was always good-hearted, now and then deigned to patronize me—I was only three years his junior. I even had a love-affair, if I am not mistaken, with the youngest daughter of a family of eight girls. She was waiting for her two elder sisters to marry, and she condescendingly practised upon me while she waited for her mother to bring her out. But none of my new friends bade me mount with them. It was the good old aristocracy that took pity upon me. Tom Turner's dull, creaky voice hailed me:

"Hi, young man! going to the race?"

"Yes, sir."

"Jump in!"

Mr. Tom Turner never wasted words—his vocabulary did not allow of extravagance. I climbed into his "two-seater," and sat behind, talking to Mrs. Tom, who shared the front seat with her husband. She had to look over her shoulder as we conversed, and she paid my budding manhood the tribute of a shy blush. She called me "Mr.," too; and I was proud and happy as I sat there talking to her and studying her as only a hobbledehoy can study a young woman.

Every boy goes through this time of standing outside the world of grown women and studying them. A pretty face opens to him a very treasure-house of speculation, and even a plain girl is worth critical examination if the faintest nimbus of romance hang around her head—if it be possible to imagine her loved and loving.

Mrs. Tom was undeniably plain. Her features were sharp, and somewhat large. Her hair and eyes were *pale*—no other word suggests their faded, neutral dulness of tint. Her teeth were white and regular, but sharply prominent. She was well-proportioned, yet her figure had the awkward lines of immaturity.

And yet there was nothing about her honest plainness to suggest that pitiless question: "Why did he marry her?" Any man might have married Mrs. Tom, for any one of a dozen good reasons, without even endangering his reputation for good taste. Mrs. Tom's face was kind, and it had a simple, youthful wholesomeness about it that must have been almost a positive charm, so pleasant does it seem to my memory after all these years. And she certainly had one positive charm, less subtle, yet less easy to tell of in fitting words. Cleanliness is an attribute that we predicate of all decent and lovable folk, yet there are persons whose cleanliness is offensive, and there are others whose cleanliness is so near to godliness as to be altogether lovable. Mrs. Tom carried with her an atmosphere of material as well as moral purity that absolutely radiated a sweet domesticity. Her fresh, soft skin was not brilliant; but it became her, it was characteristic; it was pleasant to the eye—part of a harmonious whole. For Mrs. Tom's soft gray and brown raiment helped to carry out the idea of her that you got from her face. On this day, I remember, she wore a gray gown, with a lawn kerchief at her neck—not at all in the fashion of the day, but quite in the eternal fashion of good taste and fitness.

We passed through the gates of the fair grounds and drove to a point on the back-stretch of the track, from which we could see the bright ribbon of blue that already hung between the judges' little signal-tower and the Grand Stand opposite. When I looked upon the Grand Stand I stifled another wish that the world of fashion might remember me. I had seen that bleak, roofless structure before, black with country-folk in their holiday attire; but oh, how changed was it to-day! A sea, a multicolored sea of parasols covered it, and the bright

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silken domes bobbed up and down over pretty heads in a way that seemed maddeningly vivacious and engaging to a half-grown boy whose lot was cast, for the hour, with eminent but uninteresting respectability. However, I was in for it where I was, and, having been early instructed in a long antiquated code of manners that forbade me to trample my elders under foot, I did my best to make myself agreeable to my hosts, and found some reward therein. It was something to know the names of all the riders, and to be able to display that proud knowledge.

"That's Jack Mowatt there, mounting the bay with a star—Adriance is the thin fellow with the chestnut. The little chap on the big gray horse is De Vere—I think he used to be on the stage. The man in the queer-looking buckskin—see! that yellowish one—is McAlpine—he plays billiards with his fingers. The other one—I think his name is Ferguson—he's on his own horse; he's so rich he doesn't know what to do with his money, and he's got three horses here; he only had to hire two. But he can't ride much. It's between Mowatt and Adriance."

"And which is your man?" inquired Mrs. Tom, smiling.

"Mowatt, of course. New York against Kentucky."

"Then he's mine," said Mrs. Tom.

As she spoke the bell rang, the horses started forward, made a bad start, and went back. Then came another bad start, and then they got off, on the worst start of all three, with Mowatt in the lead, and Adriance badly pocketed by De Vere and McAlpine. Jack pushed his horse and rode like a madman. He was a dozen lengths ahead when he passed us.

"Ah!" growled Tom Turner, in disgust: "fool—he'll never last!"

Even to my eyes Jack was riding foolishly. He had a great, heavy-built colt, strong and willing, but the cheers, the yelling, and, above all, the brutal pace, frightened the poor beast, and on the third lap, when he led by nearly a mile, he began to go wild.

"Bolt, sure!" said Tom, as he saw the leader come into the back-stretch.

And bolt he did, heading straight for us—we stood close to the track, with no rail to separate us. Turner stood nearest the course, I was next, with Mrs. Tom just behind me. She was nervously twisting her handkerchief in both hands—for she had taken her side already, and she was as well able to judge of the chances as any man on the ground.

Then came as quick a bit of work as I ever saw. The big horse left the track, stumbled on the turf, and came down on his knees, Jack Mowatt going over his head. Turner had the animal by the bridle, and brought him to his feet in a second, quivering and panting, but unhurt, save for a scratch or two. Jack, who had landed lightly, was up again as soon as his horse. In an instant his foot was in the stirrup and his hand on the crupper, and then he stopped. The blood from a sharp cut on his forehead was trickling into his eyes. He dashed it out with his left hand, and then, just as a look of despair came over his face, Mrs. Tom stepped up and tied her white handkerchief around his head, tight and firm. Her face was pale but her hands were steady, and the blinding flow was stopped before any one except Jack knew what she was doing.

He knew. His eyes lighted up, he bent, caught one of her hands in his free hand, kissed it, and swung himself into the saddle. I saw Mrs. Tom's white face flush a burning red, and then I turned to see Jack take the track again, just as the field thundered by us, Adriance far ahead, leading by a dozen lengths.

I am not going to tell the story of that race. It was a cruel affair, as far as it went, for they ran only three heats. Mowatt won. He took his own horse for the next relay, and nearly ruined a splendid animal in four miles of mad riding. But he passed the field as if they stood still, and he rode Adriance down after a long and brutal struggle. At the end of the third heat, when he led the Kentucky boy by a quarter of a mile, and the poor youngster looked as though he were about to fall off his horse, the judges stopped the race. All the other riders had dropped off except the despised Ferguson, who was sticking to it a mile or so in the rear. Three horses had been spoiled for life, and the

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"sporting blood" of the judges had had all it could endure.

Adriance was badly shaken up. He was out of training and incapable of sustained exertion. He shook Mowatt's hand and tried to smile as he said:

"My only regret is that you weren't born in Kentucky."

The Grand Stand went wild, of course, and made the most of its two heroes, and even of Ferguson, who had shown an unexpected pluck. Jack Mowatt was the hero of the hour, and the women fairly flung themselves at his feet. If it had not been Jack's lot in life to bask in women's smiles, his head might have been turned. But Jack had flirted from his cradle up, and to have a hundred women worshipping him instead of one was an experience differing only in degree, and not in kind, from many which he had enjoyed in the brief course of his youth.

He smiled on his admirers for a few minutes, and then made for the stable. Half-way there, as if a sudden thought had come to him, he turned and came up the course to our group on the back-stretch. Mrs. Tom flushed red once more as she saw him, and there was still a touch of color in her face when I proudly introduced the hero, and he began to express his gratitude in Jack's own demonstrative way. He said no more than he meant, perhaps; but he said a great deal more than was necessary, and a great deal more, I have no doubt, than he thought he was saying. Mrs. Tom heard him for the most part in silence. When she said anything, it was with a fluttered, nervous brightness that was wholly unlike her natural manner. Yet it was a manner natural enough under the circumstances. Nine women out of ten would have talked in just that tone. There was nothing odd about the tone, except that it was Mrs. Tom who used it.

Mowatt could not stay long; the cut on his head needed dressing, and the local doctor was already beckoning him toward the stables. But before he bade farewell to Mrs. Tom, I could not help hearing a characteristic speech which he made. Turner and I were tightening buckles on the harness, and Mowatt had his back to me as he said:

"I'll send your handkerchief back to-morrow, Mrs. Turner. I wish—I wish I might keep it, as a memento—of the race. But I suppose——"

I did not hear what Mrs. Tom said in reply. But as we drove home I learned that Tom had agreed to take her to the "hop" at the hotel that evening; and all the way that I went with them Mrs. Tom looked back to talk to me in that same softly fluttered way, asking questions and running on without waiting for answers. I noticed that the flush was still on her cheeks.

"I've never been to a hop at the hotel," she said. "I suppose it's quite festive beside our dull doings here. I haven't an idea what to wear. What do the ladies generally wear? Oh, but there! what do you know about such things? You don't notice ladies' dresses, do you? Men never do. But it must be lovely to dance to that splendid band! Do you dance? If you do, you mustn't forget your country friends—" and so on, while Tom drove stolidly along, and I watched this poor little gray pigeon preen her wings—watched her with all a boy's cruel but observant interest.

And here, as the conversation which I had overheard a few minutes before was the beginning of a bad business, for which Jack Mowatt has been often blamed, let me say a word for that unlucky butterfly. I knew him well in after years, and knew him for a perfectly harmless and highly ornamental insect. Flirting was as much a part of his daily existence as eating, drinking, or sleeping—if you can call that flirtation which was merely the exchange of the most obvious flattery and innocently exaggerated deference for that delightfully familiar sort of petting which women are always ready to lavish on the man who is not to be taken seriously. And only two women that I have heard of ever took Jack seriously. One was Mrs. Tom—the other was the girl who finally married him. And it was characteristic of this graceful and voluble woman-worshipper that when his time came, and he was really in love, he lost his tongue and his wits, and had to be dragged through his courtship and up to the speaking-point like any country oaf.

So I think I may fairly say that when

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Jack kissed Mrs. Tom's hand and begged her handkerchief, he did no more than he would have done had it been his own grandmother—and meant no more ill. It was Jack's way of being decently and respectfully civil to a woman.

It was late that night when I laid aside my books and hurried eagerly over to the hotel. The distant music had twisted up my trigonometry for three hours, and the figures of the lanciers and the quadrille had wellnigh driven another sort of figures out of my young head. However, young conscience was somehow satisfied when I entered the great dining-room, turned into a ball-room by the presence of two fiddlers and a double-bass and a clarinet, supporting the lean hotel "accompanist" in the piano-corner. Yet I had not been three minutes in that scene of revelry before I wished that I had not left my shabby, calf-covered books, my little white-cloth-topped table, my poor kerosene lamp, whereon the moths and mosquitoes stuck fast in the oil, looking like Christian martyrs after the festival of human torches.

Tom Turner was the first person I met. He was leaving the ball-room, headed for the billiard-room. He only nodded when he saw me.

"Where is Mrs. Turner?" I asked.

"In there," he said, and went on his way. He was always taciturn, impassive, chary of his words; but he spoke with such a sullen shortness that—boy-like—I fancied I had done something to offend him.

I went "in there." It was a little parlor or drawing-room, opening from the large hall. There sat Jack Mowatt, on a yellow and blue satin divan—a hideous round structure, such as you still may see in the abodes of the aristocracy—on our modern realistic stage. He was doing the wounded hero to perfection, his manly beauty not wholly marred by a narrow strip of sticking-plaster running half-way across his forehead. In front of him half-a-dozen women had drawn up their chairs to form a circle of worship. There were four young girls, not yet out of the age of gigglehood, a black-browed, aquiline-nosed, handsome bird of prey from San Francisco, and Mrs. Tom.

Mrs. Tom in a white silk dress, with a girlish pink sash, and with the pinkest of pink roses in her poor colorless hair; Mrs. Tom talking loud and fast, and talking nonsense—that is what Mrs. Tom's young friend heard and saw as he stood stupefied in the door-way of the room with the yellow and blue satin divan.

"So like the knights and cavaliers of old!" this young man heard her say. "Didn't you feel like a knight, Mr. Mowatt?"

"Didn't Mr. Mowatt *act* like a knight?" queried the Bird of Prey, dryly, and the four girls giggled.

"I should have been a poor knight without my rescuing lady," said Jack, and the girls giggled again. Mrs. Tom heard them not.

"Mr. Mowatt was the knightliest of knights," she said, laughing shrilly. Her eyes shone; there was a hot color in her high cheek-bones.

I withdrew softly; no one had noticed my presence. They were all too intent on drawing out poor Mrs. Tom—all except Jack, who was frowning furtively at the beauty with the aquiline nose.

I was chagrined and humiliated. The reckless jollity, the crude luxury of the hotel life had attracted me; but my friends were the good, quiet, gentlefolk on the hills, and to see one of them made the dupe and the butt of these half-breed savages wounded my juvenile loyalty. I slipped out of the ball-room, and I thought that the whole pleasure of the evening was lost for me, when I stumbled across my own immature charmer, the youngest of the eight, sulking in a dark corner of the veranda, where she could look in at the gayety which she might not share with her seven elders.

She confided to me that she considered her exclusion "real mean"—she said "reel"—and I sat down by her side and consoled her in the soft summer night. By and by I forgot Mrs. Tom (and myself, wellnigh), and I received a painful shock when Maude Addie said:

"They're dancing the Caledonian quadrille! Who *is* that queer creature dancing all out of time?"

I knew before I looked in the window.

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It was Mrs. Tom, and Jack Mowatt was her partner. She was dancing furiously, awkwardly, and quite out of time. Some of the younger girls were imitating her angular movements to her very face; but she danced on, smiling, radiant, unconscious of everything but the strange elation that had taken possession of her. By the end the dance had degenerated almost to a romp; but Mrs. Tom smiled on, gayly, triumphantly. A minute later she passed us on Jack's arm.

"Upon my word, Mrs. Turner," I heard him say, "there's no one I ever knew who could dance like you."

"Oh, you flatterer!" said the poor woman, looking up at him with blind gratitude in her face.

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The next morning Mrs. Tom, driving down to the village, as was her custom, stopped at the hotel to see the Bird of Prey, or some other of her new friends, and incidentally carried Jack off for a drive. The day after, Turner went fishing, and Mrs. Tom passed most of the day with the hotellites. The third day it was much the same; on the fourth, I was invited to dinner at the Brinckerhoffs, who were Turner's first-cousins, and after dinner old Mrs. Brinckerhoff took me aside and asked me plumply if it was true that Tom's wife was associating so freely with "these people." I tried to fib; but the occasion was not happy for mendacity.

However, it mattered little. Mrs. Tom's infatuation for her new society was beyond all concealing, and the nature of it was clear enough. She was fighting for her woman's birthright of admiration, romance, and worship. For the first time it had come into her head that she might be as these other women—courted, petted, pelted with rose-leaf flatteries; that she, too, might have her adorers; might drink the champagne of this sparkling, glorious life. A week before she had been contented in her wholesome dulness, with the husband whom she had married as a matter of course, who loved her (as she loved him) yet had never made love to her. She had been contented when the glass told her that her face was plain: the thought troubled her no more than the thought that she could not read Greek. She could have honestly admired a beautiful woman, just as she might have respected a Greek scholar. She had never longed for beauty: it went for little in her world—for less than fair birth or breeding, and both of these she had. It was natural enough that she should have been contented. Do you envy the splendid colonel whom you admire as he rides at the head of his regiment? Do you want his uniform to go about your business in? Do you want his mettlesome great horse, that you couldn't ride to save your life? Do you want even his glory, bought at the cost of wounds and cares and privations? Not for an instant. Envy of *him* will never keep you awake o' nights. But join his regiment as the rawest of privates, and you will envy every rag of gold lace on that man's body. So it was with Mrs. Tom. A man had kissed her hand, and she longed for beauty.

Beauty itself she must have known was beyond her reach. But that she would be in the ranks of beauty, be one of the women who charm and are courted, breathe the delicious incense of men's adoration—this had been revealed to her by proof indubitable. Had not the very paragon of women-worshippers kissed her hand? Was he not wearing her handkerchief in his waistcoat? Cinderella had come to the court of the king!

It was a mad fancy of Mrs. Tom's, but it was born, perhaps, of vague, half-formulated, half-repressed dreams that none of those about her knew of, and it was fostered by a most malicious combination of circumstances. Jack began his innocent blandishments in good faith; then he passed, all unsuspicious, to a dangerous jest; then he found the jest broadening under the smiles of the spectators, and sought a way out of it by turning it into palpable burlesque—palpable, he found, to all save the woman whose head he had turned—a woman who had no sense of humor, and who had never heard of the possibility of raillery so cruel and unchivalrous. And then, foreseeing in himself a red-handed butcher of courtesy and delicacy, he lost his head and took to his heels.

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He was much to be condemned—he was condemned—but this is to be said for him, that he began in good faith and went wrong before he knew it; and that the management of a maniac, when that maniac is a woman insane on the subject of her own charms, is a problem that might prove too much for many an older man of the world than this poor flibbertigibbet of twenty-one.

His solution of the problem was simple. On Friday he went to New York—on business, he said. He was to be back by Saturday evening. Calypso waited for him Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. On Tuesday she saw his trunks go out of the hotel marked for New York. A letter to one of his friends among the men conveyed the intelligence that he was called away by the illness of a relative.

It turned out to be no solution at all. He dealt his victim a cruel blow, but did not awaken her from her dream. In that one week Mrs. Tom had heard more about flirtations and jiltings and transfers of affection generally than she had heard in all her previous life. She had even met one ingenuous Southern maid who was habitually engaged to three gentlemen at once. She accepted this as her first defeat in a world which she had already learned was a world of secret but unceasing strife. She smothered her humiliation, and determined to go on with the fight.

She had no difficulty in carrying on her campaign. She was a rich joke for the hotel, in more senses than one. The harpy contingent had already discovered that she was well-to-do in her own right. They set their young men to "taking turns at Mrs. Tom," and keeping her supplied with all the flattering attentions which she would accept. And, by the irony of fate, she found a genuine adorer. He was a sulky, loutish youth, who had been brought up on a farm until he came into the fortune of an oil-well uncle. This silent, dull youngster, half a dozen years her junior, fell honestly in love with her, and trailed about after her like an ill-conditioned poodle.

A lively chase Mrs. Tom led him. The end of that second week found her in the fore-front of all the hotel gayety. She slept at home; but her days and her evenings were passed with her hotellites, who diverted themselves without ceasing. That week a flash, fashionable dress-maker and milliner came up from New York, and Mrs. Tom gave orders for dresses that made the eyes shine in the scheming heads of the birds of prey. The dresses were confected with great rapidity under their directions, and such marvels of gorgeous bad taste were they that, even in that day of loud things, they scandalized the most advanced thought of the hotel. Mrs. Tom, clean out of her modest depth in color, fairly floundered in reds and greens and blues and yellows—and let me remind you that we had had no Morris in those days, no Burne-Jones to tell us of the sin of primary colors, or to teach us the holiness of sage-green and the sacredness of old gold and the terra-cotta family. Mrs. Tom made ample return for these aids to fashionable elegance. She lent money to ladies expecting remittances, and showed unwearying patience in awaiting the remittances; she guaranteed their credit at the dress-maker's; she gave them costly presents; and she payed her scot on all the excursions and picnic parties, which festivities were not conducted on a modest scale. One of them won some fame at the time. Ferguson, the millionaire contractor, took a driving-party of twenty to the Mountain House, a sporting resort some ten miles away, up in the hills, and when they sat down to supper (cooked by a New York *chef*, served by New York waiters) each lady found her napkin rolled up in a gold bracelet set with diamonds, by way of a napkin-ring—a dainty conceit of the millionaire's. It was at this supper, I believe, that they induced Mrs. Tom to sing "Dites-lui," and found great sport therein.

But what, you ask, were Mrs. Tom's relatives doing all this while? They were doing just about what relatives and friends usually do under comparable circumstances, and to just about as much purpose. "If any of *my* people," we have all said, at one time or another, "were to attempt to disgrace the family, *I* would do—" this, that, or the other. But when the time comes we

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all of us find that we have very little influence in the matter, and that a wilful whippersnapper of eighteen, even, can peg stones at the family escutcheon at his or her sweet will. How about your niece? Didn't she run away and join the comic-opera company, as she said she would? How about my cousin? Didn't he marry her, as he said he would? You and I are connections by marriage, and we wouldn't be if we could have helped it.

And what was Tom Turner doing? For the first three weeks everybody asked that question. By the fourth week everybody knew that he was drinking hard. He found himself in a situation that was to him as incomprehensibly unreal as a nightmare. His orderly, narrow life afforded no precedent to guide him. He knew that everything was wrong. He knew not how to set it right. He remonstrated, he quarrelled with her; then he relapsed into sullen silence, went fishing day after day, and drank more than was good for him.

I have no doubt that his meagre vocabulary put him at a disadvantage. He could tell his wife that she was "carrying on," perhaps that she was "making a fool of herself;" but beyond this he probably found himself unable to characterize her conduct without saying that it was "not respectable." And with men of Tom's class this phrase had a specific meaning which would have made its use impossible. Tom could not insult his wife with the thought. Indeed, through all the time of her folly, no one ever dreamed of thinking it anything worse than folly, pure and simple. Even the hotel harpies knew better than to misconstrue her silliness. The most cynical and reckless of the velveteen-coated adventurers would not have dared to enlighten Mrs. Tom's ignorance; for whatever black depths there might be in the world where she moved, they were carefully screened from her eyes, and to the end she believed that the "flirtations" of those about her were as innocent as her own.

As to Tom, she told him he was prejudiced, unkind, and selfish. She was doing no harm, she was spending her own money, she was having a good time. If he did not like her friends, well and good. And so Tom went off to his fish and his bottle, and Mrs. Tom went on making herself the laughing-stock of the hotel and the horror of her family. The people on the hills wept over her, and the children at the hotel invented a pretty pastime which they called "making believe be Mrs. Tom."

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One morning in the first week of September I stood on the steps of the hotel gazing at Mr. Ferguson's new span of horses, when I heard a rustle of silks by my side, a hand was laid lightly on my shoulder, and a high-pitched voice, which I knew in spite of its affected, drawling tone, said:

"Why, *de-ar* boy! I haven't seen you in an age!"

It was Mrs. Tom, or what passed for Mrs. Tom in these days, though it was not easy to recognize her at a glance, in her glaring red and green shot silk, with rouge and powder making a hectic illumination on her high-boned cheeks, with her eyebrows blackened, her hair dyed a strange shiny yellow, and with diamonds stuck and hung all over her—at ten o'clock in the morning.

"I must get Ferguson," she said, "to let me take you out behind these grays. You shall handle the ribbons, and you shall smoke, too, if you like. Why don't you let us see something of you? We" (she dwelt on the pronoun as though it were sweet in her mouth) "would like to have you. And if you want to have a good time, you know, you've got to come with *us*. And there's just the chance for you, dear boy! Young Mason, who's been making himself so sweet to Mrs. Gilderoy—his mother's just taken him away. She was afraid!" (Mrs. Tom tittered.) "Now's your chance. Do you know Mrs. Gilderoy? No? She's from New Orleans. The *loveliest* woman! Yes, you positively must come to the front."

I stumbled out some confused acknowledgment. I felt all the shame that she should have felt. She saw my blush, and smiled complacently as she moved away. She took it for the tribute of bashfulness.

I watched her as she walked along the veranda. She was trying to imitate a

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carriage that had a brief vogue at that time—the body was thrown forward of the hips, involving a general distortion of other anatomical processes.

She sat down among her friends, who were scarcely less besilked and bejewelled than she. I looked back to the street, and saw Tom Turner's road-wagon turning in from the Highkill Falls road.

It was a sight common enough of late. Turner often spent the night at Highkill, where there was a sportsmen's tavern; and his man drove over for him in the morning. But to-day Turner was not in the wagon. His man was driving alone, and he drove straight for the hotel, peering under the veranda as he came until his eye fell on his mistress. He alighted, went up to her, gave her a note, and marched back to his wagon.

Mrs. Tom read the letter, gave a husky little cry, turned paler than her powder, and straightened out rigid, as though she were in an epileptic fit. The group of women closed in about her. I hurried toward them, but before I came near, Mrs. Tom had recovered herself, at least enough to walk, with a woman on each side of her, and they took her to the nearest room. She passed within a yard of me, and the frightened, stricken stare of the eyes that looked out from that painted face was like a vision of death and judgment.

I need hardly say that in her few moments of unconsciousness somebody in the crowd read her letter. I heard its contents discussed in the open street. It was from Tom, and said that he had gone away, and that she should not see him again. It was a drunken man's letter; but, drunk or sober, Tom never failed of his word.

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The next day a delegation of the harpies, who had no notion to let their prey slip away so easily, drove up to call on poor dear Mrs. Turner. They were refused admittance at the gates. The three children were dangerously ill, the lodge-keeper said, and Mrs. Turner would see no one.

It was believed for a time that the sickness of the children was a mere excuse for retirement; but the next day the local doctor hailed me from his gig, and gave me some news. He was a testy, kindly, vehement conservative, this little, gray old doctor.

"Your people have gone home, haven't they?" he asked.

"Yes, sir—last week. I've got to stay and finish my grind. It's a beast."

"Well, you'd best get out too. There's something like an epidemic in town. The three Turner children are down—I think they'll come out all right—mother's with 'em now, nursing 'em day and night—but it's hard to tell. Dysentery—that's all—but I've had seven other cases within thirty-six hours, and there are one or two I don't like the looks of. Don't believe in scares—but you know what the papers say. Cholera on the other side—had a genuine case in New York yesterday. Just about time we had another turn of it in this country. And if it does come, young man, this is the sort of place that's just ripe for it. Five hundred new people here since June—not a drain—not a damn drain—beg your pardon, sir!—It's manslaughter—rank manslaughter! And if it gets into that devil's toy-shop there"—he pointed to the hotel—"it will have everything its own way—close the cussed place, I hope! *Clk!* Kitty, git up! Don't you stay here, my boy; don't you stay here! *Clk!*"

Being a boy, of course I did not go. The prospect of beholding a pestilence was far too alluring.

The doctor was right. Bad drainage—or, rather, no drainage at all—and a summer of uninterrupted heat had worked together to produce a local epidemic of a serious nature. It was on a Monday that this conversation was held: on Tuesday a half-dozen cases appeared at the hotel, and then this little army of frivolity, a host of weak creatures with nothing to tie up to in this world or the next, were smitten with utter, shameless panic. Those of them who could go at once went. Before Wednesday night one hundred and twenty-seven people had left the hotel. More than that number remained against their will, held by one cause or another—in most cases, impecuniosity. There were many fair ladies in that caravansary who were in the habit of depositing their diamonds in the hotel-safe at night;

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not because they were in fear of thieves, but because the proprietor particularly requested it. Various gentlemen, moreover, were chained, as it were, to the bar-room slate and the account-book of the billiard-room keeper. There was much telegraphing for remittances, and the faro-bank did a rushing business twenty-four hours in the day, and would willingly have kept open twenty-five hours, had it been possible.

Saturday ended this carnival of fear, for the great hotel closed. Nearly six-score people, sick and well, left the great barracks, staring at the dull fall day out of its hundreds of blindless windows, marched down the long street, and piled in confusion into the two stuffy little cars that made up a train on the shaky little railroad that ran from Northoak to the Hudson River. The decenter of the lot somehow settled in the rearward car; in that behind the engine the wilder spirits got together, and to watch these I slipped in and sate myself on the wood-box.

That was a hideous journey. Fear—the most abject, dastardly, selfish fear possessed this crowd that was so brazen three days before; and, after the manner of their kind, they tried to hide it with bravado. Some had bottles of champagne, all had whiskey or brandy, and as time went on they drank themselves half-wild. They sang, they shouted, they made mad and brutal jokes. The restrictions of decency and even of discretion were forgotten. Strange relationships stood out in undisguised frankness, and the ugliest part of all their ugliness was the open selfishness that showed how frail was the tie that knit one human being to another. And among them all not one spoke the word that summed up all their terrors. They spoke of "it;" and that "it" meant the cholera. Typhus and malaria were waiting for many of them; but of these dangers, which had obviously menaced them through all their sojourn at that drainless barrack, they thought nothing. It was a baseless terror, an all but impossible possibility, that struck terror to their weak souls.

Save myself, there were but two silent passengers in the car. Directly opposite me sat the bird of prey, Mrs. Gilderoy, of New Orleans. Sheer fright had prostrated her, and had brought back an old trouble, quiescent for years. She had been taken with hemorrhage of the lungs. She had telegraphed to New York, to a certain Sister of Charity. "She will come," the scared wretch said, and she had come, and now was taking this pallid shadow of a woman back to New York, to die within the white walls of a hospital, no longer a person, an agent for good or ill in the breathing world—a number, in a numbered cot, for which some other wretch waits, to be a number in her turn. Looking at the faces of these two women, as they sat side by side, you saw that they were sisters in another sense than that of Christian charity. But peace was in one face and deadly fear in the other.

Just as we drew into our station on the Hudson, a woman fainted, and an access of fright set the whole carload of men and women struggling for the doors. That was the last I saw of them. They took the railroad; I crossed the river in a row-boat and went down to New York in a freight-barge, which is the ideal way of travelling, if there are no calves aboard.

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It was ten years before I saw Northoak again, and it was only an idle impulse that took me there. I had three or four last days at the end of a vacation in the mountains. My party had disbanded; no one expected me in New York before the next Monday. It came into my head to stop at Northoak on my way back, to whip the trout-streams after my own fashion—a luxury I cannot indulge in when there are professional-amateur anglers to wither me with their scorn. Yes, I take a book in my pocket, and if the trout will not have me, I lie down under a tree and walk the London streets with Mr. Samuel Pepys, monstrous fine in his waistcoat made of his wife's brocade petticoat, or stroll under the Italian skies with Eichendorff's Good-for-nothing in his mystic, magical Wander-Jahre. Northoak trout were too small game for the gentry who despise this sort of fishing; yet there be trout at Northoak, so there I went. I had other reasons, of course—a foolish fancy of reminiscence leading

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me back to look for boyhood in boyhood's paths.

I found my old abiding-place, still a refuge for the stranger, but now only as a lodging-house for those who "mealed" at the hotel. It was kept by a brisk woman of business, fresh from New England, who could tell me nothing of my old friends. I asked for the room that had been mine; but when I saw it, and found how close and small it was (and always must have been) I gladly took a larger chamber on the floor below.

I went to dinner at the hotel. There it was, the same hotel, but, oh! how changed from that hotel I had known. All the smartness of it had vanished. The wood-work was warped; the paint, of a later era of bad taste, was dull and weather-worn; the frescoed ceiling of the great dining-room had fallen in a dozen places, and the damages had been repaired with white plaster. The yellow and blue satin furniture was gone. Strange, angular furniture had taken its place. I was told that it was in the Eastlake style. The house was full—filled with quiet, decorous families from Boston and Philadelphia, with a small mingling of highly respectable, hard-working artists. I don't think there was a bottle of champagne in the place. I know that there was a sewing-circle in the rooms where the faro-bank used to be, and a candy-shop in the place of the saloon.

Not a trace left of the old life—the old silly, reckless, dangerous, hopeful, happy life. Everything is better now, wiser, more wholesome. And yet we were happy in those days when the "Blue Danube" was new; when we first beheld *le sabre de mon père;* when our veins thrilled with the potency of pleasures that we have grown tired of since: in those crude days when things were fresher than they are now. And this much I am sure of: we who left our boyhood behind us a score of years ago were a deal merrier, more companionable, juicier fellows than the finished youths of to-day, who take their pleasures so sadly; who know such a weary, worrysome lot about what is good form and what isn't, and who treat women just as they would men.

On the morning after my arrival I sat in my room writing letters. Looking up and out the window I saw a dog-cart going along the street. In it sat a gray-haired woman, bolt upright, dressed in a gown of yellow and black, so strange in fashion, as well as in color, that it might have been the caprice of a madwoman. I saw her—and she was gone. But I knew Mrs. Tom.

I had a feeling of something like dizziness as I tried to realize that I had actually seen this thing, and not dreamed it. I had seen Mrs. Tom, gray-haired and pale, dressed in the clothes I had seen her in a decade before. What was she now? A ghostly maniac, revisiting the scenes of her mad happiness?

I thought about it until I could write letters no longer, and set out for a walk. I had hardly crossed the threshold of the house when a voice cried:

"Hello!"

I stopped, and a man grasped my hand.

"Knew you right off!" he said. "Glad to see you. Changed, haven't you? Stopping here, eh? No! Won't do! Come up to my house. Mrs. Turner glad to see you. After trout? Show you lots. Mustn't stay here—won't have it! Come for you at three. Get your traps ready. Bless you—knew you right off—didn't I?"

I had been only a boy when he knew me for a summer or two, but when he bade me good-by, after making me promise to visit him, he walked off smiling, as though he had met his best friend. He was changed, too. His hair was grizzled, and when he was not speaking his eyes had a half-vacant, half-sleepy look that had not belonged to his youthful stolidity.

At three he came for me, and I had to go, much as I dreaded meeting Mrs. Tom. He was cheerful as we drove along; but as taciturn as of old. If he spoke, it was to say something about the weather or the crops, or the cattle in the fields which we passed. Mrs. Turner was well, he said, and the children. They had had another one since I had seen them—a splendid boy—four years old now. A fine growing summer! They would have the finest crop of hay ever gathered in the county—didn't I think so?

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We found Mrs. Tom in the great drawing-room that opened on the lawn, and my heart sank within me as I saw that she was dressed in a gown of faded pink, almost as startlingly out of fashion as the odd garment she had worn in the morning. But though she blushed a little as she greeted me (and her blush, against her soft gray hair, made her look almost pretty), she showed no embarrassment, no strangeness of manner, and in a moment I felt quite at ease, not only for myself but for her. At the first look I fancied that her pale face seemed stern; at the second, I saw in it such a sweet dignity that I wondered why I had ever thought of the clothes she had on.

After a while the children came in, and presently Turner took them off to see if the new Jersey cow had arrived. The three elder were attractive children. The two girls were perhaps fifteen and sixteen, well-mannered, and pretty, or comely at least. The boy was a fine fellow of thirteen, with a manly way about him. The youngest was of a different sort. I thought him dull and heavy, and he had the pettish bearing of a spoiled child. But I saw that this Benjamin was as the apple of his mother's eye. There was a difference not only of degree but of kind in the look which she cast after him as her eyes followed her children out of the room.

They had hardly gone when she looked up at me with a tremulous eagerness and said:

"You didn't want to come? No, I understand. But I wanted to tell you that I'm glad to have you here. Of course, I wanted you to come because it pleased *him;* but I'm glad to see you, anyway—for myself, don't you know."

I said that I had hoped she would care to see me; but she paid no attention to my awkward equivocations, and went on:

"I thought you'd feel that I wouldn't want to see you, on account of—that time, you know—my spree. Oh, yes, I know. That's what they called it. I know a good deal now that I didn't know then. I know just how—just how I seemed to people. That's why I don't mind seeing *you.* It wasn't quite the same with you. You never had anything to do with making me act—as I did."

She snatched up a little dress from the work-basket by her side, stretched it out and shaped it upon her lap, threaded a needle with that mechanical deftness which belongs to women, and began sewing and talking at once.

"I don't believe you ever made fun of me. *They* all did. I've often thought, since, thinking how those men pretended to make love to me, that you were always *respectful*—don't you understand me? It made me feel, when I used to think about it, that I was *worth* it—you know what I mean? I've ground my teeth sometimes, just for pain, and then I've thought how nice you were to me, and I've felt better."

Great God! I thought to myself, can the chance of a boy's decent breeding mean so much to his fellow-beings?

"I didn't mean to talk about that time," she began again, after she had stitched for a minute in silence. "I only meant to tell you something so that you would understand how it is now. I don't know whether you heard much about what happened afterwards."

"I heard something," I said; "you went West."

"Not till the next summer. We tried all we could, but we didn't find out where he was till then. And Ethel wasn't really strong until June. Then I heard where he was, and I went out and found him in Omaha."

She paused again, and kept her head down close over her work.

"He wouldn't even see me. He wouldn't let me come near him. He was drinking, you know. I don't mean that I blame him"—she raised her head and looked me in the eye, feeling herself the champion of her husband—"he never would have done it if it hadn't been for me—and he wasn't himself." She dropped her head again. "Then he had the delirium, and I could come and nurse him, and then came the brain fever, and after that he woke up one morning just as clear as ever—just like his own self—and he's been so ever since. That's when we came home—and, oh, it seemed to me that I could just get down and kiss the ground!"

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She held her work at arm's length and winked at it until she could see it clearly.

"I don't know that I should say just his old self," she began again; "he's never been the same, exactly. You know he used to be quite bright."

I never had known it; but I said I had.

"Well, I think he's getting clearer, all the time. He knew you at once, didn't he?"

"He spoke to me first," I hastened to say, "before I recognized him."

"Yes, he came home and told me. He was very proud of it. That's one reason why I was so glad you came. *He* knows it, you know, and it's such a gain when he feels sure of himself."

I nursed my conceit for a while. Then Mrs. Tom began once more, looking straight at me, though her cheeks were flushed.

"Of course you've noticed—" her eyes dropped, and she looked at her dress as though she would have me look at it. "I'm wearing them out."

I suppose my eyes were blankly inquisitive.

"They're the things I had *then*. I'm wearing them out. It's a part of my penance. I don't mean in a Roman Catholic way, you know," she interpolated, with a look of shocked affright in her eyes; "I don't mean anything of that sort, of course, but only—oh, you can't get away from what you've done. And you wouldn't believe it, but in that one month that I was—on my spree—I had nineteen dresses made, and had eleven more ordered—just to have more than anybody else in that horrid place. And then there were fourteen that I had ordered from Paris. They came home at Christmas—just the day before. That was my only Christmas present that year—and hadn't I bought it myself? Oh, I knew that then!"

She had dropped her work and had folded her hands in her lap.

"I don't know that I can make you understand why I wear those things," she said. "It's like having a whip on my back sometimes, to get them on. I don't know why I'm talking to you like this, anyway, except that I never *have* talked to anyone. But, don't you see, the children are growing up, and they'll know all about it. Oh, I've told them—the older ones—but they don't understand. It doesn't mean anything to them. They can't think their mother ever did anything wrong—it's like talking of original sin to them. But you know they'll be out in the world—that is our world here—in a little while, and then it will all be told to them, and you know *how* it will be told—you know just how they'll have to hear it. And it's always seemed to me that if they saw me in those clothes they'd understand it—that they wouldn't be so far away from it—that they'd feel they knew about it, and it was something that had come naturally to them, and they could forgive it, and say, 'Poor mother, we don't mind *that!*' And they're so used to me—so used to these things—I think they will. Don't you understand?"

The setting sun made the white walls pink. I watched the warm light spreading. I had looked once in Mrs. Tom's eyes, and I had nothing to say. But soon she spoke again, in a cheerful, hopeful voice.

"I've worn them all almost out. When I get to the end of them I'll have my own things again."

By and by the children came in again. The new cow had arrived, and papa was waiting for mamma in the lower pasture. We went down, and joined with Tom in praising the beautiful Jersey. I noticed that at every word of critical praise he uttered he appealed to his wife, and that she confirmed his judgment in a tone that was almost maternal. Even so might a mother assent to her boy's simple guesses at the use and meaning of the things about him.

As we left the pasture Tom took his wife's hand to direct her attention to something in the economy of the farm about which he asked her advice. We went up the hill in the twilight, and I lingered behind with the children, and saw that he still kept hold of the tips of her fingers, as they walked up the hill together.

. . . . . .

Mrs. Tom is dead, or this tale would not be told. But it is only a few years since she died, and I think that she had

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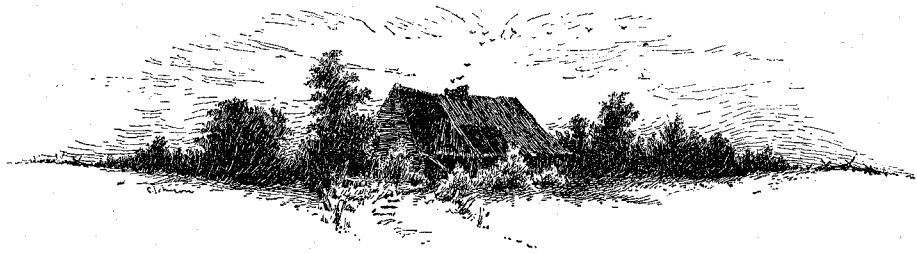
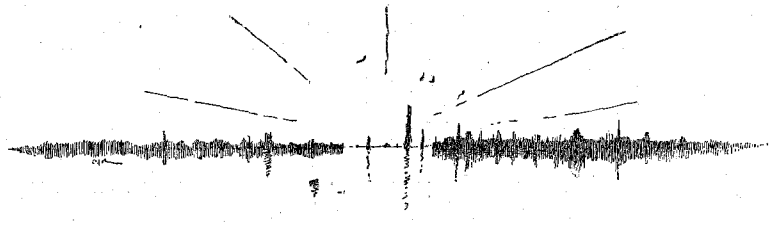
time enough on earth to wear out those cruel clothes, and to sit a while with her husband and her children, clad in such a soft gray gown as I saw her wear once upon a time, with a white handkerchief folded over a peaceful breast.



EVENING.

By A. Lampman.

From upland slopes I see the cows file by,
  Lowing, great-chested, down the homeward trail,
  By dusking fields and meadows shining pale
With moon-tipped dandelions; flickering high
A peevish night-hawk in the western sky
  Beats up into the lucent solitudes
  Or drops with griding wing; the stilly woods
Grow dark and deep, and gloom mysteriously.
Cool night-winds creep and whisper in mine ear;
  The homely cricket gossips at my feet;
From far-off pools and wastes of reeds I hear
  With ebb and change the chanting frogs break sweet
    In full Pandean chorus; one by one
    Shine out the stars, and the great night comes on.



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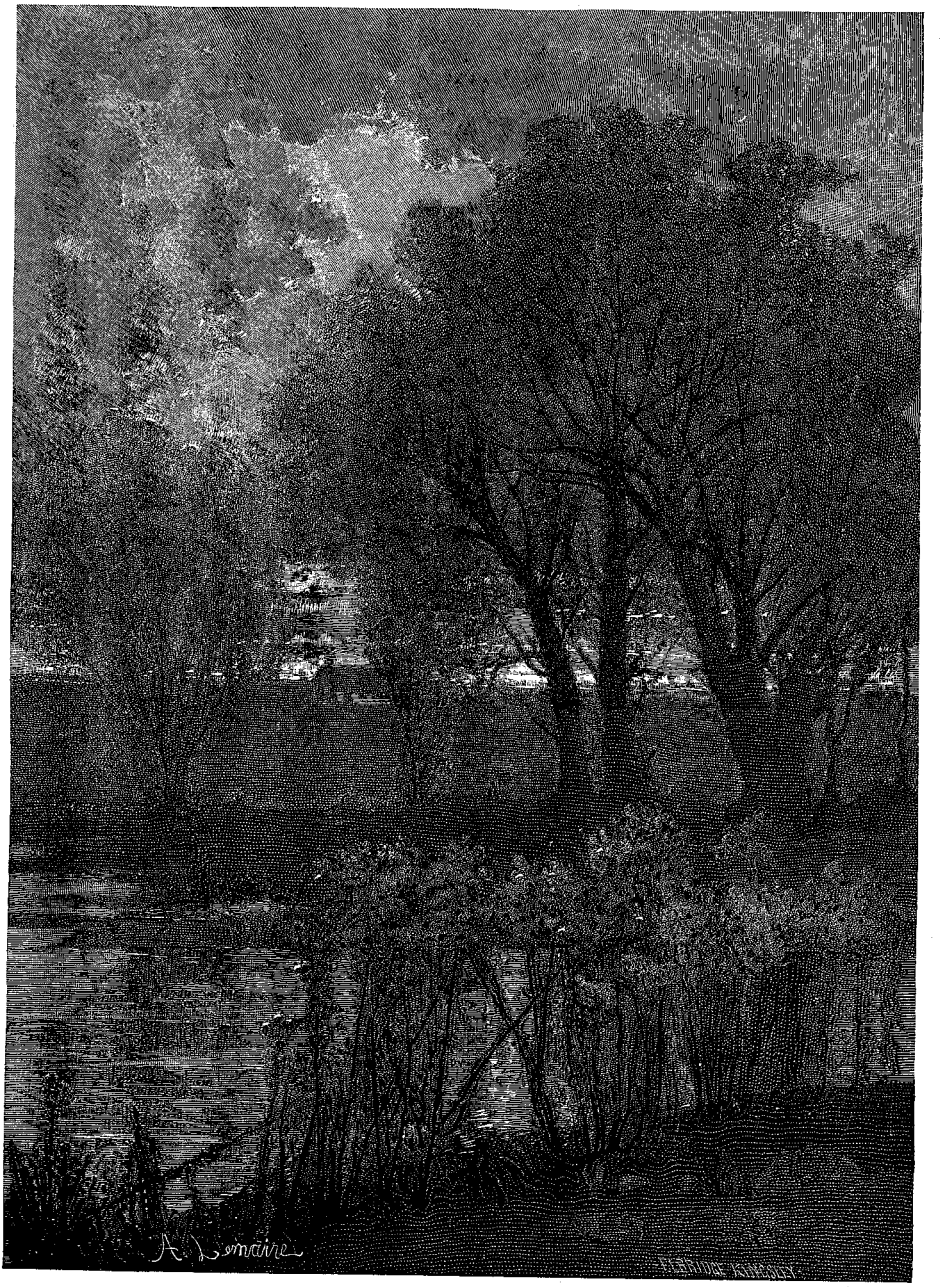

Evening.

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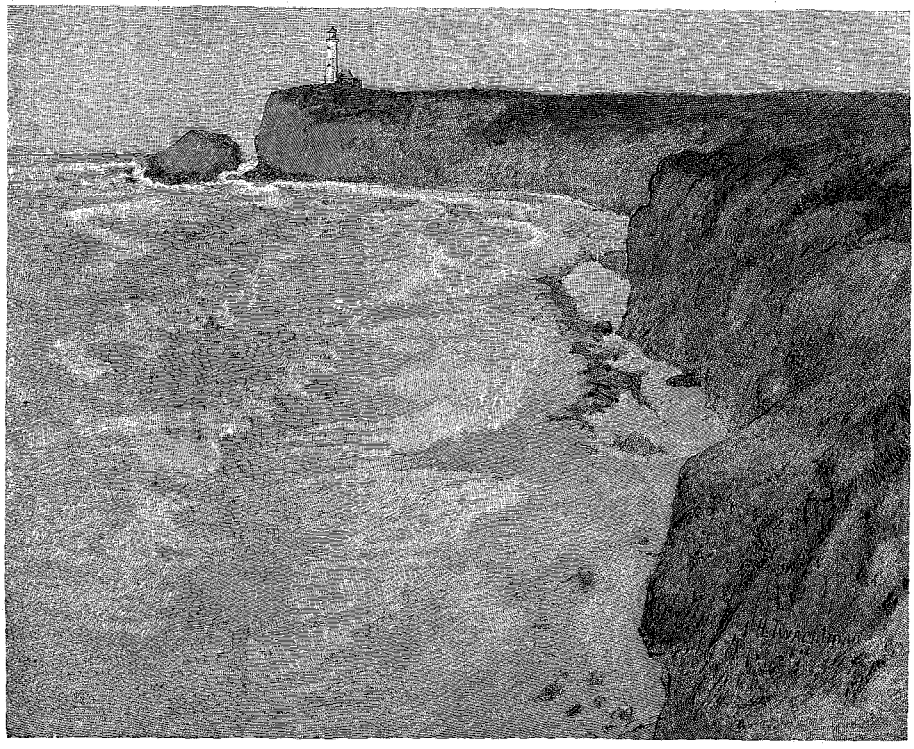

MONTAUK POINT.

By Lloyd McKim Garrison.

I. July.

Moorlands, red and brown with the glowing heat of the summer,
Roll with gentle declivity down to the end of the land,
Where the high, white cliffs, their scars all soft in the sunlight,
Stand like the Ithacan crags—gay for Ulysses returned.
Purple and green is the sea, like the swelling breast of a peacock,
Lover-like wooing the shore, scattering gifts at its feet—
(Gems from its caverns of treasure)—flowers and shells iridescent,
Palely gleaming like stars (half-veiled by the clouds of foam).
Soft as the sea is the sky, and a hazy and tremulous vapor
Dims the rich blue of its arch, where it dips down to the brink.
Languid and sweet is the air—sweet with grass of the moorlands—
Sweet with the breath of the ocean—sweet with the weeds on the shore.
Cattle, in troops, on the uplands, indolent stray through the heather;
Gulls, all white in the sun, indolent wheel through the sky,
Like feathers of foam tossed up by the sea to be worn by the heavens.
By day there is peace and by night: e'en when they seem to be wroth—
(The sky, the sea, and the shore,) why, then, 'tis only as lovers
Quarrel awhile in jest, that kissing may taste more sweet.
Ever the ships sail east and west; and the shaft of the light-house
Seems the white pillar of old, marking the halcyon days.

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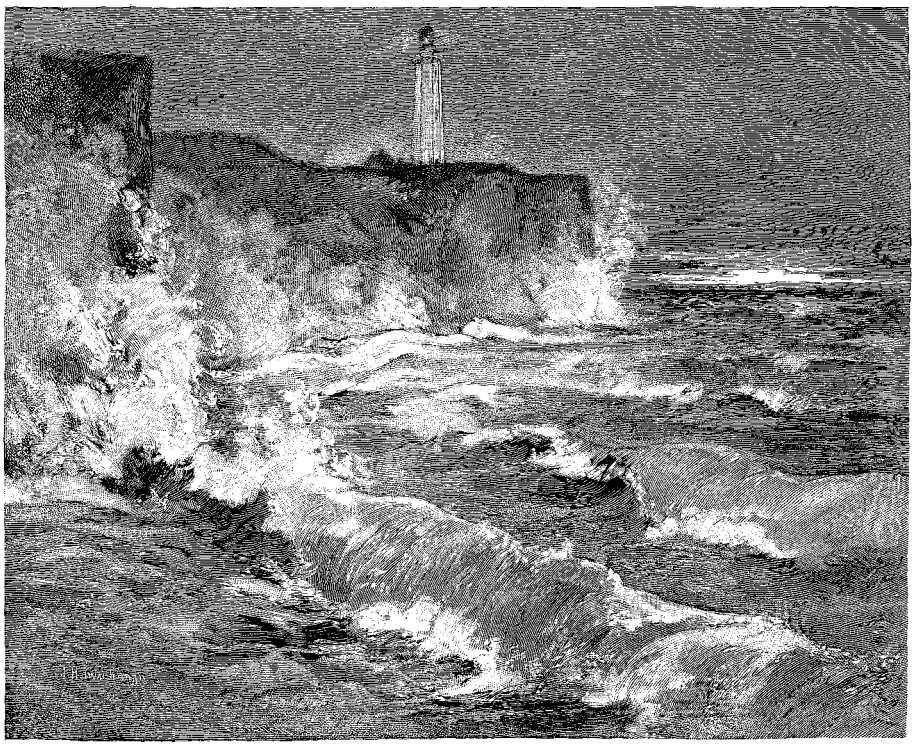
II. December.

Moorlands, blackened and parched with the cold, or shrouded in snow-drifts,
  Roll with gentle declivity down to the verge as before,
Where the gaunt, white cliffs now stand like crumbling ramparts,
  While, in its fury, the sea hurls itself up at their crests.
Gray is the sea like a wolf—its white fangs, cruel and foam-flecked;
  Gray as the sea is the sky—hiding the sun from the earth.
Gone are the herds from the uplands; gone are the birds of the summer—
  Gone with the summer which brought them; gone are the sails from the sea.
No longer the sea has aught of the girl or her passionate clamor,
  But roars with sullen rage, like a tigress robbed of her whelps,
Sending its sinuous surges forever ferociously landward—
  Flinging the scud to the wind, freezing wherever it falls.
Ocean and sky show mercy to naught that lives: just as angels,
  Sent with emotionless hearts on some stern errand of God,
Slay both just and unjust, heeding nor prayer nor entreaty,
  They, at the beck of the winter, spare neither beauty nor grace—
Spare not even their victims. See! where they buffet and spurn it,
  The upturned face of a human (still distorted with fright)
Peering with glassy eyes through the Gorgon-locks on its forehead,
  (Tangled and matted with ice, white with the spray and the salt,)
Peering up, pitiful, blind, where the snow-white shaft of the light-house
  Stands, like a cenotaph grim raised to their numberless dead!



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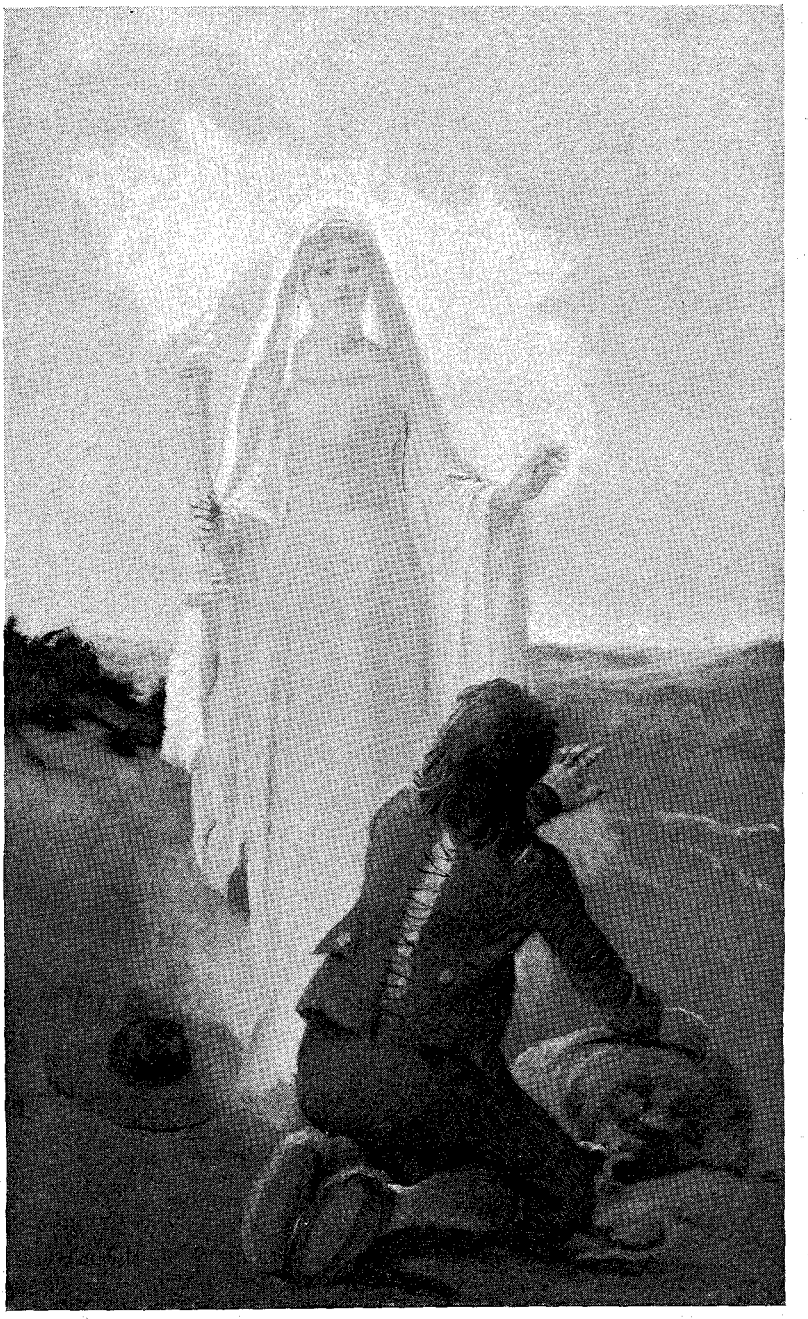

A Vision of Ste. Anne.

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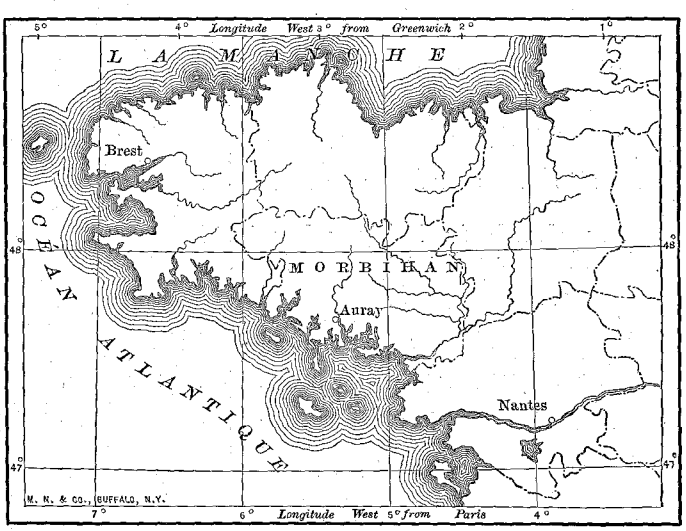
THE PARDON OF STE. ANNE D'AURAY,

AND OTHER BRETON PICTURES.

By William Perry Northrup.

IF the map of France be likened to the shape of a pitcher, the spout putting out into the Atlantic at its northwest will accurately represent Brittany, and a point near the middle of its southern limit will designate a village, so small that its name has been suffixed with "near Auray." Here is the shrine of Sainte Anne, Brittany's patron saint, and here annually assembles the largest and most representative gathering of all this primitive, devout, feast-observing people.

If one could look down from a balloon upon the peninsula, during the days immediately preceding July 25th and 26th, he would see busy preparations for an event of wide-spread interest. He would see peasant women of the interior, clad in their whitest coiffes and collars, carefully preserved for many a day in the family oaken chests, taking a farewell look at their narrow fields and barnyard homes, and setting out toward the coast. He would see fishermen's families from the islands of the gulf, and from Hoëdik and Houat of the sea, drawing their boats upon the beach at Locmariaquer and St. Gildas, toiling over the long stretches of low country, prostrating themselves before wayside shrines, or resting at fountains and within the shadows of ruined castles, famous perhaps for the exploits of Brittany's warrior chief, the ugly-visaged Duguesclin. Along the dotted lines of pilgrims would be seen, here and there, a huge diligence, stored with provisions for horse and man, which, when relieved of its burdens at the journey's end, should serve as lodging-house for some rustic community, hand-carts containing beggars with withered legs, propelled by beggars with withered hands, blind flute-players led by children, women with babes in arms, carrying in conspicuous view the begging tin cup, and the characteristic one-horse char-à-bancs, balancing upon a single axle the burden of six to thirteen fantastically attired peasants—the men comfortably seated in front, the women tiring their backs upon the after-seats. There are pilgrims from the Druid fields of Carnac, from the fisheries of Douarnenez and Concarneau, from the ruins of St. Mathieu, and from the banks of the Loire. They come by rail and road, in groups and solitary, bearing the outward appearance of thrift and comfort, the threadbare garb of hard earnings and small savings, the patches of poverty, and the staff of infirmity. The morning of the 25th finds the centre and its radiating roads thronged.



A Map of Brittany.

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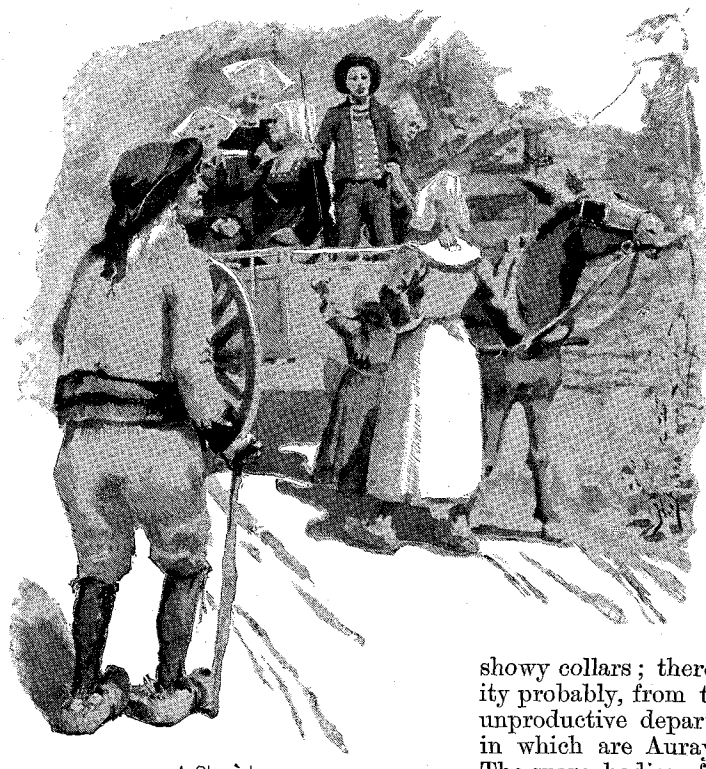
The village of Sainte Anne près Auray has the general shape of a cross, the shaft being the broad road leading from the railway station of its populous neighbor, the right arm, the walled enclosure containing the church, the left arm, the small park and sacred stairway, the short upright of the cross terminating with the sacred fountain. Around these three points centre the attractions of the fête of *La Patronne de la Bretagne.*



A Char-à-banc.

Every church in Brittany has its saint, and every saint a feast-day, fête, or pardon. Sainte Anne, the mother of the Blessed Virgin, is believed to have a most human and tender interest in the affairs of her devotees. To her the imperilled sailor prays, vowing a pilgrimage or an offering on his safe return; at her feet the maiden whispers her heart's secret wish; the young mother prays for male offspring; the anxious and sorrowful intercede for the recovery of friends, and the afflicted pour out their grief. The walls of the church are hung with memorials of miracles accomplished; stacks of crutches tell of lame that have been made to walk; from the ceiling hang miniature full-rigged ships, with histories of the miraculous rescue of the givers.

At the Pardon of Sainte Anne d'Auray gathers each year an assemblage of three to five thousand Bretons: the majority are women; there are many men, a few children. There are bright, vivacious women from the north coast, with costumes much modified under the influence of railway travel and of visitors from across the Channel; women from Finistère, who have bright faces, and retain still the flaring white coiffes and showy collars; there are many, a majority probably, from the low, flat, in part unproductive department of Morbihan, in which are Auray and Sainte Anne. The spare bodies of the peasants, their sober garbs, their dull, sun-bronzed faces, tell of incessant labor in the fields. No wonder they are dull and stolid and not merry; little wonder the men are cider-drinkers and the women are sterile.

There are a few elegant Bretons from Paris who have not forgotten their "duties," who will attend mass and march in the processions. There are beggars from everywhere; though Brittany has but few paupers, they are all at the pardon. In all the mighty throng, amidst the babble of French and Breton, there are but four English-speaking persons, and they are Americans.

A Breton peasant woman takes the costume of the district in which she was born. Wherever she goes in life, she bears the stamp of her loyalty to her

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native village. The woman of La Faouët (Morbihan) forever wears the black cap and cape. At the pardon she meets the woman of Pont Aven (Finistère), whose costume is the richest and showiest of all the coast country. It is the attraction of this feature of picturesque Brittany that has made Pont Aven the centre for artist students. The coiffe of this district is compact, sometimes showing a faint tint of pink or blue ribbon twined within the folds; the finely fluted collar reaches beyond the shoulder-tips; the close-fitting waist is richly embroidered with silk in yellow and blue and red, having oftenest broad borders of black velvet. The skirt, commonly made of woollen stuff of greenish color or black, is short, showing below it the better quality of sabot. The woman of Auray wears a flaring cap and plain broad collar; and the modifications of these two types are endless.

The costumes of the men are simple. A broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, having a velvet band and three streamers reaching to the shoulders, a short black jacket, like that of the Spaniards, supplied with two rows of buttons or soberly trimmed, is most common. A few wear nearly white jackets, elaborately braided in black, with fantastic designs; others wear black with a red patch of embroidery in the middle of the back. The trousers are similar to those of other countries, though the old-time Breton wore knee-breeches. They were bound about the hips with a broad band, prolonged to a point in the middle of the back, like a yoke. From this band or yoke radiated fine fluted lines, causing the garment to flare widely at the pockets and gather again at the knee, in such manner that the wearer, from waist down, presented a very good letter W. A few old-time breeches may yet be seen in the more thrifty districts, worn by very old men on festal occasions—old men who commonly wear their long hair hanging down upon their shoulders. Their features many times are of the finest type—a strong, straight, clean-cut nose, firm, well-moulded chin, erect, tall stature, with flowing locks and steady eye—the old Breton man is handsome indeed. The visitor cannot fail to be struck with this, and wonder from what conquering race in olden time they received this stamp of nobility.

The Blind Flute-player.

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"C'est notre mère à tous; mort ou vivant, dit-on,
A Sainte Anne, une fois, doit aller tout Breton."

The pardon of Sainte Anne d'Auray begins with low mass, followed in the afternoon by pontifical vespers and a procession to Scala Sancta. During the church service the audience present much the appearance of a popcorn ball—one feathery mass of caps and collars, spotlessly white, the few men intermingled making no effect upon the display. As the worshippers kneel in prayer the entire bank wavers and sinks in unison; as they arise there is a confused intermingling and final settling to place. Far in the vista are priests in chasubles of scarlet, others in white and gold, with costumed acolytes in attendance; beyond all rises a high gilded altar.

The procession forms within the edifice, marches forth from the high arched door, and with solemn tread descends the stone steps, traverses the enclosure, crosses the street, entering the southern gateway of the little park, proceeds along one arm of the broad horseshoe-shaped walk, and masses itself before the balcony of the sacred stairway. The foremost of the column are archbishops and bishops in gorgeous robes and mitres, bearing in their hands gilded crosiers, the insignia of rank. Above their heads are elaborate canopies borne aloft by honored members of the community; and stretching back over the entire distance from stairway to church door is a broad, solid column of white coiffes, interspersed with bright-colored banners, with French and Breton inscriptions. The church fathers mount the broad

A Pilgrim from the Procession Aux Flambeaux.

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"Or resting within the shadows of ruined castles."

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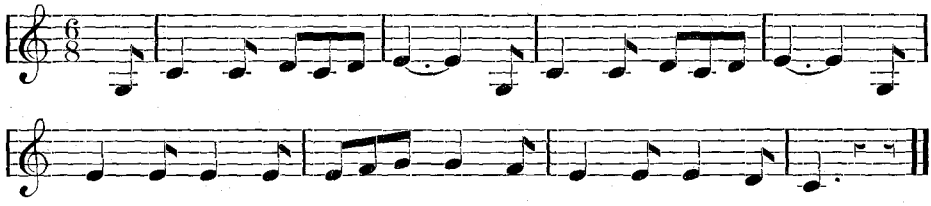
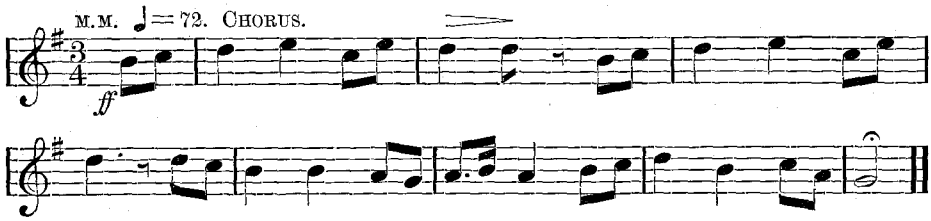
balcony projecting from the corridors of the sacred stairway; the column advances, breaks ranks, and overflows upon the grass plot; more are coming and still the throng streams forth from the church portal. After addresses in French, the procession again forms, passes down the other arm of the horseshoe, out the north gate, into the church; and the first procession, made under the full glory of a bright sun, is ended.

In the evening the procession of the afternoon adds to itself a new feature—it is a *procession aux flambeaux*. As before, the column forms within the basilica and stretches to the Scala Sancta, six marching abreast, each carrying in hand a lighted candle, thrust, from below upward, through an inverted paper cone. This serves to preserve the flame, and, incidentally, to reflect the light upward upon the features and head-dress of a Breton peasant.

Let the reader imagine himself standing near the middle of the course followed by this array of devout pilgrims, watching the files as they approach, pass, and recede, the row of glowing cones illuminating the ruddy faces and the figures decked out in the vestments of the sixteenth century. Many of the countenances bear the dull, staring look of toilers of the field; some come from neighboring cities, and the face shows the bettered intelligence; among them is the dapper Paris genteel with glistening eye-glass, and by his side the latest fashioned bonnet—all these stream past, and either way along the moving line is seen the candle's glow upon the white. In the distance, ahead, is the illuminated stairway, in the rear, the glow from the open church door.

Further, bear in mind that these earnest faces are seen in the act of worship, with all devotion and sincerity. With both hands grasping the torch, with slow step, with eyes directed straight forward, they march and chant, or mutter prayers, or join in strophe and response as their leader and banner-bearers indicate. One moment there is a sound of singing at the head of the column; this ceases, and after a short pause the battalion just passing takes up the response, led by a priest blowing upon a deep-voiced brass instrument.

The music is of primitive character, in minor keys, pitched low, and, for the compass of unpractised male voices of limited range, making use of but few notes of the scale. The following is the score of one oft-repeated response perpetuated from memory—

A second is the Marseillaise of Sainte Anne's devotees—

The refrain of one of the "Chants Religieux," set to a Breton air, is—

"Mère de la patrie,
Reine de nos cantons,
Gardez avec Marie
La foi de vos Bretons."

"Sainte Anne, O bonne Mère" (Breton air) has a response for Bretons and a sec-

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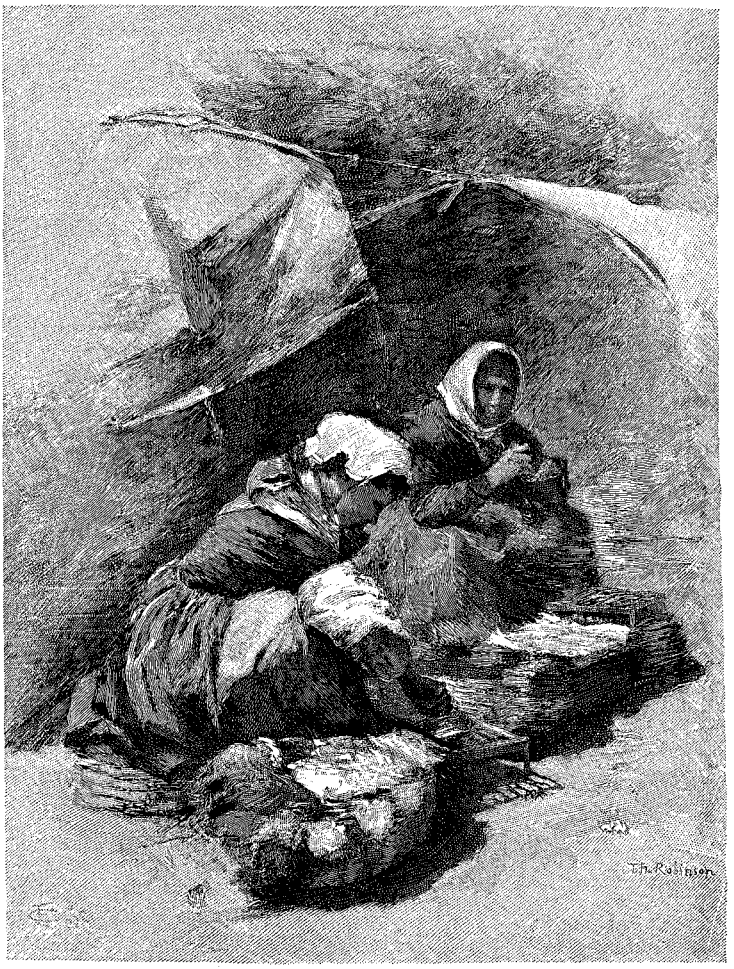
ond for strangers — pilgrims visiting Brittany, beseeching Sainte Anne to hear the prayers of her children.



A Sardine Booth.

In the intervals of formal assemblage the pious host gather in the church or at the stairway or fountain, straggle along the intervening and boundary streets or loiter about the enclosures. Two rows of booths back up against the wall of the church grounds: those within have for sale mementos of the occasion, rosaries, crucifixes, tapers, strings of beads, and small bone ornaments, showing through a pin-hole aperture, when held between the eye and the light, a picture of the statue of Sainte Anne and the basilica; those without offer for sale pipes in all cheap varieties (a Breton is never without his small black clay and plug tobacco), seal-skin pouches, jack-knives, and such small wares. A few wheels of fortune, of clumsiest construction, whirl and clatter, but their patronage is small. Under shadow of the opposite wall are rude booths, resembling the covers of our Western pioneer's "prairie schooners." Before them are crude board tables which hold out for sale to the hungry peasant the diet of his home life—black bread in loaves as large as half his body, cider old and flat, fresh sardines upon the grill.

On the grass, basking in the sun, are

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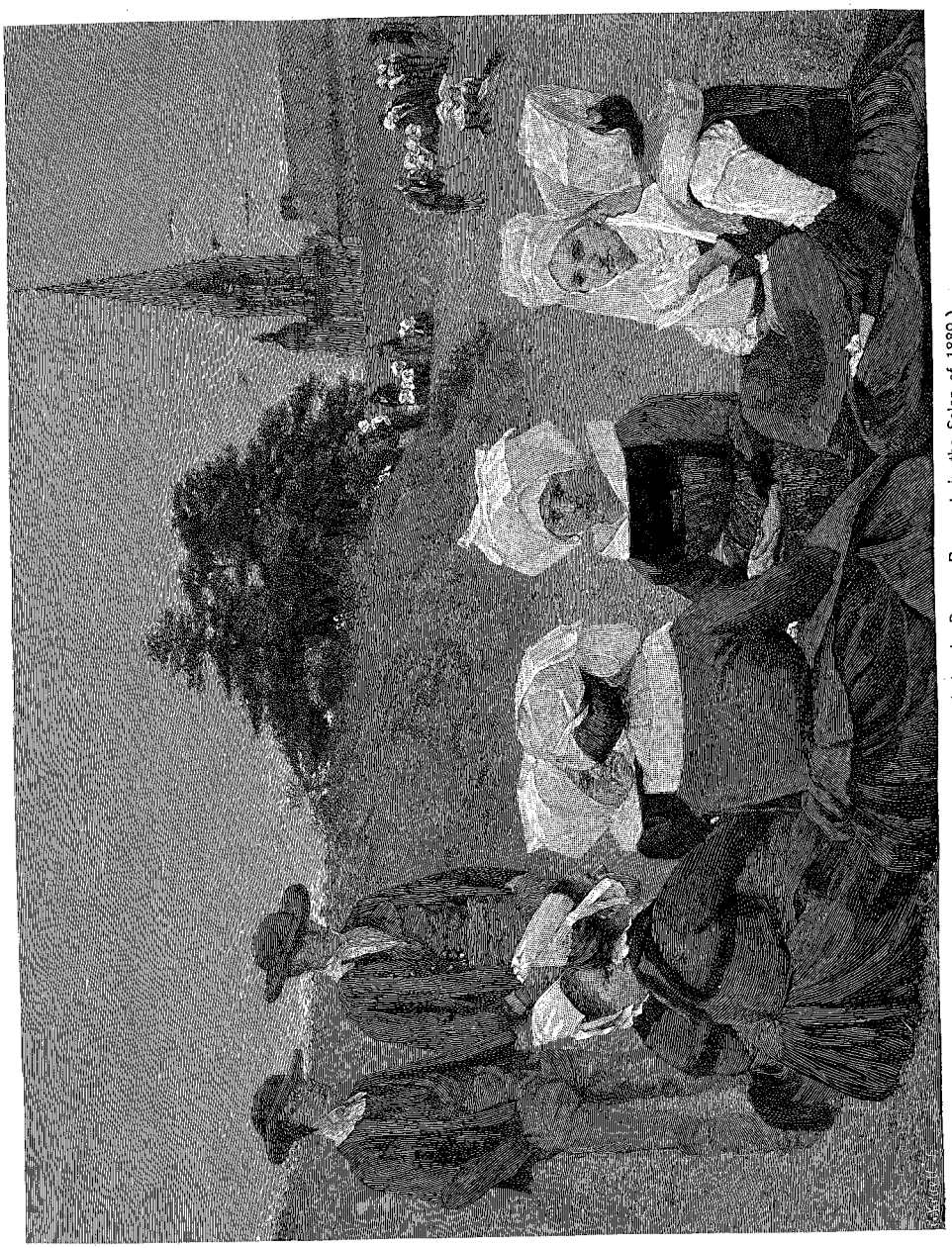

At the Pardon. (From the painting by Dagnan-Bouveret, in the Salon of 1889.)

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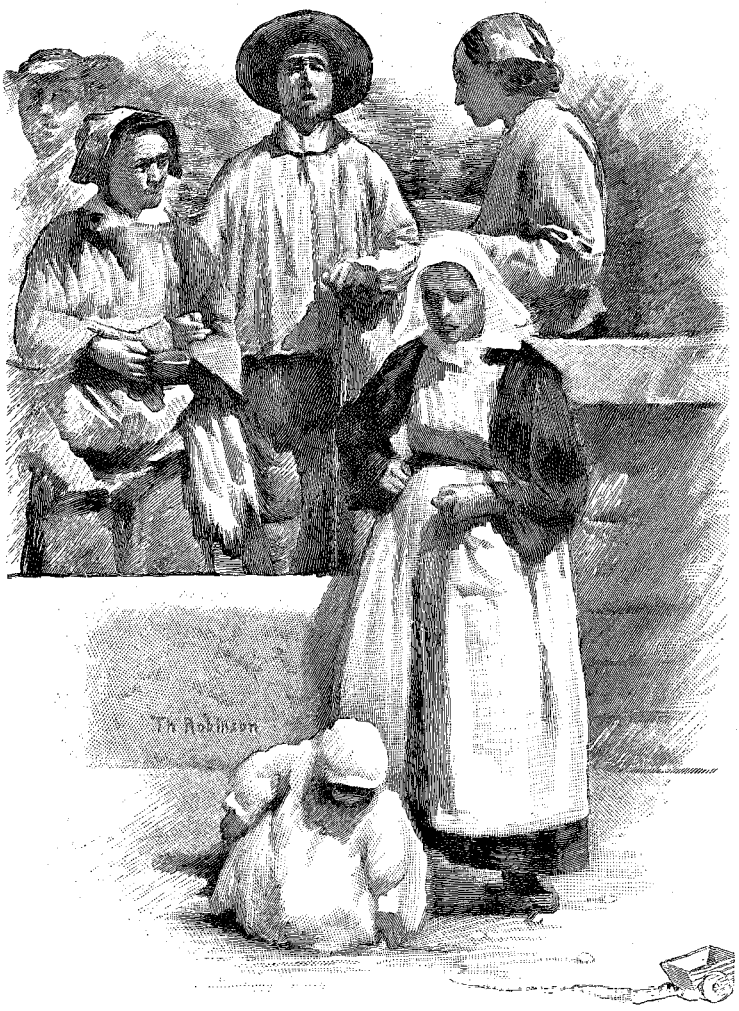

Pilgrims at the Spring.

groups of peasants from different inland hamlets. A little apart is a beggar flat on his face, asleep; when awake his practice is to drop on his knees and look steadfastly into the face of the sun. This penitential practice has been discovered to be more earnest in the presence of visitors, from whom he thinks, a few moments later, to gain alms. Field-laborers, harvesters, with their grass-wound sickles thrust down the backs of their necks for easy transportation, have kicked off their straw-lined sabots and are resting a little before returning to their work in a neighboring field. Their visit to the pardon must be short, but not from indifference; their gray homespun is strewn with barbs from the grain they have so lately left to attend to their duties at mass and confessional.

From all the intermingling and ever-changing groups there never arises a shout, nor coarse laugh, nor indeed harsh sound of any kind. A stranger, however conspicuous or curious, is never accosted nor hindered, nor apparently observed at all by them. The sacred fountain has a score or more of bowls and cups plashing in its surface, somewhat turbid at

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the end of its busy day. Beggars offer the water at the stile, and if their cup is returned with an adequate number of sous, express their gratitude and blessings in French, but if not satisfied, betake themselves to Breton. The waters of this fountain have great value in curing such ailments as rheumatism, ophthalmia, and general blood diseases, and are said to be of equal efficacy in preventing the well from acquiring them.

At the Altar. (From a local pamphlet.)

The church is known as the basilica, and to it pilgrimages may be made at all times during the year. At this moment its pews are well sprinkled with kneeling figures in silent communion. At the entrance, along the entire right aisle as far as the right arm of the transept, are little close-huddled knots, on their knees upon the hard stone floor, beads in hand. Farther forward, the confessional boxes against the wall have a trail of penitents waiting to whisper to the holy father within the grated window. An inscription over the door indicates whether Breton or French is to be spoken. Many are wearied, and have taken a comfortable seat on the ledge during the long wait. Last night they slept in this very building, upon the floor, or on the benches, or in the cloister of the Petit-Séminaire, or upon the grass-plot opposite. In the very middle of the crowded aisle kneels a man, and by his side a small, stumpy boy, their two pairs of sabots set up behind them, toes down, their shaggy shocks of coarse, long hair trailing upon their shoulders. The smaller looks about with open mouth and wondering eyes; the larger poses as steady as a sculptured statue. Groups of women sit curled up against the base of a pillar, their worn-out children fast asleep on their laps.

At the head of the aisle and around the corner to the right, there is a dense standing mass, and there is within it a tendency to form into line, single file, pointing toward an object against the wall, near the opening into the corridor leading to the cloister. The object is a glass, like a large watch crystal, surrounded with a gilt frame representing effulgent rays. A woman kisses the glass, steps aside, and disappears in the cloister; a second steps forward, pauses a moment, clasps her hands, bows her head, looks an instant upon the sacred relic beneath the crystal, kisses it, and passes out. In the close file are pilgrims from every part of Brittany. The relic they kiss is the tiny and sole-surviving fragment of the wooden statue of Sainte Anne, miraculously revealed to Yves Nicolazic, upon this very site, more than two hundred years ago. A mother lifts her child to touch its lips to the glass. Behind the mother stands a soldier of France, in full uniform, red cap in hand. Reverently he bows his head, pauses a moment in prayer, kisses the relic, and is gone.

Farther to the right, within the angle of the transept, rises, high above the heads of all, the gilded miraculous statue of the patron saint. Each devotee crowds up to the rail, bringing a tall candle, one or more rosaries or crucifixes, scapulars or other mementos procured at the booths, hands them to one of the

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busy and business-like young acolytes within, and waits. The candles are lighted and impaled on spikes in company with hosts of their fellows before the shrine; the mementos are pressed against a small aperture in the base of the statue, and are blessed forevermore; the priest returns them to the owner, receives some sounding coins, and the activity continues.

Charms with Holy Water—A Peasant Custom.

Within the dense crowd, from an unseen source, arises an oft-repeated plaintive strain. It is a woman's voice. The stolid countenances turn toward one of their number kneeling without the rail, as near as possible to the feet of the saint. A woman in widow's garb, with rolling eyes and clasped hands, rocks to and fro, giving forth in musical cadence the story of her woe, a kind of weird, mournful chant: "A fisherman —husband—a storm—Sainte Anne, priez pour nous."

Backed up against the angle of the far wall of the transept, and illuminated by the votive candles, stands a tall, spare, solitary man, evidently without friends at the pardon, and scarcely at ease in any company of strangers. Full head and shoulders above the throng he rises, straight as an arrow, bearing, well-poised, a magnificent head and classic profile. His massive shoulders are covered with an ill-fitting, shaggy-haired,

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sheep-skin jacket. His well-worn staff projects above the grasp of his brawny hand, and from his sabots trail the crumpled ends of their straw lining. The projecting points of his stiff white collar cover his neck on either side, and his dull iron-gray hair sweeps straight back from his brow and down upon his shoulders. His forehead is high and full, his heavy eyebrows prominent and shaggy, giving him a severe and menacing expression, his nose is straight and clean-cut, his chin prominent and firm, but not obstinate, his lips thin and gracefully curved, his features all good except his eyes—they are dull, "meat-eyed," as some writer has expressed it. Jules Breton might place him on canvas as a Vendean chieftain. Of what lineage came these heroic features? Where did that giant, in sheepskin and homespun, get the face of a statesman and the eye of a slave?

Within the enclosure of the cloister, pilgrims on tiptoe embrace the base of the Cross of Jerusalem or nod in the corners. A huge bronze sitting statue of St. Peter thrusts forward a well-worn great toe which each pious pilgrim kisses as he passes on the rounds. Within the corridor are for sale still other mementos, church pamphlets, "Chants Religieux," etc.

The finest feature of the pardon yet remains—the Sacred Stairway. Upon a column at its lowest step is posted this notice:

"À la Scala Sancta."

"Persons who shall climb upon their knees this sacred stairway, in the proper spirit, in prayer or meditation upon the passion of our Saviour, shall gain nine years of indulgence for each stair. At the top of the stairway a marble pillar encloses a fragment of the column of flagellation of our Saviour (forty days indulgence to the pilgrims who kiss this relic with devotion and contrition)."

At all hours of early morning and late evening, in all intervals of masses, benedictions, and processions, may be seen, rising just above the balustrade, a light feathery fringe of head-dresses of women kneeling upon the stairs within. The length and breadth of the stairway is densely packed, the caps and collars concealing the dark colors. Most are women, a few are lads and children, and occasionally there is a man. Here is the maiden, intent upon her beads, oblivious to all the shuffling climbers by her side, with a flush upon her face, whispering upon each step, beside her *Ave*, a short Breton prayer. Are not lovers a special care to "La Mère de la Patrie?" Here is the swain and his young wife, shoulder to shoulder and head to head, as though their whispered Breton words were for each other, at least, not to be overheard. They slowly ascend, an Ave, a prayer, and a petition upon every step, pause a moment at the column at the top, bow their heads, reverently kiss the relic, shyly raise their eyes, and descend. The outstretched cup or cap of every beggar receives from them a goodly coin as they listen for the omen of the beggar's thanks. How can they deserve well in answer to their prayers, unless they be generous? In the moonlight he and his bride will come again and await their turn to petition and gain further indulgences, when they will find several who kneeled with them before.

The beggars know very well where to station themselves to do the best business. The blind flute-player tucks his weapon down the back of his neck and betakes himself to eating his lunch, while his well-instructed tiny conductor demands the coins. He knows who fears his curse the most, and he knows the price of his blessing. The women with babes sit and sleep with their outstretched cups in the way of the devotees, in the hope that some shy petitioner, creeping to the stairway late or early, may feel impelled to propitiate their unconscious will.

At last the pontifical mass is ended and the blessings of Sainte Anne go with the pilgrim as he sets out for home. The road to Auray is a broad belt of moving foot-travellers. In the hand of each child and woman is to be seen some gaudy souvenir of the pardon, in the pocket of every hulking man a brand-new pipe and briquet, somewhere about the belongings of everyone, young or old, a precious, blessed rosary and crucifix.

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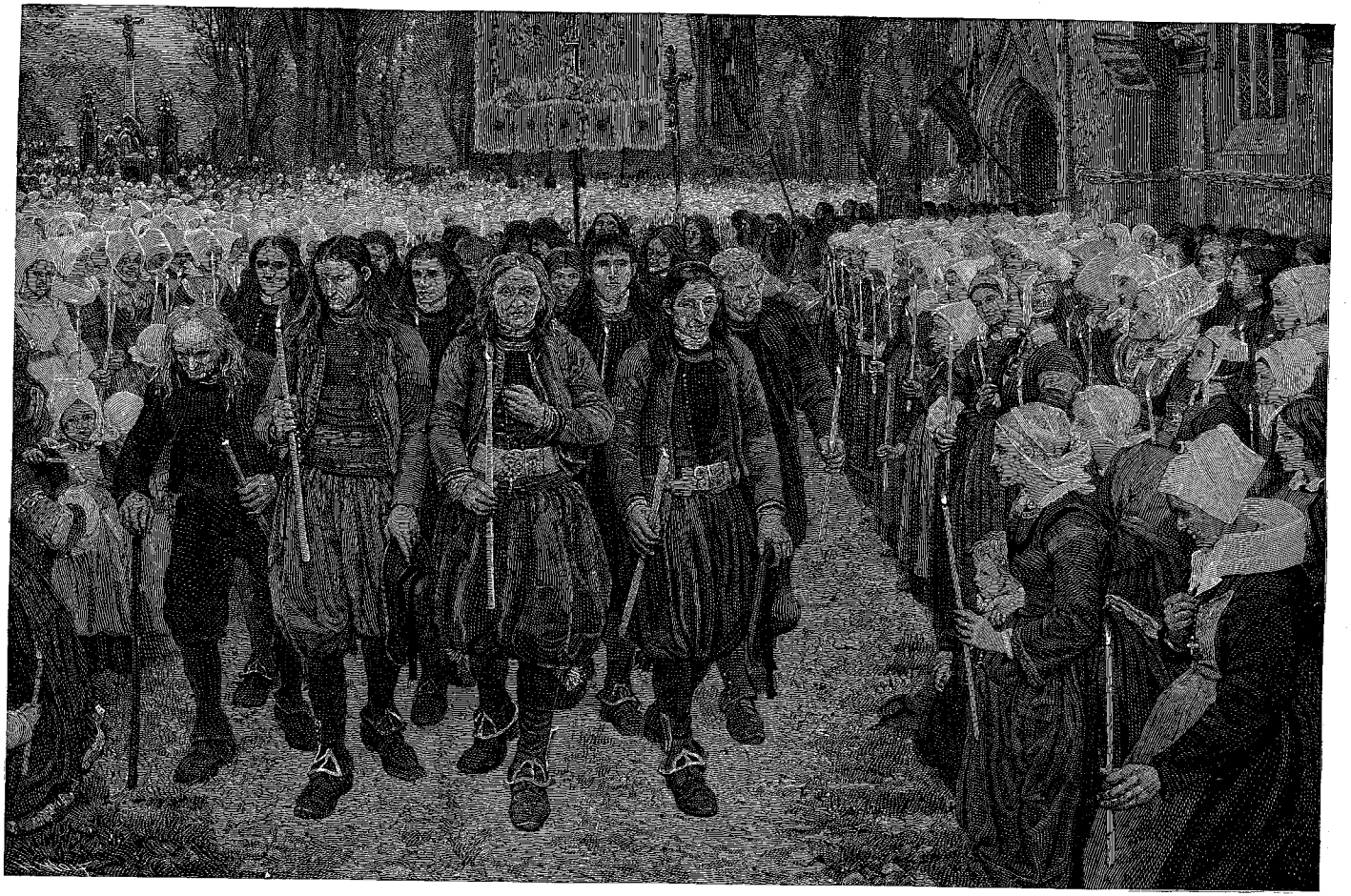

A Religious Procession in Brittany. (By permission; from the painting in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, by Jules Breton.)

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Later in the same summer, and many kilometers from the scenes just described, the writer was present at a small pardon in Finistère. The church and cemetery were within the same enclosure. While we sat upon a low mound covered with a flat marble slab, a group, consisting of two peasant women and a child, were observed moving about among the graves as though in search of something lost. The younger woman held the child by the hand with an eager grasp which seemed to convey to the small member the impression of impending calamity. The child's countenance wore a sober, troubled expression, and a few tears hung upon its cheeks. The face of the old woman was firm and reprimanding. She strode upon the sods with a thumping step, and her sabots' accidental collision with slab or post bespoke accumulating rebuke for her daughter, even though adult and a matron. As they gradually drew nearer, the elder female's voice could be heard, jerking out broken Breton sentences which sounded like the crack of a whip. Not a word escaped the younger woman, nor did she raise her eyes from the ground, but bent low and combed the grass with her fingers. They were quite near when the scolding old woman realized the situation and shrank within herself, but the face of the matron brightened, and stepping timidly forward, she inquired in French: Had the messieurs or mesdames found anything? Yes; they had, and handed the matron a rosary and pendant, which had just been discovered in the grass at the edge of the slab. She seized the precious memento, kissed it, rushed to the old woman and threw her arms about her neck, caught up the child in one convulsive, crushing embrace, and when the trio had ambled off a rod or two, bethought herself to turn and thank the very good madame —the eyes of all streaming with tears.

Details of the Procession. (From a local print.)

The beads of the rosary were darkened with finger stains, the wire links rusted, and occasionally one was broken and replaced with thread; the small crucifix of silver was worn and bent; the pendant was a little bone tube, containing a transparency of the miraculous statue of Sainte Anne d'Auray.

The spirit of the people of this assembly, their costumes, their behavior, and the object of the pardon were quite different from what has been described as characteristic of the Morbihan gathering. Everything bespoke thrift, even wealth. Their costumes were uniformly the richest of all Brittany, their countenances were bright and laughing, the occasion was looked upon much like our Thanksgiving Day celebration, and the services and processions were for the "Blessing of the Crops." Jules Breton has made this ceremony familiar by his famous painting in the Luxembourg, the "Bénédiction des Blés."

Mellac is a small village, three miles from Quimperlé. The little church, which was this day celebrating its saint's feast, stands just back from the "national road" in an oblong acre enclosure, surrounded by a formidable stone wall. At the north and south ends are two pleasant open groves, and upon either side a narrow lane.

The ceremonies began with mass. If the audience at Sainte Anne d'Auray resembled a popcorn ball, this was like drifted snow; the coiffes were whiter if possible and more spreading, the collars likewise. Front rows of seats were filled with young girls who were to lead the procession, and who, in addition to the elaborate coiffes, were dressed entirely

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in white. Men were not numerous, and most of those present stood about the doors, hat in hand. The limit of the church's capacity made it necessary for some to kneel outside among the graves. These seemed rather indifferent, rising and kneeling and fumbling their beads, allowing nothing to escape their notice, a shy remark and a sly laugh varying the exercises.

After mass the procession emerged from the main door of the church, traversed the circular walk within the enclosure, passed out of the western gate, defiled through the open grove and neighboring fields on the north, returning again by circuitous route to the church.

Bishop and priests in gorgeous robes, mitre and crosier; chasubles in satin and silver, scarlet and gold, banners of satin lettered with silver, heavy with tassels and cord—such was the pageant that led the procession. After them came gilded statues of saints borne by young girls in white, others by matrons in snowiest caps of lace, with delicate tints of ribbons half concealed within the folds, purple velvet waists and skirts of harmonious shades, all bespangled with tiny disks of metal and glass which flashed in the sunlight. The host was borne by priests, and over it was raised a canopy.

Next in order came the magnates, the *maire* and rich men of the village, very old men and other dignitaries of the parish marching in the fore. Among

these, marching with uncovered head and humblest mien, was a well-fed, well-groomed man who, from his dress and general appearance, might have stepped from a Fifth Avenue stage unnoticed. Behind the men followed the women and children.

During the entire march of the procession the two church bells rang loudly, the exertions of the ringers being

plainly visible in the tower, as they applied themselves assiduously to the jangling accompaniment. Among the marching battalions there was no music and no chant.

While the procession passed near at hand, the observer was struck with the richness of detail in the costumes. The expense of such dress would drive it out of use except that it lasts the wearer's lifetime. The luxuriance here displayed marks Mellac for a wealthy village. The wooden shoes were modified in rigor, by having for the upper covering carved sole-leather, black and polished. The dress of the men displayed extra rows of gilt buttons and extra breadth of velvet in borders, bands, and streamers. As for beggars, there were almost none—a few very old men.

The picturesque features of such a procession of robed priests, girls in white, and matrons in velvet, with gilded statues and banners of satin and gold, followed by a dark belt of men and a variegated belt of women, could be best appreciated while they defiled through the rich fields of grain just turning to the ripening, and in the full glory of a most beautiful summer's day. As the husbandmen followed the waving censers out of the bright sunlight into the

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The Blessing of the Fisheries.

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shady grove, winding their way among the tall trees, the host, borrowed from the hallowed niche in the altar of the sanctuary, found a fitting temporary abode in the high arched naves and transepts of this first temple, and the blessing of the crops and the woods seemed a grand and beautiful thanksgiving ceremony.

There was one conspicuous figure among the first to arrive at the pardon. No one was more dear to his heart than the rich man of the parish, no feeble old man too humble to receive a most cordial greeting, no awkward voter too shy to be sought out and shaken by the hand. At mass no one was more devout, in the procession no one before him; no one escaped his eye, and at convenient intervals everyone received a pleasant word. His choice, well-fitting garments, his carefully trimmed beard, his urbane manners, his industrious attentions and busy hand-shaking marked him for a politician. His wife—for she too was at the pardon—was equally busy among her sex and twice as effective. The wife of the maire was complimented till her face beamed with complacency. Madame kept her at her elbow and, in conversation with the different rustics, turned on all occasions for her approval or dissent. Monsieur looked a little too heavy, and the corners of his smile disclosed a selfish line which might smoothe out, after election, into stupid forgetfulness. Madame was a politician *par excellence*. She visited every group of peasant women, chatting most fascinatingly. She bought from the old peddling-woman's basket twisted red sticks of candy, paper butterflies and cakes, hunted out the children and placed one in the hand of each. The women looked pleased, the chubby infants opened their eyes widely at the nodding ornaments on her bonnet; the sparkling jets and dainty gloves of this grand lady fairly stupefied the young girls, with their wooden shoes and big red wrists, who would have been hopelessly awkward and embarrassed, but that Madame put them at their ease.

When Monsieur had handed his dainty wife into their Paris carriage and the liveried coachman had touched his hat and reined his glossy blacks out upon the broad road, the men had about made up their minds that they would vote to return Monsieur to the Chamber of Deputies; the women would do anything for Madame; the girls adored her; each cooing babe and timid child waved to her adieus some fragment of a trinket or half-eaten cake, or sticky stump of candy. His visit had strengthened him and the maire's influence could be relied upon. Her conquest was complete. The voluble tongue, the snapping, mirthful eyes, the animated gestures, the bonbons to the babes, the sly compliment to the awkward boy, the delicate consideration to the lasses, the final flourish as the pageant swept out upon the road and away to town, had done their work.

The ceremonies ended, a few strolled along the road toward home; but a majority of the country people gathered in the south grove, many sitting in groups about the trees, or standing stolidly, looking straight before them. The men were inclined to congregate on certain long board benches before tables dotted with cider glasses. They were already in every stage of good-natured drunkenness, and still pounding the boards and calling for more. Busy attendants were drawing the pale, flat, acid stuff from barrels perched up in the hind end of carts. The small, black, clay pipe needed frequent filling and frequent lighting, and live coals grasped in wire tweezers were passing continually from hand to hand. In the distance, among the trees, the horses fed quietly from the boxes of the char-à-bancs. About them were some of the women, adjusting the harness and rearranging the fodder, no doubt wondering whether their husbands and masters would come home with them drunk enough to lie in the bottom, or insist upon driving. Fortunately, Brittany horses have not animation enough left them to endanger the passengers.

One-half the distance back to Quimperlé, on a large landing in the long descent of the hill, stands a small inn flush with the road, unadorned by either veranda or cornice. Over its row of

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first-story windows was painted in black letters, upon the plaster, "Loge à Pied et à Cheval"—"Débit de Boissons." Before the entrance was a rough wooden table, and protruding from the lower half of the window was the end of a cider barrel. In the middle of the hard stone road were assembling the stragglers, returning to town. They gradually accumulated on the sod fence opposite, and overflowed upon the grass bank beyond. Two musicians, with *biniou* and *bombarde*, were seated at the roadside, their feet in the ditch and their backs against the fence. The biniou is much like the Scottish bagpipe, and the bombarde is like the ordinary flageolet. The floor-manager, a hulking stableman from the Loge-à-Cheval, was plunging about the road, placing the parties for the dance. There were a few flourishes from the pipe, a few sharp barks from the biniou, and the wooden shoes shuffled and thumped into place for the gavotte. The column of dancers was divided into ranks of four, two couples holding hands. As the music indicated, they advanced down the road a few steps, retreated, advanced again and retreated, and on the third advance the man on the right changed hands, left for right, and led his rank back among the others, in a serpentine course, very similar to the game of "crack the whip." After a succession of such manœuvres the column broke up into couples, who swung partners, whirled, and became lost in confusion. Over and over were repeated these advances and retreats, the parties trudging back and forth with sober faces, as though treading out grain. Yet there was never a lack of dancers, and no lack of persistence. The sizes and weights of the wooden shoes, grinding upon the stone road, could be distinguished by the pitch and quality of sound, and one pair, at least, was cracked. The gavotte was followed by other varieties of Breton dance, rather more complex, and executed in the same trudging, sober manner, with the groan of the biniou, and the shriek of the pipe, the grind of the sabots, sound and cracked.*

In the midst of the forest of Carnoët, the demesnal property of the ancient dukes of Brittany, stands the little old chapel of Lothéa, said to have been built by the Templars. Here is celebrated, on the first Monday of Pentecost, the pardon of Toulfoën, commonly known as the "Pardon of the Birds." The chapel stands a little back in the trees, on a tongue of forest included within the forks of the government road. Beneath the tall trees, at this point, there is no underbrush, and enough grass maintains itself to form a rich carpeting. After morning mass, this bower becomes a veritable fair of singing birds. The boys and others for leagues about have gathered the nestlings and brought them hither, in home-made wicker baskets, to offer them for sale. These find ready acceptance among young wives and sweethearts. The dancing in the forest is of somewhat solemn character, and is believed to be of druidical origin.

The "Blessing of the Fisheries" takes place on the day before the legal opening of the sardine season. The men of the island of Groix set out in their boats, accompanied by the clergy, with numerous processional crosses and banners. Midway in the channel they meet a fleet from the nearest parishes of the mainland, similarly accompanied, the clergy assembling in one boat which contains an altar, while the others gather around. The processional standards are crossed, at which signal the multitude join in a hymn, and then, amid a silence unbroken except by the soft music of the lapping waves and chafing boats, the priests invoke a blessing upon the industry ("blessing of the yawl"), the support of their families. Having sprinkled the sea to the north, south, east, and west, with holy water,

* Among the popular Breton dances are *dérobée*, a noisy romping dance, and *ann hini goz*. The latter is a popular song, which runs thus:

Ann hini goz é va dous,
Ann hini goz éo sur.

(French Translation.)

C'est la vieille qui est mes amours,
Oui, c'est la vieille, assurément.

Ann hini iaouank à zo koant,
Ann hini goz é deus archant,
Ann hini goz é va dous,
Ann hini goz éo sur.

La jeune est bien plus jolie,
Mais la vieille a de l'argent,
C'est la vieille qui est mes amours,
Oui, c'est la vieille, assurément.

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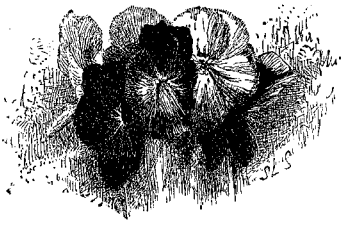
the standards are crossed again, the boats drift apart, and the hymns from the scattering flotilla are heard for miles in all directions.

The Breton is a born pagan. His ancestors worshipped under Druid priests, and his peninsula is still strewn with thousands of megaliths. The Catholic church has surmounted the menhirs with crosses, sprinkled with holy water the dolmens and galgals, and reclaimed the people; but the rocking of an earthquake or the bursting of a thunderstorm would bring the belated foot-traveller to his knees before the nearest shaft, surmounted or not. The Breton woman presses her bosom to the rocking stone to cure sterility; the cow is tied by a halter blessed by St. Cornély; horses are led within the sound of mass in the church of St. Eloi; wives and daughters of sailors do penance for the safety of husbands and fathers at sea. Sombre skies, rugged coasts, and familiarity with storms have moulded a deep religious nature in this isolated people. The sacrifice of human life gave way before christianizing influences, and under the fostering care of the church Brittany has become the most devout province of all France. The same temperament which kept its people so long independent, which clung so tenaciously to its druidical rites, and lives in the superstitions of to-day, finds its expression in pardons, pilgrimages, and weird dances.



HAPPINESS.

By Edith Wharton.

This perfect love can find no words to say.
What words are left, still sacred for our use,
That have not suffered the sad world's abuse,
And figure forth a gladness dimmed and gray?
Let us be silent still, since words convey
But shadowed images, wherein we lose
The fulness of love's light; our lips refuse
The fluent commonplace of yesterday.

Then shall we hear beneath the brooding wing
Of silence what abiding voices sleep,
The primal notes of nature, that outring
Man's little noises, warble he or weep,
The song the morning stars together sing,
The sound of deep that calleth unto deep.

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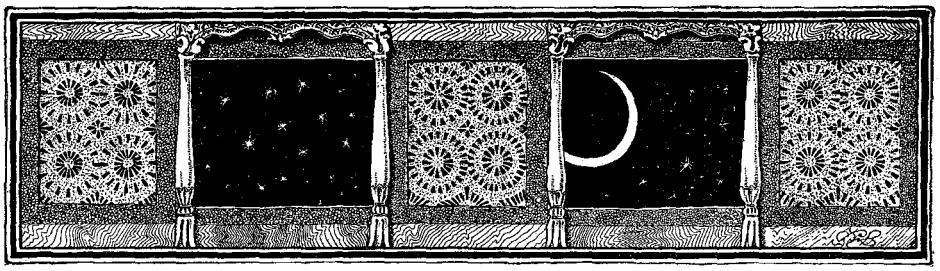

A MIDWINTER NIGHT'S DREAM.

By Henry A. Beers.

THERE was coasting on Rood's Hill. Ever since four o'clock, when the schools had let out, the homeward bound farmer, as he reached the top of the opposite ridge, where the cutting wind made him draw his old buffalo tighter about his legs, had halted his sleigh for a moment to watch the white slope over against him swarming with little dark objects that moved swiftly down and slowly up. Now it was dusk, and the hill was invisible except as a black mass against the western heaven. But still the continuous rattle of the sleds down the steep incline was heard, spreading into a long roar as they neared the bottom, and echoing down the narrow valley to left and right. But when the lamp-posts in the suburban streets began to show their parallel or radiating lines of yellow sparks, and the keen wintry glitter of the stars responded from the sky, the hill became deserted of all but a few late lingerers. Now the school-children were entering their house-doors, bringing in with them a rush of cold air. With fingers numb and red under their wet mittens, they were taking off their rubber boots half full of snow, and hanging their worsted tippets on the hooks in the entry; while the soft lamplight and the smell of oysters and buttered toast came pleasantly to their sharpened senses through the door of the warm supper-room.

A few of the bigger boys returned to the hill for an hour more of coasting after supper, and did penance later for this prolonged enjoyment, with sleepy eyes and fingers, over the slates which had to be filled with sums before they could go to bed. The Gully Brook ran through a culvert under the hill, and some of the coasters were dragging tubs full of water on their sleds up the almost precipitous sides, and pouring it over the road, worn bare in spots, to form a coating of ice. The wind had gone down at sunset, and the air, though intensely cold, was so still that the chill was hardly felt by anyone in active motion.

About eight o'clock, when the schoolboys' "pig-stickers" had mostly disappeared from the slide, a new party arrived and took noisy possession. This consisted of young men and women, equipped with sleds of a substantial size, convenient for coasting in pairs. Soon the frosty quiet of the night was broken with feminine talk and laughter, the calling and shouting of men's voices, and now and then merry screams where some heavily laden sledge ran off the track and, gently lifting its starboard runner, dumped its freight pell-mell into the powdery snow by the roadside. The double ripper, the toboggan, and the bob-sled of a more modern era slept as yet "in the bosom of their causes;" but a plank fastened to two sleds, fore and aft, and steered by a helmsman with a quick eye and an adequate pair of boots, carried some dozen souls and made a sufficient ripper for the nonce.

It happened that, among the groups constantly descending and reascending, two couples reached the top at the same moment. The first pair were walking side by side, the young man carrying

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the sled by its rope slung over his shoulder. The second lady was seated on her sled; her swain had dragged her up the hill and was panting slightly from the exertion.

"Is that the way you spoil your girl?" said the first man, as he gained the starting-point and faced about. "You shouldn't do it, Wilmot; you'll demoralize the others. There'll be a strike as soon as they get on to the scheme."

"Well, now," answered Wilmot, "what do you do to your girl to make her walk up?"

"*Make* me walk up, indeed!" said that young woman, with a toss of her fur-lined hood. "I *choose* to walk up. John Brainard," she cried, with a tragic gesture toward the landscape in general, "wouldn't you be delighted to draw me up that hill if I asked you to?"

"Mr. Brainard," called out the occupant of the other sled, almost in the same breath, "aren't you ashamed to put such notions into Harvey's head? He has been perfectly docile till this minute, and he just *loves* to draw me."

"Brainard, let's swap girls," said Wilmot.

At this proposal there were shrieks and exclamations of, "We won't be swapped!—As if we were horses!—Yes, or things!"

"How much does yours weigh?" inquired Brainard, pondering the offer.

"How much do you weigh, Sue?" asked Wilmot, turning to his partner.

"Never mind," replied the lady addressed, rising nimbly from the sled. "If I am too heavy for you, and Carrie wants the pleasure of walking up-hill with you instead of with Mr. Brainard, I guess Mr. Brainard can pull me up-hill once or twice without hurting himself."

"Come along, then, Miss Gillespie," said Wilmot, twitching his empty sled into position.

"Oh, *I* don't care," said Miss Gillespie, moving slowly away from her first cavalier, in Wilmot's direction.

The exchange was laughingly effected, and Brainard, having seen his new partner comfortably seated, with her feet planted on the cross-bar, her knees drawn up to her chin, and her skirts tucked closely around her, gave a short run, shoving the sled before him, jumped on behind, and away they sped down the slide. The long plank "cruiser" was just making up its load for a fresh trip, amid a profusion of giggling and chatter, and Wilmot and Miss Gillespie waited to see it launched and to follow down in its wake. When Brainard's sled reached the bottom of the hill and came to a stop, his companion sprang to her feet.

"What! Aren't you going to let me draw you back?" he asked. "I thought that was part of my contract."

"No, indeed," she answered, with spirit. "Harvey proposed the swap and I took him up on it, and I'm not going to have you suffer by the bargain. Come along." And she started vigorously up the hill.

"But," insisted Brainard, as he walked after her, "you are a borrowed article, Miss Chantry, and borrowed articles must be used with care and returned in good condition. Besides, you are not accustomed to walking up-hill, you know. Wilmot has pampered you into effeminacy by a long course of injudicious indulgence."

"The idea!" she retorted. "I guess my legs are as good as Carrie Gillespie's, up-hill or down;" and her laugh rang out hardily on the crisp night-air.

"So then I shan't have a chance to find out how much you weigh, after all?"

"Not unless I faint and you have to carry me. But I'll bet anything that she makes Harvey Wilmot draw *her*. I would, if I were she. Now, you just see."

And sure enough, on their second flight down the hill, they passed Wilmot dragging his fair burden upward.

"How do you like the exchange?" he yelled after them.

"Oh, lovely—first rate," they shrieked back in concert; but only an inarticulate jumble of syllables reached Wilmot's ear, broken by the rush of the air and the rumble of the sled.

This time Miss Chantry did not rise when the sled stopped. They had run off the track a little way and, reaching out her hand, she broke a piece from the clean snow-crust and nibbled it pensively while she sat looking at the stars.

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"Confess that that climb has tired you," said Brainard, as he stood holding the sled-rope.

"I'm not the least tired," she replied, "but the stopping of the sled gives me a kind of drowsy feeling, like 'letting the old cat die' in a swing. The runners begin to go slower—and slower—and slower, and finally they come to a standstill so softly——"

Her voice died away with a diminuendo effect to indicate the gradual cessation of the motion.

"I hate to shake off the sensation by standing up," she added.

"Don't shake it off, then," he said. "Sit still, and I'll draw you up. Or, what do you say to trying the other hill? The grade is not so steep, and I can pull you up it on a run."

"Very well," she acquiesced, "but don't run. You'll break my repose."

A few of the party, deserting the main coast, now somewhat crowded with sleds, had betaken themselves to the opposite rise, which was longer, though of gentler slope. These were presumably sentimental couples who found here a sort of side show or withdrawing room whose comparative seclusion offered a better opportunity for flirtation.

"Shall we try that again?" asked Brainard of his companion, when they had accomplished their descent and paused in the intervale, "or shall we go back to the first slide and see if our old pards have got tired of each other and want to swap back?"

"Oh, let's try the new one once more," she answered. "It isn't so swift, and doesn't take my breath away so. Besides, it's so nice and retired; it seems like going out on the piazza at a dance and getting away from the fiddles and gas-light. But you shan't drag me up again, you poor beast of burden. 'Seared is, of course, my heart,' but hard though I may seem, I am not quite adamant. Sometimes I am almost human."

"Well," replied Brainard, "we'll compromise, then, by your taking my arm."

"It's not at all necessary," she said, but she took it notwithstanding, and they walked rather slowly up the hill. At times her breathing was a little short, and now and then, where the footing was slippery or rough, her slender figure swayed against him for support; and, as they neared the hill-top, he even fancied a certain caressing tone in her voice, and something relaxed and confiding in the pressure of her arm. On the way up they passed two or three sleds going down, but they found the head of the slide deserted. By day the eminence where they stood commanded an extensive prospect of hill and valley toward the east. But under the stars, all that could be seen was a dim white stretch of rolling country broken by mysterious shadows, and sown here and there with the lights of suburban dwellings and of scattered farm-houses beyond. Into this uncertain landscape, whose loneliness and peace contrasted with the noisy mirth that they had left, the pair gazed for a few moments in silence.

"What a lovely night it is!" said the girl, at length.

"Yes," he replied, "it's a sin to go to bed on such a night. It's a waste of life. Did you ever try staying up all night out of doors?" he resumed, after a pause.

"No, indeed," she answered, with a slight laugh; "I am too much of a sleepy head."

"I have often meant," he pursued, in a tone of reverie, "to take a whole night sometime, and spend it *à la belle étoile*. Just think how much we miss! I would like to walk around in the edges of woods and old pastures till the moon set, and watch the changes of the shadows, and listen to the crickets, and hear the sounds of creatures that are abroad in the dark; perhaps see unknown stars that never rise till after midnight."

"Yes, in summer," she admitted, "it might be nice and wild."

"Or in winter either," he persisted. "Wouldn't it be fine *now*, for instance—this very night—to go on and on, 'over the hills and far away,' and see what strange country we would come to?"

"Yes," she answered, "if the night would only last forever—but it won't."

"Doesn't it seem to you," he went on, pointing to the east, "as if some new world lay over there, all full of promise and adventure, if we only had the pluck to undertake it? It does to me."

"'What shall I see if I ever go over

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the mountains high?'" she repeated, dreamily.

"Shall we go down this next hill?" he proposed abruptly, after another pause.

"What for?"

"I don't know, but let's."

"Would you?"

"Wouldn't you?"

She turned her eyes full upon his in the clear starlight, and deliberated in silence:

"The swan's-down feather
That stands upon the swell at the full of tide,
And neither way inclines."

At last she answered, "Why, if you like."

"Well," he said, and she seated herself resignedly on the sled.

At the bottom of the hill they arose together. Nothing was said, but, as if by a common understanding, they continued to walk on mechanically in the same direction. This time he did not offer her his arm, and they mounted the acclivity together without speaking. Once only she stopped and asked:

"Aren't we getting rather far away from the others?"

"We can go back any minute," he rejoined, and they walked on.

At the top of this hill they stopped again. They were now cut off by the intervening ridge from the sounds of the coasting party. The cold had moderated greatly within an hour, and yet there was no film of vapor in the heavens. It was one of those halcyon nights, not infrequent in the winter climate of New England—whose changeableness is its glory as well as its danger—when the wind has fallen, and the temperature has risen so rapidly that, in contrast with the previous rigor of the season, the weather has almost a summer balm, and one can walk abroad comfortably without an overcoat. In the morning there would be a thaw, but now the absence of the sun kept things still at freezing-point. The air was just cold enough to be bracing, but so dry and still that it made upon the face only that feeling of freshness which comes with the evening breeze in June.

"Did you ever read Hawthorne's story of 'Wakefield?'" asked Brainard.

"I don't remember it. What was it about?"

"A steady-going old fellow, who has lived a life as regular as clock-work for years with his steady-going wife. All of a sudden an impulse takes him. He goes out one October evening, rents lodgings in the next street, disguises himself completely, and for twenty years never goes home again and is given up for dead."

"Yes, I think I have read it," she murmured.

"Didn't you ever feel that impulse: to cut yourself off suddenly from the past by one irrevocable act; to burn all your ships behind you; to step across a narrow crack which you know will widen into a crevice, and then into a chasm that you can never get back across?"

"Yes," she answered, with a suppressed excitement in her voice; "I have come to such places and felt the temptation just to put my foot across and see what would happen. I have heard something say in my ear, 'Now is your chance—now—now: do it—do it.' And then," she added, "I have looked down into the crevice and found no bottom to it, and turned around and gone home again."

"Yes," said Brainard, "we always *do* go back. We never have spirit enough to take the venture. I used to ramble along the docks in New York and look at the ocean steamers getting ready to weigh anchor, and a dozen times I've been on the point of walking aboard one of them and taking passage to whatever part of the world it was bound for. But I never did."

She drew a long breath, but answered nothing. And now a tender white radiance began to suffuse the eastern heaven, and presently a point and then a rim of silver lifted itself above the horizon.

"The moon!" they exclaimed together. They watched the planet until its gibbous disk had risen free of the sky-line, and long shadows from trees and fences wavered toward them across the snow-crust, sparkling with crystal reflections.

"Sue," said Brainard, in a low voice that thrilled with emotion, "shall we go on toward that?"

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"Why not?" she replied.

As they faced each other in the new light of the moon, it might have seemed that the superstition which attributes madness to lunar influence was not altogether fancy. Whether because his eyes were dazzled and full of moonshine, her own looked larger and brighter to him than by day, and her face had an exalted and bewitched expression. Whatever was trivial or familiar in the girl that he had known was strained away, and he found himself alone in the enchanted night with a woman grown suddenly sweet and strange.

"Because," he said, speaking with momentous slowness, "if you dare to go on any farther with me, we may never come back."

"I never take a dare," she answered, defiantly.

"Dare you kiss me, then?" he asked, approaching her.

She made no reply, but in the steady, audacious fixure of her regard he found an answer, and seizing her in his arms he kissed her repeatedly on her cold cheeks and her warm lips, until she covered her face with her hands and stood as if dazed.

"Now we *have* crossed the chasm," she said, as he released her.

"We can still go back," he answered, overtaken with an instant misgiving, as the spirit of the inevitable, which he had so rashly conjured up, rose before him in its full stature.

"What!—after that?"

"After what?"

"After what you have done to me."

"Pshaw! A kiss! What's that?"

"Do you want to go back?" she asked, with an intonation of irony which provoked him into a feeling of shame for his weakness.

"Can you think it?" he demanded. "No. Get on the sled."

Again she seated herself upon the odd vehicle of their flight, and taking his place behind her he steered to the east. It needs not to say what relations with others these two had formed or inherited in the world which they were leaving behind them in this unexpected and, as it were, accidental manner. Doubtless in the sober daytime the ties that they were sundering, the responsibilities that they were throwing off, the places that they were leaving empty forever would have worn the air of blessings rather than of burdens or constraints. But the solitary quiet of the winter night that lay all unbroken about them seemed to shut them away in a universe of their own; an unreal universe of starshine and snow, where all manner of fantastic dreams might come true; a lawless, unpeopled universe — or peopled by themselves alone, and owning no allegiance to the claims of day.

It was, at all events, characteristic of human nature that, the step once taken, they dismissed all thought of consequences and yielded themselves to the current. As they receded farther and farther from home, the elastic air and the sorcery of the moonlight, the very unheard-of wildness of their adventure, raised their spirits to a mood of buoyant and reckless gayety. They coasted down all the hills. Up the slopes and along the levels, by turns they walked or Brainard drew her on the sled. An unwonted strength and lightness possessed him, and he felt no fatigue; sometimes they danced or waved their arms to see the grotesque motions of their shadows on the snow. Sometimes they sang together or whooped in the still air, and listened for the echo that came back to them from a hill-side or from some old barn standing alone among the white fields. For they had now cleared the suburbs and come out into the open country. They talked about themselves and about the appearances of the night and the landscape, and repeated fragments of poetry, and told each other their likes and dislikes. They avoided all mention of yesterday and to-morrow, and spoke only of the present. Their breach with the past was complete, and they seemed to themselves to be wandering on and on in a dream from which they would never awake. The girl's bearing toward her new-found lover was as capricious as the circumstances in which they found themselves. At times she suffered his caresses or even returned them; and then again, with an abrupt alternation of coyness, she would say, "Please let go my hand, Mr. Brainard, and walk farther off."

The moon rose higher, a little wind

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"I guess Mr. Brainard can pull me up-hill once or twice without hurting himself."

began to blow, and puffs of powdery snow were whirled along the road and across the fields. Miss Chantry had not spoken for nearly an hour, and had remained sitting on the sled while Brainard drew her over a long plain. Of a sudden she asked, "What time is it?"

He looked at his watch, turning the face toward the moon.

"My watch has stopped," he answered. "I forgot to wind it yesterday, and it has run down. But I know that it must be long past midnight."

"How far have we come?"

"Oh, five or six miles, I should say."

"Is it too late to go back?"

"To go back!" he exclaimed. "You can't mean it, darling," and he came and knelt beside her in the snow.

"It *is* too late," she cried, passionately, pushing him away. "They have missed me long since; there is a hue and cry after me now. Oh, what a fool I am, what a fool!" and she burst into tears.

"Don't, sweetheart, don't," he remonstrated; "you will never repent it, I promise you—I promise you."

But he felt a sinking of the heart, and a sickening uncertainty of everything. The reaction had come to them both, and the awakening.

"Where are you taking me to?" she inquired, at length.

"I hadn't thought distinctly of that—

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or of anything else but you. But Reddingham is about five or six miles ahead, and Clark's Mills is still nearer. We can go there."

"It *is* too late," she cried, passionately, pushing him away.

"So that is your 'new world,'" she exclaimed, bitterly. "Reddingham, and Clark's Mills!"

"There are places beyond Reddingham," he said, sullenly. "It's on the railroad, and we can take the morning train to—I don't care where—the uttermost parts of the earth, if you like."

"The morning train—the morning train!" she repeated. "There should be no morning for fools like us."

"Sue," he entreated, "be brave. You are tired, you are excited. You'll feel better soon."

"I *am* tired," she answered, listlessly, "and I am cold."

"Of course, you are, poor love—poor love, and I am a brute not to have thought of it. See here, I've got my brandy flask in my overcoat pocket, take a pull at this, and it will warm you up."

She took a draught of the dark-brown liquor, in which the moon made golden reflections, then shuddered, and settled herself once more on the sled.

"We could go back," said Brainard, hesitatingly, "if you insist upon it, but—good heavens, to what? And it's as near to Reddingham as to Burlington."

"No," she said, shaking her head vehemently. "We're in for it. Go on. But you are tired. Let me walk."

"Not I—not I; keep your seat. Do you feel warmer now?"

"Yes, but awfully sleepy."

"Lie down on the sled; it's long enough; I'll put my coat over you, and perhaps you can get a nap."

She curled up on the sled, with her hand under her head. He took off his heavy overcoat, tucked it around her, and, cutting off a length of superfluous rope from the sled, wound it about her twice and tied it.

"Now you are tied on, like Mazeppa," he said, with a forced laugh.

"You need the coat," she murmured.

"Not in the least; it hampers me dreadfully. You shut your little eyes now, and I'll take you to Reddingham in no time."

Grasping the rope, he toiled on with renewed energy. At first he felt chilly without his overcoat, but the exercise soon warmed his blood. Gradually he was overcome by drowsiness. The vast white landscape glimmered and swam before his eyes. He caught himself nodding, but still staggered mechanically forward, though with increasing slowness. About cock-crow they passed through a little town, and he thought of Sir Galahad.

"When, on my goodly charger borne,
Through dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow."

This was Clark's Mills, a compact manufacturing hamlet about three miles

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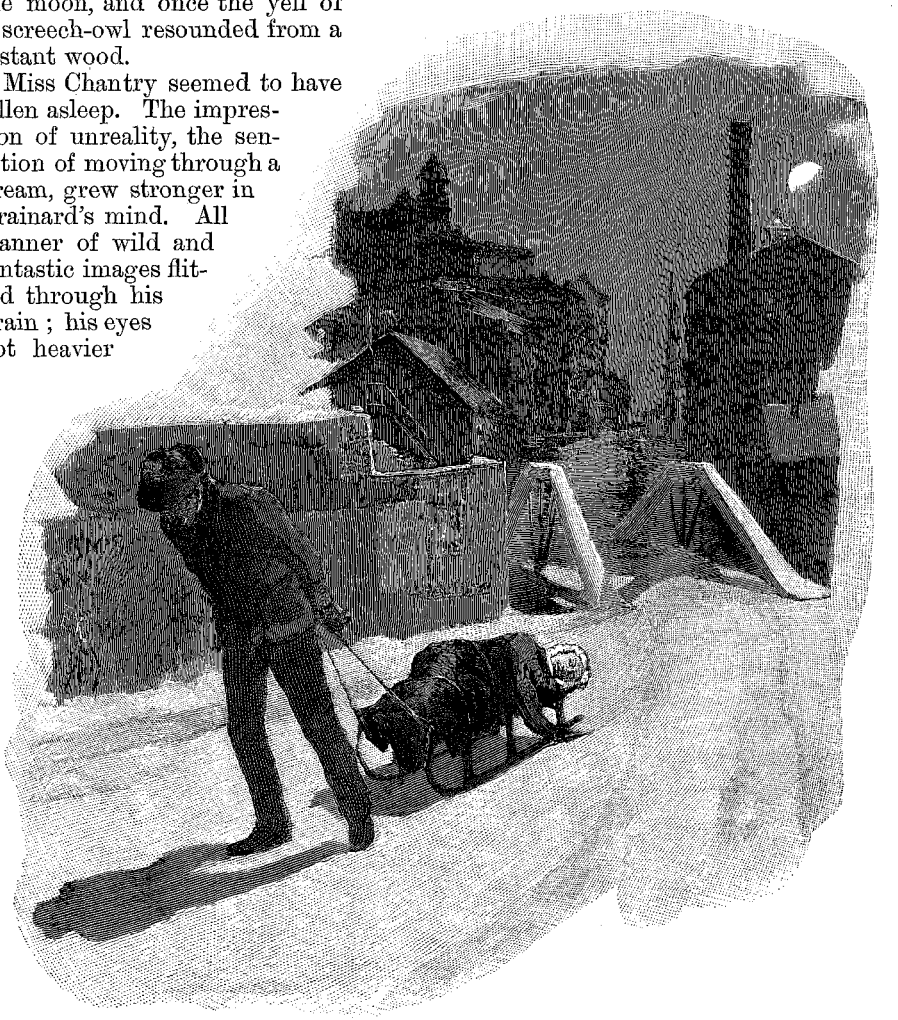
from Reddingham. The houses stood up stark and dead in the moon. In one window a light was burning, and Brainard thought, as he pushed the sled rapidly before him down the pavement, how strange it must sound to the citizen, waking casually in the night, to hear the rumble of runners, as if some ghostly sledding party was disporting itself in silence at that uncanny hour in the deserted street.

After leaving the town the hills grew steeper and the scenery wilder, intersected from left to right by valleys which narrowed into woody ravines. From the depth of these came now and then the long howl of a farmer's dog baying the moon, and once the yell of a screech-owl resounded from a distant wood.

Miss Chantry seemed to have fallen asleep. The impression of unreality, the sensation of moving through a dream, grew stronger in Brainard's mind. All manner of wild and fantastic images flitted through his brain; his eyes got heavier and heavier. Nothing kept him from falling but the exertion necessary to drag the sled through the snow. For the track had become now almost unbroken, as he had evidently left the highway and was on some unfrequented road where few sleighs had passed. At the top of a hill he roused himself and came to a halt. He was dead tired and felt really unable to go on. The moon was now getting low in the west. It must be, he thought, about three o'clock, and they ought to be nearing Reddingham, but no symptom of a town appeared. The summit was a high one and overlooked a region of snowy hill-



"About cock-crow they passed through a little town."

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sides topped with gray woods. He stepped to the sled and gazed down upon the unconscious girl. Her finely chiselled features in the moonlight and in the relaxation of sleep had the softness of a child's. Her long lashes shadowed her cheek, whose polished roundness, as it took the light, looked almost infantile or cherubic, while beneath the curve of her under lip lay a little well of shade. There was something helpless and confiding in her attitude. She lay on the sledge like a bride in her bridebed, with a suggestion of domestic intimacy which brought into Brainard's heart a sudden rush of pity. The stopping of the sled aroused her.

"I am not asleep," she said, opening her eyes, but not offering to move. "Is anything the matter?"

"I am afraid we are lost," he replied.

"Lost!" she exclaimed.

She sat up at once, and then, removing the coat which had covered her and freeing herself from the rope, she rose to her feet and stared about her.

"Yes," said Brainard, wearily, sitting down on a rock which projected from the snow; "Reddingham ought to be over there somewhere, and not more than a mile or two away. But I see no signs of it. I must have taken the wrong turning after leaving Clark's Mills."

"Can't we ask our way at some house?"

"We haven't passed a house for over an hour, and we seem to be getting into a more and more god-forsaken country. This road is tapering out, for one thing, and we will have to go back or else take to the crust."

He was still speaking when, on the opposite hill-side, a ruddy glare flashed out on the pale night—a parallelogram of living coal, against which could be clearly descried the black figure of a man moving forward and back.

"What is that?" cried Miss Chantry, startled.

"Ah," he exclaimed, leaping to his feet, "it's a charcoal-pit. Now I know about where we are. But we have come up into the Woodridge hills, a long way off from the direct road to Reddingham."

"Hadn't we better go there and inquire our way?" she suggested.

"I suppose we had," he replied, after a moment's hesitation. "These charcoal burners are apt to be a tough crowd. But there seems to be no other way. It looks like the mouth of hell," he added, "with Satan feeding the fires."

They watched the weird spectacle for a few minutes without moving. It was only one more fantastic vision of this night of fantasies and dreams.

From the open door of the pit a path of rosy light streamed down the hill-side and across the frozen surface of a small pond in the hollow. The illumination also made visible a group of two or three buildings which stood a little at one side of the pit and somewhat lower on the slope.

"The shortest way will be to leave the road here and go 'cross lots over the crust. It will bear," said Brainard, stamping on a sample piece of it to try its strength. "Come on, quick, before they shut off the light."

He took up the sled and helped her over the ditch and the rail-fence into an open hill-side pasture. For the last time they took their seats upon the sled, and the runners were soon gliding swiftly down the glazed surface of the field which glinted in the moonbeams like the icing of a gigantic pound-cake. They descended at a constantly accelerating, and at last really frightful, speed. Brainard had all that he could do to guide the sled by digging with his heel into the crust. Miss Chantry gripped the edges of the board and held on with suspended pulse, while the air rushed past their faces like a whirlwind.

"Pray heaven there are no stumps or fence-posts in the way," was his secret thought. But in a few seconds, to his great relief, they reached the bottom and rushed out upon the snow-covered ice of the pond. Suddenly the girl screamed. Right across their course, and only a few yards ahead, she saw a black streak of open water. She had just time to throw herself sideways upon the ice, falling close to the edge of the water, into which the sled, and Brainard with it, plunged and disappeared. At the same moment the door of the coal-pit closed and the light went out. Instantly she began shouting for help, but it seemed an age before an answering

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hallo came back from the hill, and a still longer age before Brainard's head emerged from the belt of dark water, rippling under the moon, upon which her eyes were staring in an agony of fear. He rose near the opposite side of the opening and grasped the edge, which was even and firm, having been cut with an ice-plough.

"O God! O God!" she cried, wringing her hands, "what can I do? I can't get near you."

"Go back from the edge," he gasped, "I can hold on. Call for help."

"I have. Oh, please hold on. Only a minute. There! I hear them coming."

Steps were now heard crashing hurriedly down the hill-side through the crust from the direction of the charcoal-pits.

"This way!" she called. "For God's sake, be quick; there's a man drowning. Oh, Fred, can you hold on a bit longer?"

"Yes," he answered, with chattering teeth, "but the cold is horrible. Look out for a board."

She ran to and fro distractedly, but not even a stick was to be seen on the white floor of the pond. But now a man ran out from the opposite bank and approached the opening.

"Hang on," he called out, "the ice is solid. It won't break. I'll get you out in a jiffy."

He neared the edge cautiously and, lying down at full length, held out both hands to Brainard.

"Leave go the ice and get a grip on my hands," he directed.

"Oh, how can I help?" cried Miss Chantry. "Where can I get a board or something?"

"I don't want no board," returned the man; "run around to this side, quick, and lend a hand."

The opening was only a few rods long, and in a twinkling she was beside the prone form of the rescuer.

"Now, lady," said the latter, "you git down on your knees, take a holt o' this arm, and pull. Brace yourself agin the ice—it'll hold. I'll yank on the other arm. When we git you up's fur's the waist, young feller, you jest lay your leg out on the ice and we'll roll you out."

There was a short, sharp struggle, and then Brainard lay shivering and dripping on the ice.

"You had a close call this time, boss, and no mistake," said the man, who was panting from his exertions. "How in hell did you git here, anyway?" he added, with open-mouthed wonder.

"Never mind that now," rejoined Brainard, rising with some difficulty to his feet; "I must get to a fire and have these clothes off in a hurry. I'm chilled to the marrow."

"Do you feel stiff? Can you run? Well, then, cut up to the shanty. There's a fire and there's clothes, sich as they be, and there's whiskey."

The three ascended the hill and the man threw open the door of an unplastered wooden cabin, divided by a rude partition into two rooms. In one of these was an air-tight stove which threw out an intense heat from a fire of oak billets. In the other was a bed and a row of coarse garments hung from the wall. Miss Chantry, who was pale, silent, and very much agitated, paced the floor nervously in the outer room, while their host took Brainard into the penetralia, helped him to strip off his wet clothing, and furnished him with a change of raiment. In a few minutes he joined her by the fire and assured her that he was as good as new. The charcoal-burner went out to look for the sled.

"Well, now, what next?" inquired Brainard, as the companion of his adventure paused opposite him in her restless walk. She looked at him with a new resolution in her eyes.

"It was not to be," she said. "This is a providence—an interposition."

"Oh, no," he returned, "it is an interruption, that is all."

"Just think," she whispered, "if you had been drowned." She shuddered, and covered her face with her hands.

"Oh, come now, Sue," he remonstrated, and tried to take her hand.

"No, don't," she cried, breaking away; "I'll never forgive myself. I've been dreaming all night. I've been—I don't know what I've been. But I'm wide-awake enough now."

He was silent.

"What time is it?" she asked.

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He pointed to a small wooden clock that stood on a shelf.

"Four o'clock!" she exclaimed. "There is just one chance for me. If I can catch an early train I can get home, perhaps, before they are up. I have my latch-key, and I'll say that I left Harvey to see Carrie home, and came back early from the hill with you, and let myself in and went right upstairs to bed. There's just that chance—that one chance—that no one sat up for me at home, and that I haven't been missed. Quick! where's the man? Maybe he has a horse and sleigh, and can take me over."

"Sue," began Brainard, again approaching her.

"No, no," she broke in, vehemently. "You can't turn me—you can't talk me out of it. You know that I'm right. Don't you?" she asked, looking at him searchingly.

"And so our little melodrama ends in a farce," he said, evading a direct reply to her appeal. "It's always so."

"It is better so," she answered.

"You can't expect *me* to say yes to that."

At this moment the charcoal-burner entered. He had been unable to find the sled, and explained that it had probably sunk to the bottom of the pond owing to the weight of the iron on the runners.

"Have you got a horse and sleigh?" inquired Miss Chantry, hurriedly. "Could you take me over to the depot at Reddingham in time to catch the first train west? Do you know what time it goes?"

"Why, cert, lady," answered the man, slowly; "I've got a horse and cutter, and kin hitch up and take you there easy. It ain't but three miles, and the train leaves at 4.55."

"It will get you to Burlington before half-past five," added Brainard.

"But ain't you goin' to have some breakfast with me 'fore you go, ma'am—or leastwise a cup of coffee to warm you up? I ain't no slouch at making coffee."

"No, no," she said, beseechingly. "Please—please take me at once, and don't let me miss the train."

"*All* right, ma'am," he responded, good-naturedly, and taking down a lantern, went outside, where they heard him presently opening the stable door and getting out the horse.

"I shall have to ask a favor of you, Mr. Brainard," she said, blushing slightly. "I haven't my purse with me—the ticket—the man——"

"Why, am I not going with you?" he asked.

"No, no; it won't do for us to be seen together at the station. You must stay here, and go back later."

"But I don't like to let you go alone."

"It is perfectly safe," she answered; and he handed her his purse and was silent.

"What, ain't the gentleman going too?" inquired Brainard's deliverer, as Miss Chantry was helped into the cutter and bade her cavalier good-by. "There's lots of room for three."

"No, Cap, I'm going to stay here till my clothes get dry, and keep house for you till you get back."

"Wal, I'll be gosh darned!" remarked the puzzled driver, as he gathered up the reins. "Say, mister, when you git sleepy you kin turn in in the bed. I've got a shake down for myself, and you'll find a pipe and tobacco on the shelf and a jug of whiskey in the locker, near the bed."

"Mind you catch the train," Brainard called after him.

"You bet," came back on the wind, and horse and sleigh disappeared under the setting moon.

Brainard slept profoundly, and it was deep in the day when he awoke. At first he lay still and stared at the wall. He could not remember where he was, but an unaccountable feeling of relief possessed him. His eyes were fastened idly upon an object on the wall which he could not at once identify. It was nothing but a big knot in the rough planking of the cabin, through which the sun streamed, making a kernel or focus of light; but it looked like a great rose or ruby, glowing with vivid scarlets and crimsons, and burning with an intensity which flooded his eyes and his whole being with radiance, and seemed an emblem of some inward happiness. Slowly the twilight between sleep and waking cleared into full consciousness, and the memory of the night's adventures came back to

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him. But still he lay in a kind of blissful trance, thinking of the chasm in his life from the brink of which his feet had gone back; of the bonds and the duties and the habits that had seemed, in the witching light of the moon, a load to be lightly cast off forever, but which now, in the healthy sunshine of the new day, became infinitely sweet and sacred. He heard the drip, drip of thawing snow from the eaves. He heard the charcoal-burner whistling outside, and presently the steady blows of his axe.

After a while he rose and, finding his dry clothes by the stove, dressed and went out-doors. His host was chopping down a tree, one of the last of an army whose stumps projected here and there from the snow, and whose trunks had been converted into charcoal.

"Hello, Colonel," he called out, suspending his labor, "you ain't up, be you? I swanny but you have slept solid. Guess you was out late last night, wasn't you? I put some breakfast by for you, to keep hot, but gosh! it must be all dried up by this time."

"Thank you, I'll go in and help myself to a bite. Did you make the train?"

"Wall, we did, and ten minutes to spare," and he resumed his work.

Brainard's sense took note of the odor of fresh chips with a keen pleasure. The sun, many hours high, poured a dazzling light over the white, undulating country. A few chippy birds were hopping around the door-step and their cheeping made music in his heart, as did the tinkling sound of little rills of snow-water dissolved in the thaw and stealing off downhill under the crust. The broad, commonplace face of day cheered him with a conviction of the good health of the world, and a thankfulness that the place in that world which he had come so near forfeiting was still kept open to him.

At Reddingham Station and on the train he was lucky enough to meet no acquaintances. But as he was making his way from the depot at Burlington to the main street, he encountered Wilmot, who greeted him with:

"Well, well! What became of you and Sue last night? We looked for you all over the hill and couldn't find even a mitten of you."

"Why, you don't expect people to coast all night, do you? Miss Chantry got cold and tired, and wanted to go home."

"Did she seem to be a trifle miffed, too?" asked Wilmot, with a slight shade of anxiety.

"Why, no. What should she be miffed about?"

"Well, what should Miss Gillespie be miffed about? All the same, she was. She wanted to go home, and when I looked around for you, and you were gone, and I told her I guessed she'd have to accept the escort of yours truly, she tossed her head and said, 'You and Sue appeared to like the all-hands-change-partners figure so well that you seemed inclined to keep it up for the rest of the dance.'"

"Oh, no!" said Brainard, with an uneasy laugh. "It answered well enough for an evening, but it wouldn't do for good."

"Thank you. Same here. But girls don't take a joke worth a cent, and I think I'll go around to Sue's and make my peace. She might have been miffed and you not seen it. Men are so damned obtuse, you know."

Miss Chantry was punctual at breakfast that morning, and was rallied by the family on her paleness.

"Coasting doesn't agree with everyone," said her brother Gilbert; "makes some people sea-sick."

"You must have got home very late," said her mother. "I didn't hear you come in."

"On the contrary," she asserted, "it was very early."

"Well," said her father, from the window, where he stood in his slippers, newspaper in hand, and regarded the street, "it's the last of the coasting, for the present. The January thaw has set in and the wind is dead south."

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CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN CARICATURE.

By J. A. Mitchell.

(By J. A. Mitchell.)

THERE are many thousand Americans, and not all of them old ones, who can easily recall the time when *Punch* was the only acknowledged medium through which they drew their weekly allowance of wit or satire. In those days sundry fitful efforts were made to establish a corresponding engine in this country, but an untimely and painful death invariably overtook them. Their financial convulsions had the natural effect of deterring other aspirants from a like endeavor. The western hemisphere certainly seemed large enough to support a humorous paper. Our native modesty helped us to the solution of this mystery, and it was generally admitted, at least among ourselves, that the Americans were too bright a people to need a paper that relied upon its wit for success. We were, as a nation, enjoying this answer to the problem, and cultivating a proper disregard for caricature and the kindred arts, when Thomas Nast appeared upon the scene, and in the pages of *Harper's Weekly* began a series of cartoons which wrought greater havoc against an existing evil than printed pages could ever hope to accomplish. Those who never read the editorials were delighted with the caricatures. Boss Tweed and his associates struggled in vain against a laughing but indignant public. Their faces became public property, their deeds were caricatured by the artist with force and brevity, and whole pages of disgraceful history were given in the fewest words. Not only the reading public, but the entire people—men, women, and children—those who read and those who did not, became interested, then angry, and finally determined; and, this accomplished, the wrong was speedily righted. It is doubtful if the power of caricature was ever more forcibly illustrated than on that occasion, and the somewhat sudden development of this branch of art on our side the Atlantic was largely due to the force and courage of Thomas Nast.

The influence of a good caricature, whether for good or evil, is only fully appreciated by those who have been its victims. They alone are familiar with its corroding bitterness. To the politician, for example, who is delicately balancing between right and wrong, a scorching editorial, boldly placing him upon the evil side, is easier to live down, no matter how ably written, than the clever caricature which gives ocular demonstration of his sin. The editorial appeals to the intellect; the caricature appeals to the intellect, to the eye, and, worst of all, to the sense of humor of the beholder. And the beholder will carry with him, perhaps forever, either a vague or a vivid impression of having seen the victim in a compromising position. The editorial, moreover, is more or less local, and is read by comparatively few. The caricature is national, and reaches every city in the country. Thousands who would not read the letter-press if placed in their hands, revel in the details of the caricature with delighted eyes; and their dominant impression of the victim is the one they thus receive.

Americans were quick to perceive that the artist's pencil was a potent weapon. This was, of course, less a discovery than the tardy realization of a very ancient fact. Why an individual so quick-witted and so sensitive as the Yankee should have been such a long time in waking up to its capabilities is a mystery easily explained. His Puritan ancestors should alone be held responsible. These worthies were the possessors of a sincere contempt for art, and all that is allied

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to it, and the influence of this precious inheritance is not yet extinct among their descendants. It has been said in defence of the early settler that, his life being a perpetual struggle with starvation and the native savage, he had no time for art; but the early settler, in reality, had more leisure than his descendant of to-day. In fact, there were many days and evenings, and weeks entire, when time hung heavy on his hands. He simply had no taste for leisure and no capacity for amusement. And later on, when his body's comforts were assured and he became fat with prosperity, he still retained a deeper reverence for a well-stocked farm than for all the art and poetry in Christendom. The "literary feller," the barber, the artist, and the pedler were much the same to him; all were luxuries, and any of them could be spared. It was in this atmosphere that his children received their education as civilizers of a continent, and we need feel no surprise if our æsthetic development has not been such as to startle Europe.

But when the descendant of his ancestor came to realize that there are many situations where a drawing can tell a story more swiftly and with greater force than is possible with words alone, he began to take an interest in the matter. He also discovered about this time that the study of a good drawing yielded more entertainment and could be, upon occasions, even more instructive than a column of type. This fact once established in the American brain, the development of black and white was astonishingly rapid. Periodicals were started whose drawings were obviously their chief claim to prosperity. Some were good and many were bad, but the ball was in motion, and new avenues for information and amusement were opened to thousands of people who either could not or would not read, but whose curiosity was awakened by the pictures. Their interest was excited in subjects new to them, and to which they had never given a thought.

The lives of the great majority of these periodicals, and notably the humorous ones, were short and financially bitter. And it is only fair to these early martyrs to say that the causes of their untimely ends were due less to their own shortcomings than to the condition and number of their readers. The public was not yet ready for them.

The æsthetic wave which swept over this country about twenty years ago was the recipient of much ridicule at the time, but it did us a vast amount of good. Never was there a people who needed it more. It blew away myriads of mental cobwebs, and left nothing untouched. It raked us fore and aft, and everything, from the new town-hall to the cooking-stove, felt its purifying influence. We began to realize with amazement, and often with sadness, that objects which apparently were born to be offences against the eye were only ugly because our early training had taught us to make them so.

The horror of "beauty for beauty's sake" was one of the priceless heritages from our Puritan ancestors which was seriously damaged about this time. Like the bright children we were, however, we immediately went to work and applied our newly found ideas with an activity and promiscuousness that literally polished up the continent. Houses, wall-papers, carpets, books, horse-blankets, crockery, dustpans, coal-hods, picture-frames — everything, in fact, from a railway-car to a shirt-button, raised its artistic head and smiled upon us in a new attire. It was a grand movement. It not only taught us to think for ourselves, but the standard of taste has ever since been perceptibly higher. Drawing and engraving, with paper and printing, naturally claimed a share of the general enthusiasm, and, happily, they received it. Up to that time the only object of a book or periodical, in America at least, was to serve as a medium for the distribution of ideas. The artistic side was ignored. Illustrations were considered good enough unless they were so aggressively bad as to startle the beholder. The printing was satisfactory if only the type and cuts were strongly impressed upon the paper. Of the width of margins no one knew or cared. All book-covers were tediously alike in shape and color and design. Now, however, our average American was more discriminating. He had arrived at that state in which the contemplation of an ugly

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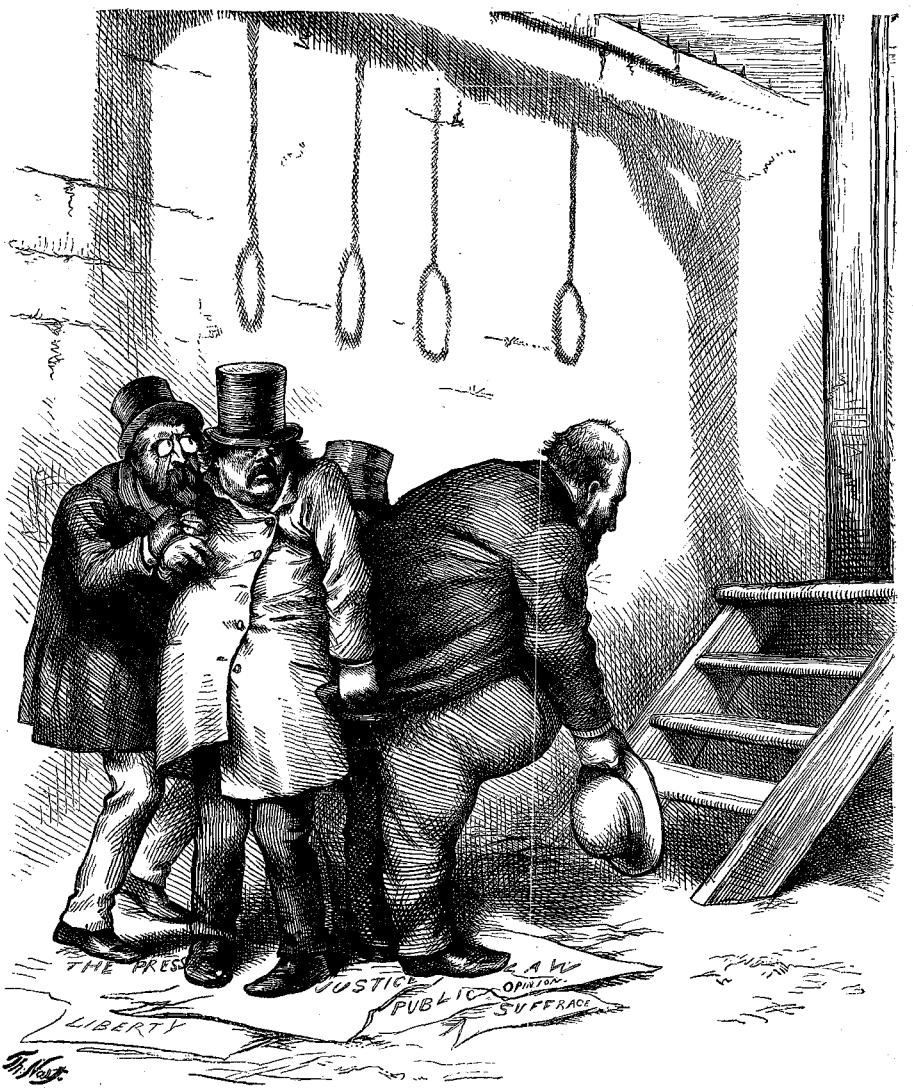

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The Only Thing They Respect or Fear.

"We presume it is strictly correct to say that the one consequence of thieving which —— would now dread is a violent death. Public scorn, or even the penitentiary, has little terrors for them."

"We do not know how the affair may end, but we do know that if —— close their careers in peace, and ease, and affluence, it will be a terrible blow to political and private morality."—*The Nation.*

object was not in itself a delight. In this he differed from his ancestors. He took a pride in the decoration of his house, and hung pictures upon his walls. The books he brought his children were profusely illustrated, sometimes by the best artists, and were often skilfully printed in colors. He began to take an interest in these things, and was more difficult to please. He was, in a quiet way, developing a taste which it gave him pleasure to gratify.

When *Puck* stepped gayly into the arena, in 1876–77, the number of those who were then in a condition to appreciate such a paper had increased enormously. And *Puck*, moreover, was a distinct improvement upon its predecessors. Its standard was higher, its artists were better, and it covered a wider field. The

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colored cartoons were aimed at the follies of the time, while much of the letter-press, with the black and white drawings distributed through its pages, contributed largely to the amusement of

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"That's what's the matter."

Boss TWEED. "As long as I count the votes, what are you going to do about it? Say?"

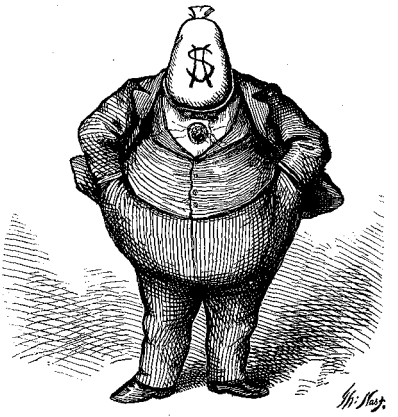
an overworked people. The very fact of its existence developed and brought before the public a corps of clever draughtsmen.

Mr. Joseph Keppler, its founder, himself an artist of European training, at once took a front place as a caricaturist, and did more than any single individual to make *Puck* what it is to-day. His compositions are not only skilful but are forcible and to the point, and his figures are admirably drawn. A comparison of the colored pages of *Puck* with those of similar periodicals of other countries will enable the reader to realize the infinity of evils that Mr. Keppler has successfully avoided.

Of the many artists whose names are identified with *Puck*, perhaps none is more familiar than that of Opper. It is a pretty dull subject in which Mr. Opper can see no fun. The number of types he has reproduced, and even created, for our amusement would fill a volume. They all have character, and there is movement and plenty of it. He handles his victims without gloves, and depicts them with a cleverness and decision that leave no doubt as to his intent and meaning. Mr. Opper is the happy possessor of a keen sense of humor, with a decided natural talent; a much rarer combination than is generally supposed.

There are other names associated with clever work in *Puck*, such as James A. Wales, Eugene Zimmerman, and Bernhard Gillam, whose owners will occupy a clearly defined position in the history of American caricature.

We Americans are brought up in the faith that our sense of humor is of a finer quality, and that it exists in a greater quantity, than with the less favored Europeans. This may be the case; in fact, it is safe to say it is so, but we have, notwithstanding, produced within the last twenty years fewer artists that display this quality than either England, France, or Germany. The few Americans, however, who have distinguished themselves in this field have shown the true feeling. Mr. A. B. Frost, for instance, is not only a draughtsman of unusual skill, but is possessed of a seemingly inexhaustible fund of the most exquisite humor. The memory alone of some of his creations is more than sufficient to dull the edge of the deepest melancholy. His "Stuff and Nonsense" is a collection of masterpieces; and most of us are familiar with the more recent efforts of a certain benevolent gentleman to lead a calf by a rope. The sufferings that this ingenious and impulsive animal is able to inflict upon the inexperi-



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The Brains

That achieved the Tammany victory at the Rochester Democratic Convention.

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The National Barber Shop.—"Next."

by Joseph Keppler in *Puck* September 29, 1880.)

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enced philanthropist are marvels of ingenuity. One of the greatest charms of Mr. Frost's work is the enjoyment

(From a drawing made for this article by F. Opper.)

the artist evidently takes in it himself; the orgies of fun in which he allows you to join him. He has no transatlantic contemporary who excels him in this field.

It is somewhat unfortunate that the negro, although occupying a distinct and important place upon our native stage, should have figured comparatively little in pictorial art. In fact, with the exception of the drawings of Messrs. W. L. Sheppard and E. W. Kemble, he has been very much let alone. Our minstrels are a national institution. They flourish on no other soil. The popularity of our colored brother upon the stage is largely due to his manner of speech, the tones of his voice, and the peculiarities of his gait and gesture. These, of course, the artist's pencil can but imperfectly render. But Mr. Sheppard and Mr. Kemble have shown us that the negro, when intelligently studied and skilfully drawn, is a most interesting subject. He is distinct in himself, and abounds in the most original characteristics. He is not as witty as the typical Irishman, but is far more picturesque. He has a simplicity, a humor, and a philosophy of his own which render his sayings and doings well worth recording. Mr. Sheppard, at his home in Richmond, has been from earliest youth familiar with his subject. He has depicted him with a truth and spirit that leave nothing to be desired. And every citizen of this wide-spreading republic who takes the slightest interest in the "national game" is probably on intimate terms with Mr. Kemble's heroes of the Thompson Street Poker Club. These sable gamblers are full of character and are irresistibly funny. Let it not be inferred that because these artists are without a rival in their victory over the negro they are less at home in other fields. Both possess a fund of humor, with an unusual facility of hand; and both infuse into their drawings, whenever the subject permits, a spirit and expression that are far too rare. These

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JOHN KELLY
RESERVED FOR THE HON. S.J. TILDEN
RESERVED FOR GENERAL W.S. HANCOCK
GEN. HANCOCK WILL REVIEW THE TAMMANY PROCESSION FROM THIS STAND
J.A. Wales

Kelly's Triumph—A Great Display without the Leading Lights.
(From a drawing by J. A. Wales, in *Puck*, September 29, 1880.)

qualities are unnecessarily rare, perhaps, as many artists in their uphill struggle against the technique of their art ignore or intentionally suppress them. It is a melancholy fact that the tendency of an artistic education is to tone down and frequently eliminate, in the majority of students, that playfulness and fancy which are often the very life of a drawing.

There is a popular impression that a "knack of drawing" is all that is required in this particular field. If the reader is of that opinion, and will take the trouble to recall the names of those who have attained distinction in it, he will be surprised to see how small a piece of paper will contain the list. He can almost count them upon his ten fingers. The knack of drawing, in other words, the artistic faculty, must not only exist and be of a positive quality, but it must be developed to an extent which places it upon a plane far removed from the efforts of the amateur. And this accomplished, it will avail but little without originality, a keen sense of humor, and a knowledge of human nature.

When *Life* first put forth its claim to existence, in 1883, it found an unpromising field from which to draw its artistic nourishment. *Harper's Weekly* and *Puck* seemed to have monopolized the best draughtsmen, and the newcomer was somewhat in the position of Lazarus at the rich man's gate. But this was temporary. Its growth was rapid, and with it new men have stepped into the front ranks.

Mr. W. A. Rogers had already a reputation, and many of his cartoons in *Life* have never been surpassed on either side of the Atlantic. Himself a man of strong individuality and positive convictions, he is able to stamp his work

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It Works Both Ways.
(From a drawing by E. Zimmerman, in *Puck*, November 25, 1885.)

with a character of his own, direct, clean-cut, and always conscientious, emphasized by a manner of drawing at once forcible and refined. His drawings are true to nature—or, at least, have that effect, a vastly more desirable quality—and they are full of light. The man who can produce in pen and ink a composition that is both strong and refined, with no sign of indecision, and that also is fresh and brilliant in effect, is a master of his art. This can be said of Mr. Rogers.

The vast field rapidly unfolding itself for the artist in black and white is one of the interesting features of our modern civilization. Time was when he was looked upon as a painter who was unable to paint. To-day he occupies a position which in many important points is unquestionably superior to that of his brother of the palette. In America, especially, is this true. His standard of excellence is perceptibly higher. To one draughtsman who is obviously incompetent and yet perseveres in his career, there are dozens of painters who seem to revel in obscurity and failure, deluging the community with canvases they rarely sell, and excited to still weaker efforts by the unflagging enthusiasm of their female friends. The reason for this exists in the unpleasant fact that we are not an artistic people. For this reason, perhaps, we should forgive the absence of the artistic quality in our painters. They are æsthetic, rich in sentiment and poetic feeling, with an honest love of nature, but they are not virile, and, as a rule, do not know their business. The American public have a weakness for intellectual art. They like an idea in their pictures, and if they can have it well told, graphic, technically good, and with a touch of human nature, they like it all the better. The American artist in black and white can do this,

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and it is here that he is immeasurably ahead of the American painter. The painter, when he sells his picture, if he sells it, sees it hung upon the walls of a private house as a part of the decoration. It is practically buried. The drawing of his black and white contemporary, on the other hand, is multiplied indefinitely and spread broadcast throughout the land, finding its way into the homes of thousands who enjoy it, and he in his work soon becomes the friend of the family and a welcome guest. Lastly, but of some importance, the wolf is not forever barking on his door-step.

The Thompson Street Poker Club—"Whad yo' got?"
(From a drawing in *Life*, by E. W. Kemble.)

Mr. F. G. Attwood, of Boston, is a brilliant apostle of what I have alluded to as the intellectual side of art; that is, his drawings appeal more to the intellect than to the artistic sense. Before his pencil touches the paper he has a distinct and clearly defined conception of what he intends to convey, and he regards his art simply as a means of expressing that idea. The art is always there, however, for without it his story could never be told with the force and delicacy and the exquisite humor with which his work abounds.

To appeal, with any chance of success, to our intellectual side the artist must possess certain mental qualities which are far less necessary with his more æsthetic brother. To render a sunset effect, for instance, or give the lustre of an onion, requires less knowledge of men and history, and less familiarity with current events than to produce a composition of expressive figures that shall tell a story with a touch of satire, or point a moral. Mr. Attwood possesses this intellectual quality to an unusual extent, and is not only fertile in ideas but has the skill to carry them out in the most delightful fashion. One surprising feature of his work is the apparently limitless field in which he allows his fancy to disport itself. He seems to have put up no fences about his imagination.

Mr. M. A. Woolf is another artist whose work appeals more to the intellect than to the artistic sense. And yet, were his own opinion asked upon this subject, he would probably inform us

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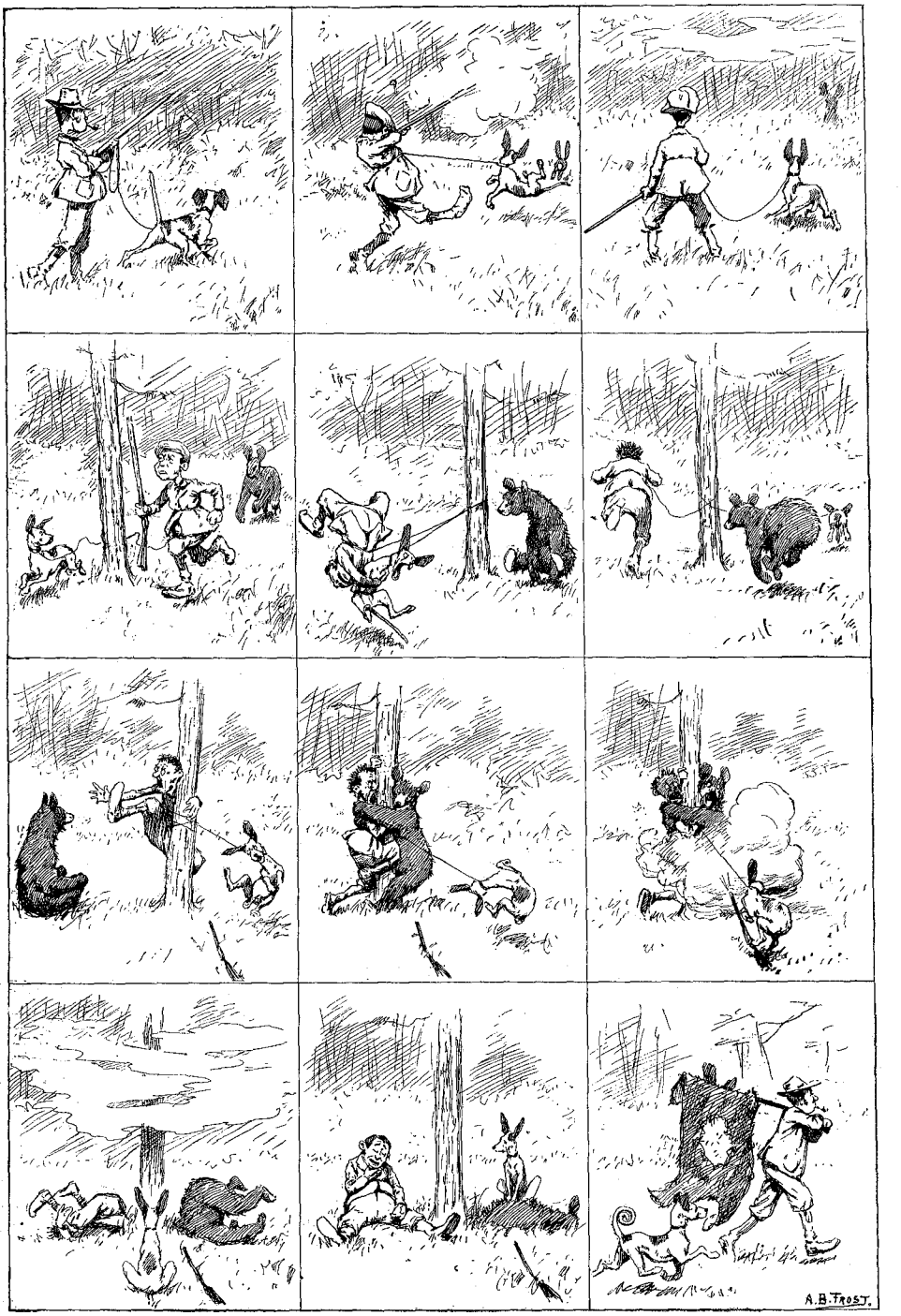

Mr. Puddle and his Dog, Cyrus, go a Hunting.
(From a drawing made for this article by A. B. Frost.)

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that he simply drew what interested him. And if the reader turns critically to his drawings for further enlightenment, he will discover that the sentiments which impel Mr. Woolf to the selection of his and the elaboration and striving for a better effect in color or light and shade, which are a pleasure to other artists, are to him a drudgery.

Another worker in black and white

"Docking Jonah's Tale."—Pignapoke Culture Society.
(From a drawing in *Life*, by W. A. Rogers.)

subjects are of a number and variety that may cause some surprise. There is a depth of feeling, and a human sympathy for the very foibles he touches, that lend an additional charm to his work. The simplicity of the style and the apparent absence of all effort toward effect are in themselves deceiving. In the art of telling a story with few lines, and yet conveying an effect of light and shade, he has few superiors. The effect he seeks is always there. It is simply done, and apparently with little thought or trouble, but it is the result of careful observation and also of years of previous study and experiment. But the qualities which distinguish Mr. Woolf's work from that of others are the pathos, the love for children, and an exquisite sense of humor which is never coarse and never vulgar, and derives no enjoyment from the suffering of others.

There are few artists who bring to bear upon their work a livelier fancy or a keener wit than Mr. Oliver Herford. But when his idea is once expressed upon the paper his interest begins to wane, who had much the same spirit and fancy as Mr. Woolf was the late Mr. Frank Bellew. There was in his work, also, often a moral and a touch of pathos. And he also could be very funny when he wished. His son, Mr. F. P. W. Bellew, familiar to the readers of *Life* as "Chip," has a sense of humor all his own. There exists apparently no limit to his invention, and when he tells a story the point is never lost. He possesses in an extraordinary degree the faculty of creating surprises, and, in the most natural and effective manner, avoiding, as if by instinct, all that is superfluous, leaving to the imagination just enough to give an additional point to the story. This is both a gift and an art, and when skilfully managed adds immensely to the enjoyment of a work. Mr. F. M. Howarth also enjoys an apparently inexhaustible fund of ideas. There is an abundance of movement and expression in many of the series of little drawings by which he tells a story.

When our friend, the average American, had arrived at that condition in which he could derive happiness from

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F. NAPIER'S SCHOOL OF DECORATIVE DESIGN
ARTISTIC EMBROIDERIES
MARIA EDGEWORTH
O'HOOLAHAN SISTERS DECORATION OF BRANCHES PANELS DADOES & FRIEZES DESIGNED
LIFE
F. G. Attwood

Ireland à la Ruskin.

(From a drawing in *Life*, by F. G. Attwood.)

Mr. Ruskin, in a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, says: "Would it not be well to take some account of these following ineradicable virtues of the Irish race in our schemes for their management: First, they are an artistic people, and can design beautiful things and execute them with indefatigable industry. Second, they are a witty people, and can by no means be governed by witless ones. Third, they are an affectionate people, and can by no means be governed on scientific principles by heartless persons."

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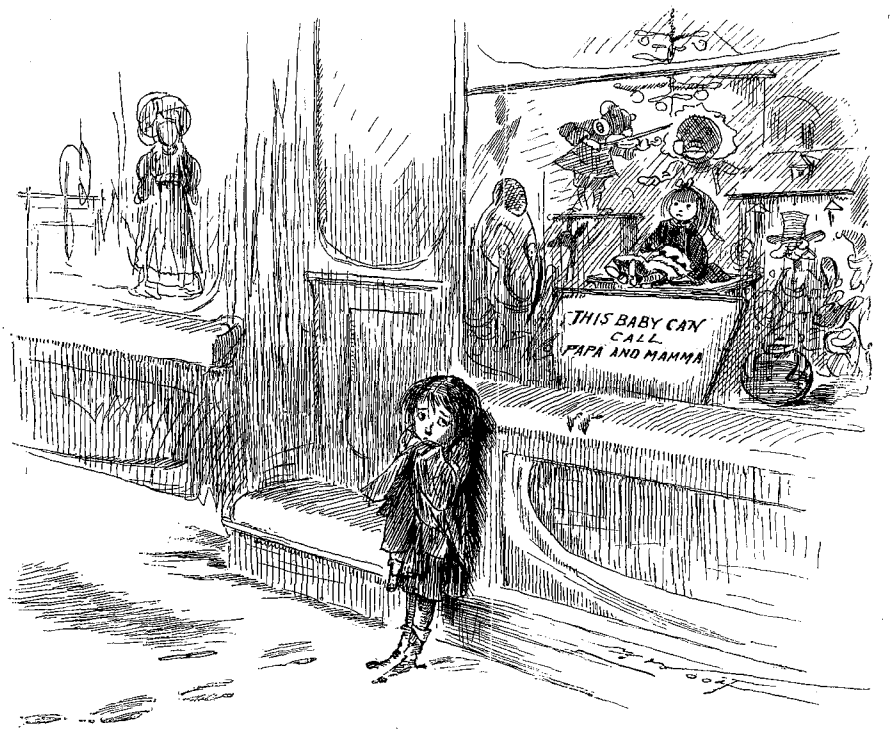
the political cartoon, the clever caricature, and the amusing incident, it was but natural that he should also take an interest in what is known as the "society" drawing. The exceptional and more polished American was already familiar with these through the pages of *Punch*. With the able assistance of Mr. George du Maurier he had hobnobbed with dukes and duchesses, and passed many hours in the most fashionable London drawing-rooms. The sayings and doings, the clothes and dinners and clubs and various imbecilities of the British aristocracy were to him a twice-told tale. But the sayings and doings and various imbecilities of the moneyed American were as yet unrecorded. To do this pictorially required still another combination of personal qualities and experiences on the part of the artist for which, thus far, there had been no demand. The demand was finally created, however, and Mr. Henry W. McVickar was the first American artist to give to the public, through the pages of a satirical journal, those glimpses of the world of fashion which have since become a part of our literature. The drawings were cleverly made, brilliant and decorative in effect, and were truthful records of the manners, customs, homes, and social usages of the people they portrayed. To speak of Mr. McVickar as being the first American to do a certain thing has much the sound of ancient history. It all began, however, less than seven short years ago.

To those familiar with the pages of *Life*, the drawings of Van S. are old friends. Mr. Van Schaick is by temperament and education a painter, and a painter with a wonderful facility of hand. He works with great rapidity, and always with a certain richness of effect. In fact, he works "by effect," as it were, not carefully outlining his figures first, as is usually done, but after roughly indicating his composition he begins by laying in at once his impression of color, material, and light and



A Christmas Contrast.
(From a drawing in *Life*, by M. A. Woolf.)

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shade as he carries the work forward. If the drawing at any stage does not fulfil his expectations, it is promptly abandoned and another begun. Many a time the drawings reproduced in *Life* have disclosed upon their backs other drawings equally good and nearly finished, bearing across their faces rough marks by an angry pen. The drawing as it grows beneath his hand must give evidence of the right quality, or it is liable at any moment to receive its quietus and retire forever to private life. A thorough knowledge of the capabilities of black and white he possesses at his fingers' ends. The breadth and richness in many of his drawings seem to be so naturally a part of the work that one is tempted to believe that "anyone who isn't a fool" could do it that way. But the wisdom of the serpent is behind it. Another charm of Mr. Van Schaick's work is the atmosphere of elegance pervading even his most hasty sketches. Sometimes the persons represented are, from necessity, of varying character, but they are always of the real gentility. His ladies would never eat with their knives.

Mr. W. H. Hyde and Mr. Albert E. Sterner are also among the few whose efforts in this field may be recorded as distinct successes. There is an atmosphere of refinement in all their drawings.

(From an unpublished drawing by the late Frank Bellew.)

The modern American who has prospered, together with his wife and daughters, have been cleverly satirized in the pages of *Puck* by Mr. C. J. Taylor. His series of drawings illustrating the late Mr. Welch's dialogues have since been reprinted in book-form as "The Tailor-Made Girl," and are familiar to many of the readers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. They are excellent pictures of certain phases of New York life, brilliant and full of color. And Mr. Taylor's figures are never lacking in expression. Such productions are not only amusing for the present generation, but when the historian of the future rummages among the musty volumes of the nineteenth century for a clearer knowledge of the manners and customs and the clothes and furniture of to-day, he

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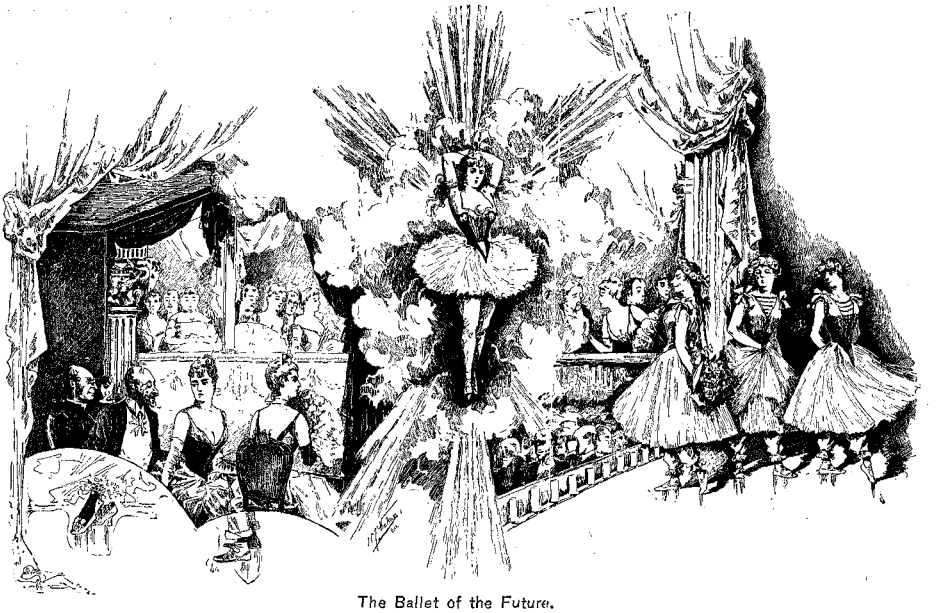
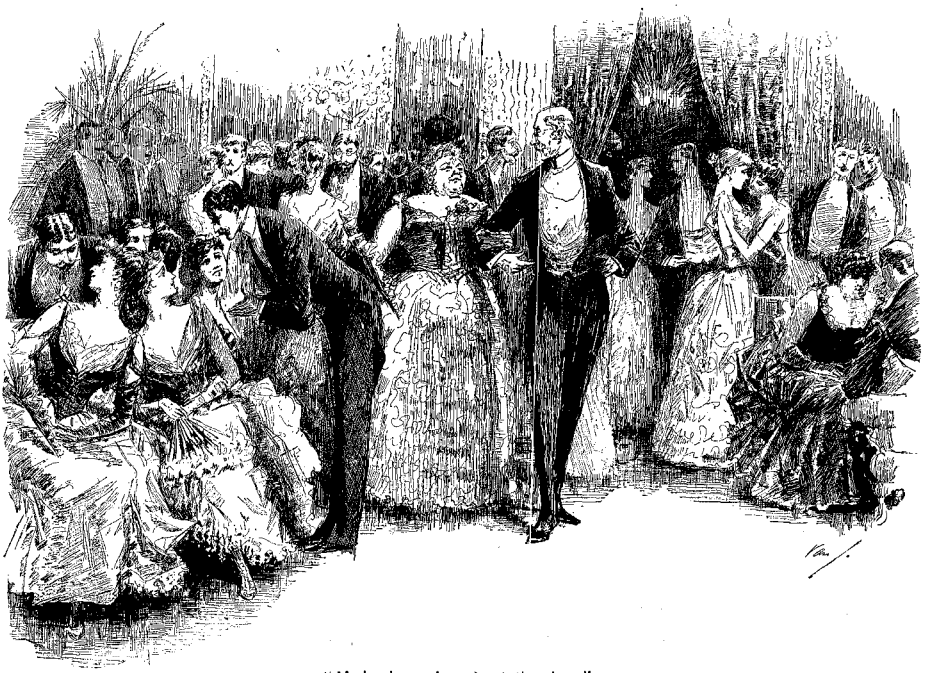


The Ballet of the Future.
(From a drawing by H. McVickar, in *Life*.)

will find a treasure in these drawings. They will not mislead him, for they are truthful portraits of the people of the time. Mr. Taylor is not one of those whose sense of humor is an irrepressible force. It exists and is of excellent quality, as many of his colored cartoons and smaller drawings bear witness; but he employs it only when he considers it desirable.



"Madam's carriage is at the door."
(From a drawing made for this article by S. W. Van Schaick.)

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The limited number of men who have distinguished themselves in this class of work stand out in strong relief above the average excellence of the great majority. In every profession and in every trade there is a liberal abundance of those who can do a thing fairly well. The woods are full of them, as it were, but of those who do it so well as to excite your admiration there always has been and probably will ever continue to be a noticeable economy in the supply. Of art this is particularly true. There are so many avenues to failure, so many necessary qualities the absence of any one of which will render success impossible, that the outlook for the beginner is not alluring. In this respect the worker in black and white has one chance less than the painter: he cannot rely upon effects of color. Whatever he has to express he must literally put it down in black and white. He may be born with a genius for composition; he may have a brilliant style, with great facility and a thorough mastery of light and shade, and they will all avail but little unless the faces of his figures possess an interest in themselves. This he cannot acquire; it must be part of himself. The quality is undefinable, but of surprising importance. Du Maurier has it in an unusual degree. John Leech had it. Gustave Doré is a brilliant example of what a man can accomplish without it, but his drawings have long since retired into a settled obscurity. But the quality without which all others are a mockery and but thorns in the flesh is the force of will to develop one's natural gifts, and to go through the long, slow, tedious study and the infinite disappointments that beset the path.

Bound to be in the Swim.

OFFICER (in Madison Square).—"Here, here, what do you mane by drawing a crowd?"
UNCLE IKE (from the mountains).—"Drawin' a crowd—nuthin' o' the kind—I'm photograffin' Becky an' the boys. You city dudes come up in our parts and photograf yer gals an' families on our hay-ricks, in our melon-patches, an' agin our settin'-room doors, an' be gosh Uncle Ike haint goin' to be left when he comes to town. Head a leetle higher, Becky!"

(From a drawing made for this article by Charles Jay Taylor.)

Perhaps no American artist in black and white now before the public is the happy possessor of so many of the desired qualities, and in such happy proportion, as Mr. Charles Dana Gibson. And of these qualities the rarest, and not the least important, is the ability to draw a

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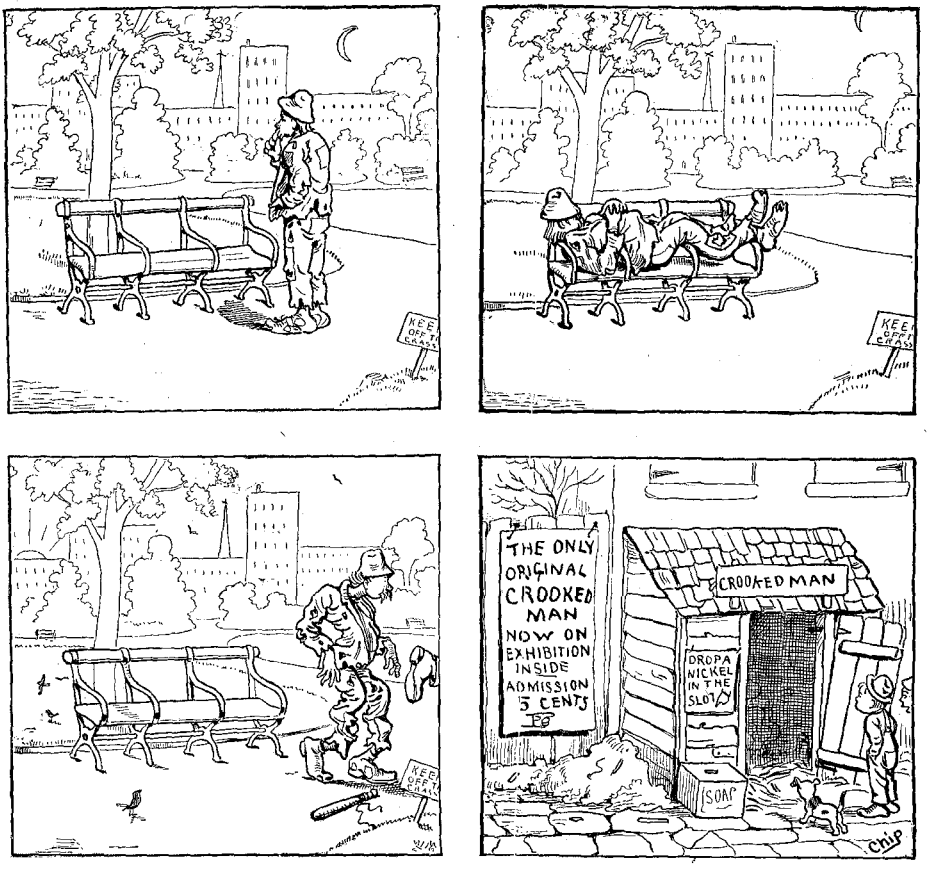
KEEP OFF GRASS
THE ONLY ORIGINAL CROOKED MAN NOW ON EXHIBITION INSIDE ADMISSION 5 CENTS
CROOKED MAN
DROP A NICKEL IN THE SLOT
SOAP
CHIP

Turning Misfortune to Account.

(From a drawing made for this article by F. P. W. Bellew, "Chip.")

lady. It seems to be a faculty in itself, apart from others, independent of all artistic feeling, and one which no amount of education can create. When Mr. Gibson undertakes to depict in the pages of *Life* a woman of refinement and gentle breeding he does it in such a manner that we have no suspicion of her using bad grammar when out of the picture. There are plenty of artists who can draw a pretty woman, well dressed and of obvious wealth, but, as far as we can judge from results, there are not a dozen men in England, nor half that number in America, who can invest their heroines with the elusive *je ne sais quoi* without which a woman of social pretentions will, at least upon paper, forever struggle against hope. Mr. Gibson's style is frank and simple, his effects are rich, and his figures freely but correctly drawn. The men who figure in his pictures are of the type and character the situation demands. His bishops are real bishops. He has, in short, the ability to reproduce the characters he undertakes, and to invest them with a personal interest of their own.

We are gradually developing in this country a quality of work which, if carried forward as begun, will soon place us second to none. And there is little doubt that America contains sufficient talent in this direction, and of the highest order. Our rapid strides within the last few years have shown it. All we needed was an appreciative public. That deficiency is now supplied, and with every promise of not only excelling in numbers all previous

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Not a Dancing Man.
(From a drawing for this article by Charles Dana Gibson.)

publics but of excelling them in education and culture. This, of course, will react in turn upon the artists as the standard is raised, and I see no reason why we should not, within the next ten years, produce the very best examples of the art, and outstrip our former masters.

Freddy's Slate.
(From *Puck's* series.)

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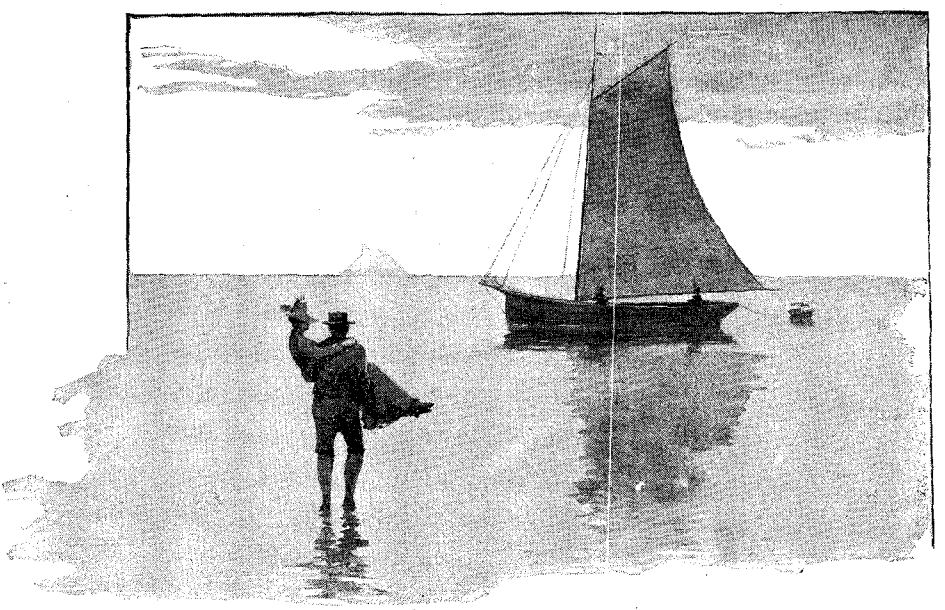
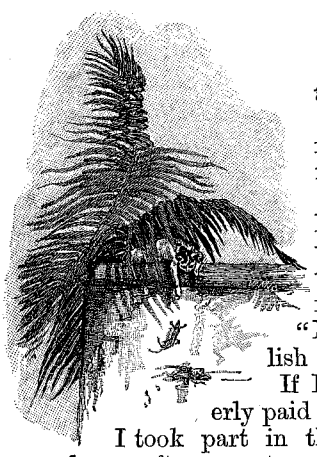


NOTES OF A SUBTROPIC STUDY.

By Edgar Mayhew Bacon.



"SO you have been enjoying the Bermudas this winter?"

"Not the Bermudas—the Bahamas."

"Ah, yes—the Bahamas. By the way, the people there speak Spanish, do they not?"

"No. It is an English colony."

If I had been properly paid for each time that I took part in the foregoing dialogue, after my return from a six months' participation in Bahama life, I should now be in a position to purchase the entire group from Great Britain.

Certainly the reader of these notes needs not to be reminded that those isles of perpetual summer are strewn in a strange, irregular fashion between a point somewhat southeast of Florida and the island of Hayti; that they lie in a setting of golden sand-bars and silver reefs that make navigation among them a matter of skill and sometimes of peril, and that the southernmost member of the colony is about twenty degrees south of the city of New York.

It is to the out-islands, with their primitive fashions still fresh upon them, and something of border romance clinging to them, that I ask you to accompany me; not to often-described Nassau. With the exception of one or two more favored ones, they are out of the usual course of navigation so completely that many of the people have seldom or never seen a steamer, rarely get a newspaper, and dream for years of accomplishing a pilgrimage to the Bahama Mecca—Nassau.

On first visiting Watling's Island (or San Salvador) in a steamer, we approached the land at the same point as did Columbus. The excitement that our

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arrival caused was very marked. The fleet of small boats that swarmed out to meet us; the crowds of eager people—almost the whole population—that congregated at the edge of the white, clear water; even the palm-fringed land sloping down to a scattered settlement of thatched dwellings that bordered the brilliant beach, all reminded one forcibly of an old picture of the landing of the Genoese navigator. It is doubtful if that worthy created any more excitement than did we. To the question when the last steamer stopped there, the magistrate, a pleasant old gentleman, responded: "Steamer? Lord bless you, boy, *we haven't had a steamer here before for two years.*"

Yet half a dozen regular steamship lines pass near Watling's light monthly, or even oftener; and, with anything in the way of production to form a basis for export, it would be easy to open regular and frequent communication with the outside world. As it is, the people are waiting and hoping that somebody or something will somehow at some time move their way. There is a general apathy and supineness that is incomprehensible to the average American.

This is a geographical condition which is either an advantage or a disadvantage as one inclines to view it. If it is good to keep old manners and customs hermetically sealed, so that the nineteenth century can hold near its heart a bit of the eighteenth, just as a modern girl may wear on her bosom an old miniature, then it is an advantage to be always on the inner line of one of the ocean eddies. It is simply a question whether superstition will balance romance and picturesqueness of thought; whether *naïveté* will outweigh ignorance; or the old-fashioned virtues of hospitality, politeness, moderation in speech, and simplicity in manners are to be desired when coupled with such old-fashioned vices as shiftlessness and lax morals. There is still a suspicious flavor of earlier piratical occupancy in the zest with which a Bahaman hails a wreck or engages in a smuggling operation.

It is many years since the institution of slavery was abolished there, but still the colored inhabitants, who are greatly in the majority, are subservient to their white neighbors; the misfortune being that the latter are not always wise. The mingling of the two races has not been generally attended with the best results, for between them has sprung up an intermediate class which presents some of the worst characteristics of both. The white people are often amusingly proud of their English kinship, holding that nothing good can come from any other than the Albion spring. Opposed to these are a very few who are American in their leanings, and as absurdly confident that all goodness and worth, enterprise and might, centre in the "States." The isolated Caucasian is much the same here as elsewhere, except that his constant intercourse with a people always ready to do him reverence has made him indolent and vain. If it were not for a few wide-awake men who, with their families, are scattered like leaven through the provincial lump, there would be little hope for the future of the

A Fruit Seller of the Bahamas.

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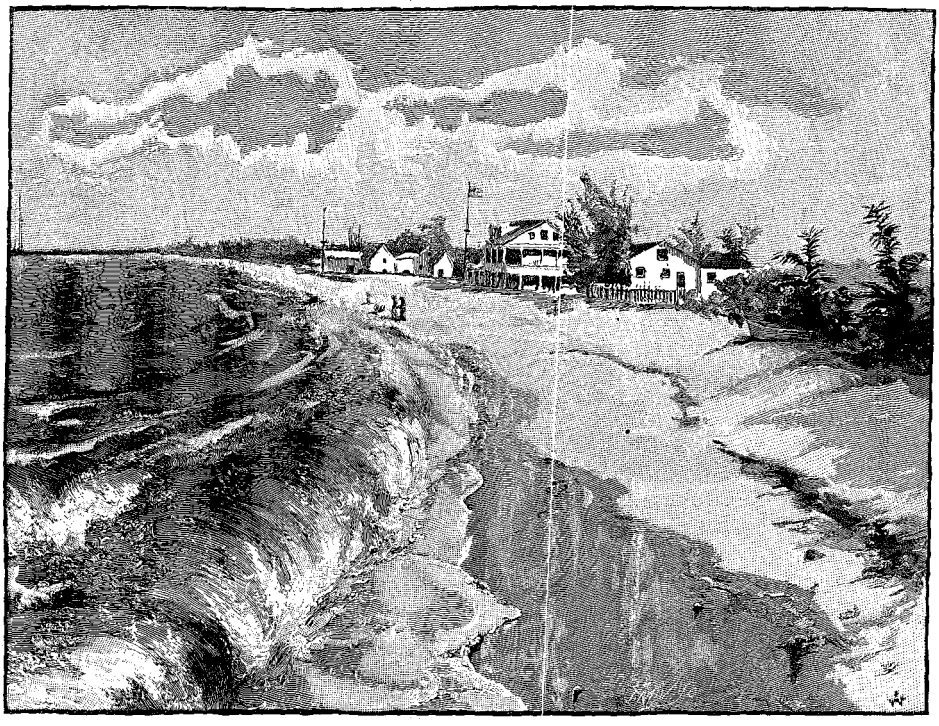
white inhabitant. His days are days of idleness, his aspirations are hardly worth the name, while his life and his children's lives are vitiated and demoralized by constant contact and companionship with the irresponsible negro.



Long Cay, Fortune Island.

In the negro there seems to be a larger promise. He is the true Bahaman. When he gets where he can look the white man level in the eyes and forget his race-stigma he will grow. He belongs to the climate and to the soil. Even where he is now his vices do not seem repulsive, his immoralities are hardly shocking (except when shared by his dominant brother), and his kind disposition, sunny temper, and hap-hazard methods of working and living render him generally attractive and always interesting. Perhaps his most prominent failing is his want of proper pride. He is eager to agree with your opinions even to the extent of frequently contradicting himself. A lack of strong personality is strikingly shown by his readiness to change his name. If you have occasion to pay off a gang of men, half the claimants will present names not upon the pay-roll. After a while you discover that Sandy Smith has become William Major, that George Ambrister is converted into Henry Cartwright, and so on through the list. A man's nominal identity does not seem to be a matter of the least importance to him. Besides this, there is a general readiness to accept charity, even when remunerative work may be staring the mendicant in the face. The better educated negro may not ask for a shilling, but he will not hesitate to let you know how you may serve or benefit him. There was a white-haired old fellow, with a skin so fair that in another climate no one would suspect his lineage to be of the house of Ham, who began his attacks upon my sympathies before I had fairly got the northern chill out of my blood, and continued his interested attack long after I was brown as a native and as well known as the oldest inhabitant. He brought shells which he was willing to part with for twenty times their value in silver; he hinted, yes, more than hinted, that he

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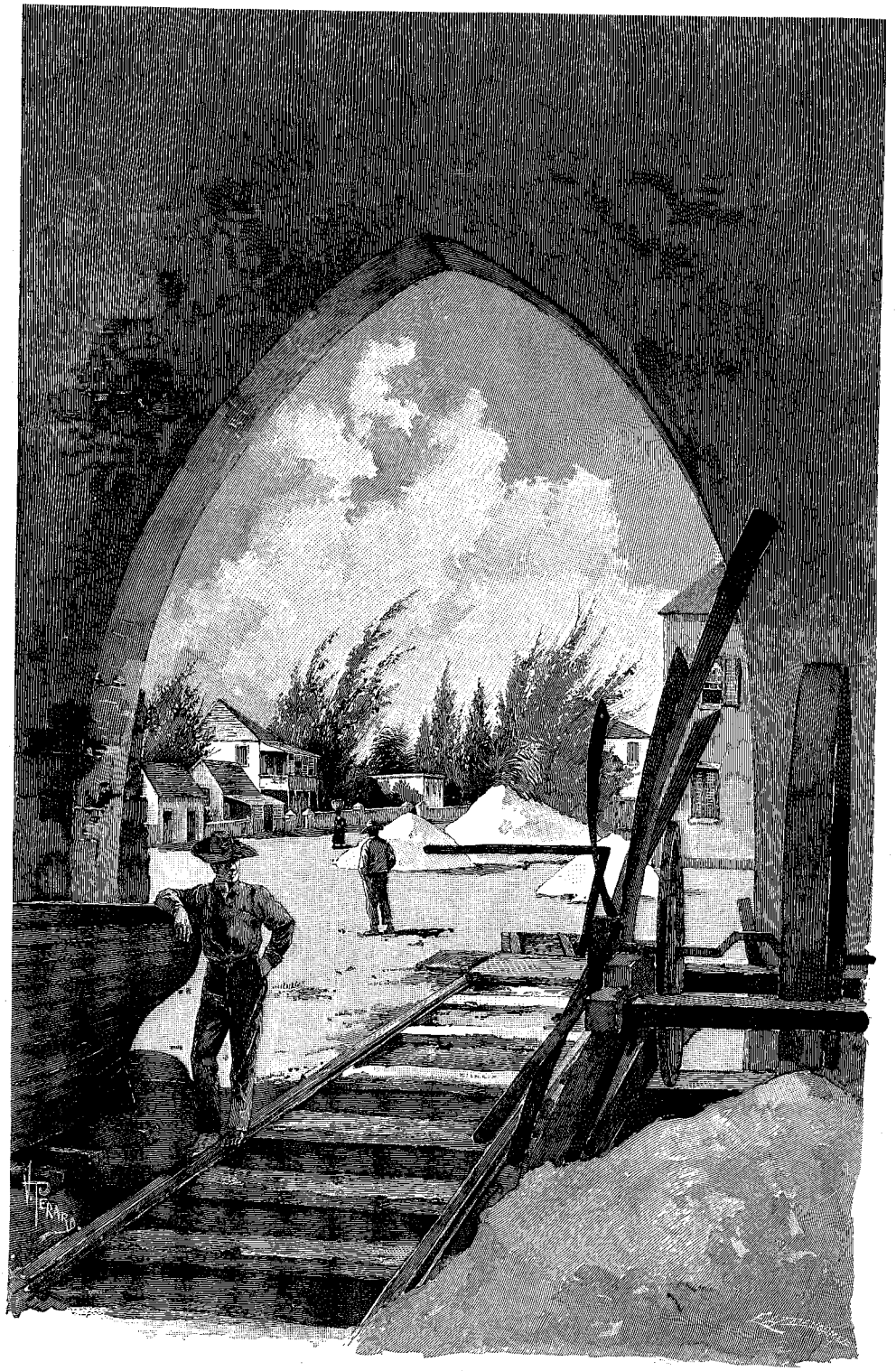

Inagua, Front Street, from the Salt House. Salt Heaps in Distance.

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had a warm admiration for certain articles of personal apparel which I possessed. He even sank so low as to laugh convulsively at the derision which I heaped upon him. In the end he succeeded in securing a shilling, and straightway began to lie awake nights to contrive a plan by which to get another.

A very pertinent question was recently asked by a thoughtful man, anent the moral status of the colored natives: "Are they immoral or only unmoral?" This is a question which seems to answer itself. They are only unmoral. Many fine points and nice distinctions in ethics, which usually engage the attention of civilized people, they never trouble themselves to consider. There is no logic in their morality. One may love his neighbor, and then extend the affection to his neighbor's family. If a man appropriates somebody else's wife, for example, he does it in a manner so kind and gentle that the offence is robbed of half its unpleasantness.

"William."

There is another common trait, whether mental or moral it is hard to determine, which may best be described by an illustrative story. An old man whose daughter, lately grown to womanhood, was among the best-dressed and best-behaved damsels of her native town met her one day upon the street, and, stepping up to her, without a word struck her two or three sharp blows. When interrogated as to his motive for such an act, he replied: "Dat my own chile. She ain' do nuttin', on'y she get too fine. *I mus' hit her jus' to show 'tority.*" The deed was a typical one. There are many absurd, irrational things done by this race "just to show authority."

Larceny is rare in the islands. The inhabitants are seldom thieves, and the jails are usually empty. There is rather a good story, by the way, which is told of the Inagua jail, which, common report claims, is haunted. The ground upon which the building stands used to be subject to voudoos or obeah, or witchcraft in some other African form, so that no one liked to stray there after sunset. After the prison was erected it stood for some time empty, till at last the authorities secured a culprit in the person of a sailor who had committed some criminal offence. We may imagine that the rejoicing of the state's officers at thus proving their right to have a jail must have been great when the culprit was safely incarcerated; but such feelings, if they indulged them, did not last long. Shortly after midnight there was a terrible outcry heard in the building, and those who at length summoned courage to investigate found the sailor almost dead with terror. The old spell was evidently still operative; he had seen the ghosts. At his urgent entreaty the officers, being sensible men and persuaded of the justice of his reasoning, set the unfortunate man at liberty.

In their dealings with each other the people are so sharp that business transactions are frequently followed by an *envoy* in a police court. In fact, the Magistrate's Office is a favorite resort for the black folks of both sexes, their charges often being of the most trivial character, and seldom permanently interrupting the good feeling which usually exists between the litigants.

One magistrate complained to me that he hated to fine the delinquents who were brought daily before him, because they generally ended by borrowing of him the money with which to pay their fines.

Rudimentary education is general.

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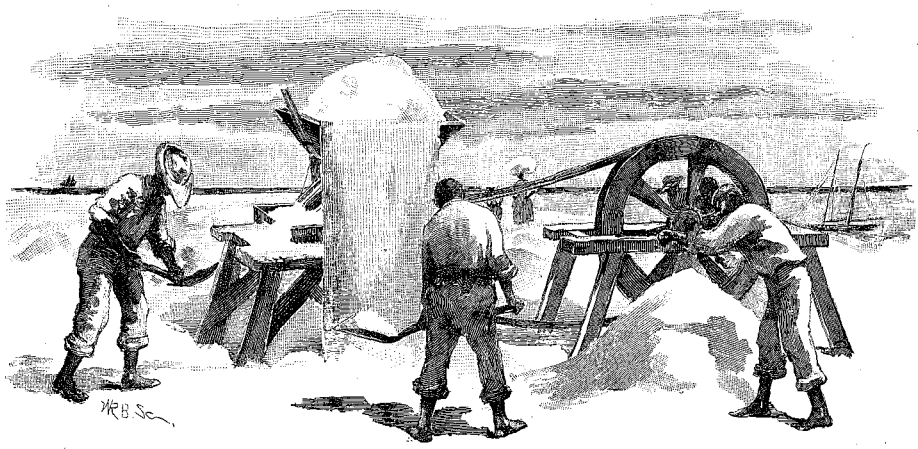
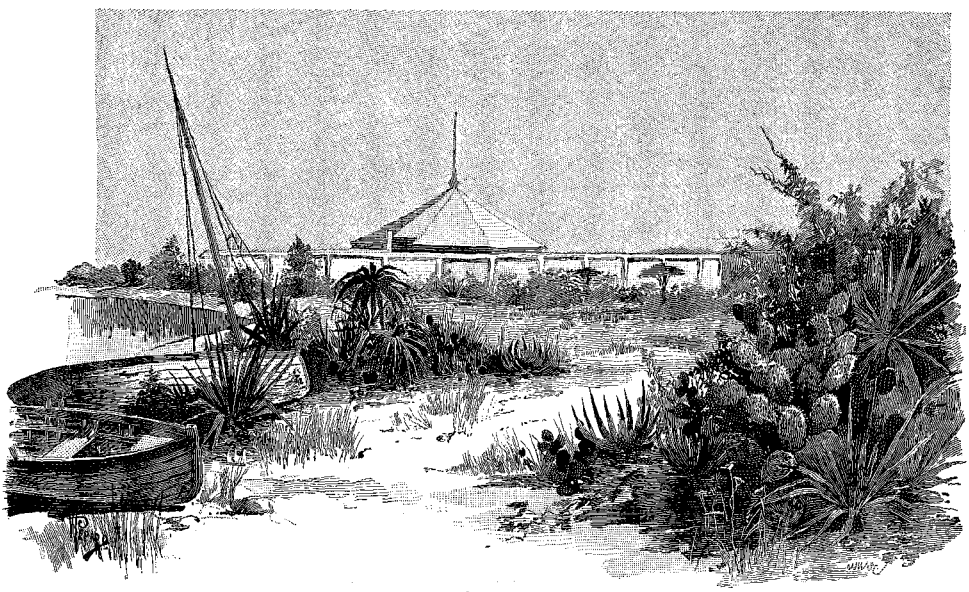


Grinding Salt.

Every settlement except the very smallest has its public school, where the stranger in passing will be amused to hear the shrill chant of young voices repeating the alphabet or the multiplication-table. There is something very strangely discordant in the sound, as though it issued from an organ composed of defective treble pipes. Enter the school-room and you will find that, whatever deficiency there may be in other studies, there is a general proficiency in mental arithmetic. Almost every Bahaman reads; the percentage of



The Haunted Jail, Inagua.

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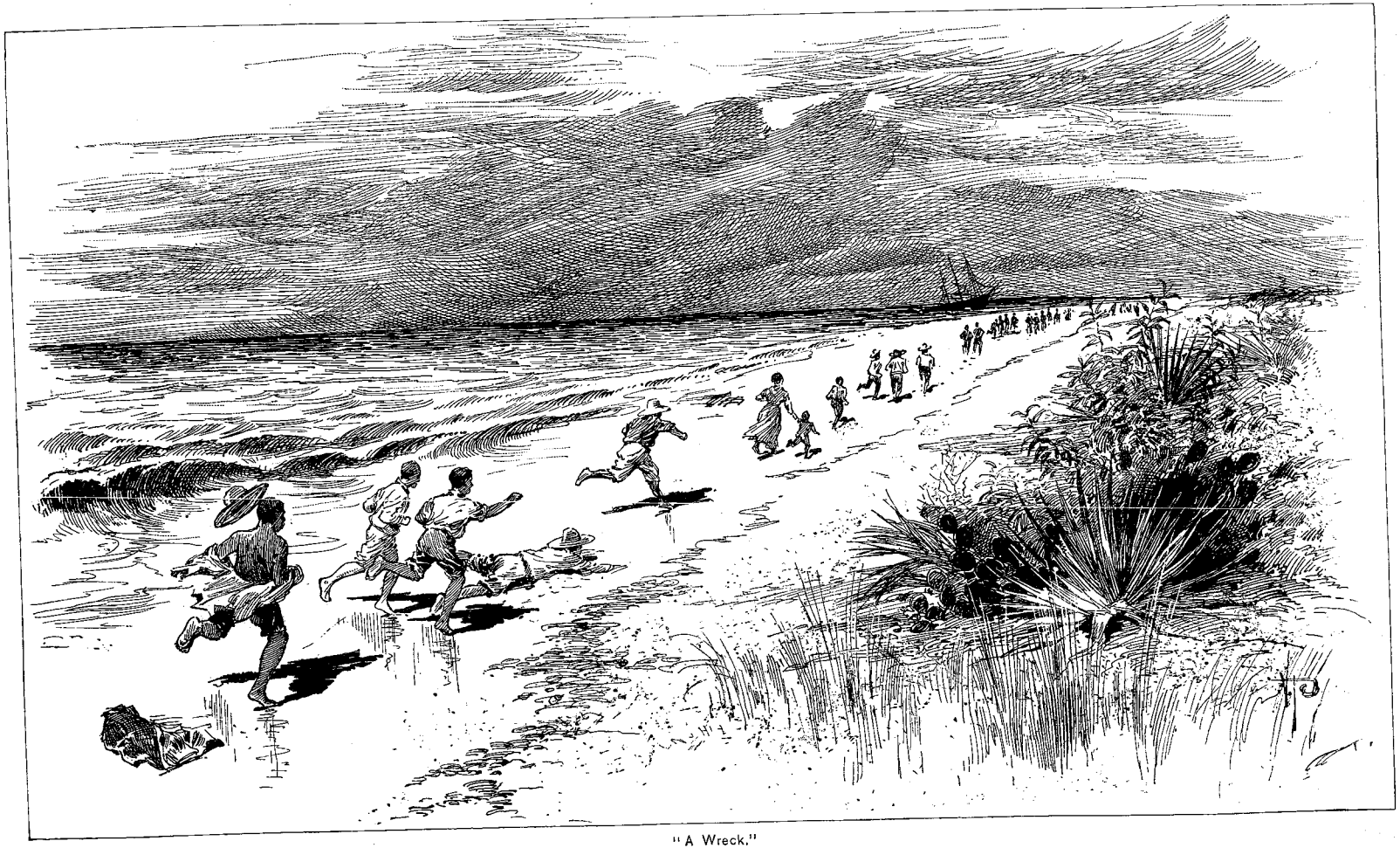

"A Wreck."

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those who are unable to do so being very small. Along a graded color-line the student follows with interest the growth of intellectual grasp, through the various shades of chocolate and yellow humanity, from the perusal of the *Nassau Guardian* or the *Turk's Island Gazette* to the study of some late ethical discussion in an American magazine or review. But it will be apparent, even to the most optimistic observer, that reading is not the chief occupation of the islander's leisure. Even were inclination and habit more exacting, the poverty of the average native would stand in the way of his possessing many books or periodicals. Of public libraries I know at least one fairly good one, composed mostly of standard English works; but the method, or rather want of method, with which it is catalogued and conducted largely defeats its usefulness.

Occasionally an example of erratic mental activity is presented, as in the case of a colored man who is periodically hunted by a swarming legion of imaginary "voudoos," who make his house untenable. At such times his neighborhood is neither pleasant nor safe, but between these attacks the poor victim shows a marked degree of intelligence, conducting his business with considerable skill, and often inventing little contrivances to lessen his labor.

A more amusing case of mania is that of a great hulking negro who, years ago, adopted the dress, habits, and mincing manners of a woman; and he has for so long a time been known as Miss Brown —the name he chose for himself—that people are apt to forget that his pretensions are spurious.

Violent insanity is rare. Yet I shall never forget, as one of the saddest and most striking spectacles that I ever witnessed, the removal of a maniac girl from her home to that only place of confinement, the jail. It was along a sandy path shadowed by tropical foliage, bordered by a broken wall over which the passion-flowers ran riot, that the *cortège* of natives came. In advance fled a herd of frightened children, going a few steps in dismay, and then, as curiosity got the better of fear, stopping to gaze back at the terrifying object. There she walked, between two strong black women, others behind impelling her forward; a girl as beautiful and shapely as some bronze *bacchante*, with wild eyes, clothes torn and dishevelled, and arms flung out in supplication. It was a sad, strange, pitiful sight.

To the question where they were taking her, one of the women answered:

"Jes' to de jail yonner. We is totin' her dere 'cause she done gone mad, an' dey ain' no yuther place to put her at."

"How long has she been mad?"

"How long she is been so? Oh, I dunno, sir. She ain' ben righ' dis long time. Dey lock her in de jail now and den ef she ain' dead, dey sen' her to Nassau nex' mail."

This treatment of the insane matches very well the usual course pursued in cases of sickness. The poor patient is overvisited from the first. He is sung to, talked to, and prayed over, till, being medicined after the most approved Indian methods, he finally dies in sheer self-defence. A black man was recently employed to take care of a sick neighbor, and one morning soon after reported on his charge as follows:

"He wuss ebery day. He 'pear like he ain' *goin'* get well. I done *jam* de word o' Gawd into him all de time sense I been dere."

He was admonished that he was not employed to "jam" the word of God into his suffering brother, but to jam nourishment into his system. The sick man failed to recover.

It seems hardly necessary to record of members of the African family that they are superstitious. The vagaries of belief are preserved fragments of archaic Congo religion. The old bottle or charmed bag hung up in a field is still often sufficiently potent to scare away the more ignorant, and no watch or ward would protect treasure from molestation half as well as a good ghost story. No one cares to pass a graveyard after nightfall. I have known a boat's crew disturbed because a bag of sand ballast thrown overboard looked like a sheet or a shroud beneath the surface of the deep, and the smell of watermelon which once greeted us out at sea was immediately attributed to spirits.

Of dialect there is every shade, between the consonantless grumble of the old

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African and the modified English of his descendant in the fourth or fifth generation. There is a splendid field for the enthusiastic student of lingual peculiarities. A babel of tongues is loosed whenever a political question is started. For, be it known, all Bahamans are, to a certain extent, politicians; that is, to the extent of being more or less intelligently interested in the action of their representatives in the Colonial House, and in the attitude of the Governor. The reason is not far to seek. Every question which comes up touches the whole colony, if it has any importance at all. There is no vast territory with various business interests to be considered. The laws passed at Nassau must interest Watlings, or Rum Cay, or Inagua, or Fortune Island almost equally, since all are engaged in about the same pursuits and living under the same conditions. The government is both representative and paternal. The members of the Colonial Legislature are elected by popular vote and serve without salary. Many of them are colored men.

These representatives are not always resident on the islands for which they sit. Thus the member for Inagua lives in Nassau, and the member for the western district of Nassau is also resident magistrate at Inagua. The laws passed by the legislature are locally administered by magistrates, assisted by justices of the peace, or by visiting or circuit judges, of whom there are two in the colony. The Governor is appointed by the Crown, and exercises a fatherly supervision over the affairs of his subjects, after the usual fashion of benign colonial governors. Occasionally he makes tours of inspection among the out-islands, gladdening the hearts of his people, inquiring into their wants, noting the conditions of advantage and disadvantage under which they labor, and receiving their account of grievances, of which there is usually a full budget.

Having the good fortune to be present at one of the islands when His Excellency Sir Ambrose Shea paid a visit, I was interested to observe the good feeling that was reciprocally shown. After a morning spent with some of the more prominent inhabitants of the little town, Sir Ambrose signified his intention of addressing the people in some public place. The library was selected as being the largest and most pleasant room in the village, and messengers were sent to inform the colored people of the event, and to gather in an audience; but for a time it seemed as though they would be unsuccessful, as only half a dozen men and women had arrived at the hour appointed.

While we waited, an old man embraced the opportunity to present a lonesome little petition of his own. It was all about some cattle that insisted upon straying into his field and eating up his corn and plantains. The Governor sat in an arm-chair by one of the cool windows, a look of puzzlement on his kindly face; turning first to one and then to another of those who were around him, asking: "What does he say?" or, "Can you understand him now?" as the ancient African proceeded to unburden his vexed soul.

"Um, um—Yo' Ex'luncy. I is obligated to um—a—present to yo' kineness de queshon, yo' Ex'luncy, how we is goin' kee' d' cattle f'um dewowin' our fiel'. I wex wid dis queshon dis long time. Da's a queshon, yo' Ex'luncy, da go way back 'fo' de time dey buil' de saltpon'. I ole man, mo' oler dan yuther inhabtan'. I ben heah mo' longer, yo' Ex'luncy, an' I knows how de queshon 'riginally ben grow. De hole maata righ' heah; how I is goin' he'p 'ese'f w'en dey ain' no way kee' d' cattle out. Now, yo' Ex'luncy, I—um—ain' da' larned, but I gatter say disher: *How*——"

The address was interrupted. A sound — a remarkable sound — of drum and fife, with a suggestion to the uninitiated that perhaps the sackbut and the psaltery were adding their obsolete strains to the minstrelsy. Out of the windows we saw a procession filing down the sandy street—black men with black coats, over which were worn red and white sashes; a few banners, a scarlet-coated band of musicians, and several score women in white, pink, and blue dresses. The societies were coming in a body to hear the Governor's address. In a few moments afterward the library room was filled with a respectful, attentive crowd,

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to whom his Excellency spoke upon the subject he had come to interest them in, the production of the "pita" plant, or hemp-fibre, in the colony.

After the conclusion of his speech, in which many advantages and concessions were promised to those who would take land and go to work on it, Sandy Ambrister, the President of the Union Society, rose to respond. He was comically enveloped in his scarf, and the sleeves of his black coat somewhat interfered with the free play of his fingers, but his tongue was loosed. He told his fellow-citizens how good the Governor was to them:

"'E talkee lak a fader to um. 'E say 'go wuk.' D'as righ'. Wukke like a me. I done tole um so; tak 'e cutlass, —bus' in head fus'. Tak 'e shut off. De Gov'ner good maan; talkee lak a fader."

The conclusion of President Sandy's address, though good from a Bahaman standpoint, might not commend itself to the better cultured underwriter. It was this: "An' now, my bred'rin, pray de Lawd he sen' us a good wrack, so'st we kin get a few shillin' to buy de lan'."

Sandy was by no means as well educated as most of his hearers, but he had the great advantage of knowing experimentally how to "bus' in head fus." When I last saw him he had taken his own advice and, cutlass in hand, his old arm was clearing land to some advantage.

After the meeting in the library, as we descended the steps, the band struck up a lugubrious tune, whereat the Governor uncovered his head and stood with a respectful air of attention. As it finished I asked in a whisper, "What was that?" and he smilingly replied, "I *think* it was 'God save the Queen.'"

The effort I have alluded to—*i.e.*, to introduce hemp cultivation in the colony—is already an assured success, and it is safe to say that in the "pita" aloe lies the future wealth of the Bahama Islands. It needs only a glance at the present condition of Yucatan and other Mexican States, and a comparison of their present great prosperity with their poverty before "sisal" became the staple cultivation, to convince one that with a plant which grows larger, takes less time to mature, and yields more and better fibre than that of Yucatan, the prospect for these islands is very brilliant. Heretofore, ere the value of the Bahama hemp-plant was known to the inhabitants, salt, sponges, turtle-shells, fruit, and cocoa-nuts formed the exports. But sea-salt had other enemies besides the heavy duty which America imposed upon its import, pineapple lands played out in time, and the cocoa-nuts were far from being always a success. There is still something done with each of these products, and probably always will be; but their importance in the eyes of the people is a thing of the past. Those whose inexperience leads them to burn their fingers with salt are yearly growing fewer.

I omitted to mention wrecking among the Bahama industries, yet it has its place, which is far from being an unimportant one. Men, women, and children will abandon any pursuit to throng to the scene of a wreck. An entire congregation will swarm out of church at such a summons, the men divesting themselves of superfluous clothing as they run, pitching garments over walls or into the bushes for the women to pick up. They are as active and prompt in their work, and as skilful, as the members of the New York Fire Department are in theirs. Nor does the labor require less nerve and skill. To take a boat out through a beating surf, in water which is not by any means free from sharks, and successfully save the cargo, rigging, and even the furniture, of a wrecked vessel, to say nothing of the human lives, is not work for a coward or an unskilled boatman. The pay for salvage is high, so that a "fat" wreck is a thing to be prayed for and long remembered.

Numberless stories are told of the facility with which the insular conscience reconciles itself to the idea of assisting to wreck a vessel. Rather a knotty case was that of one of the older pilots, who was suspected and tried several years ago for complicity in a crime of this nature. At the trial two points are said to have been proven by witnesses: First, that the pilot was in the cabin of the vessel one afternoon for some time, and that when he came out he was heard to

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say, piously, "Well, cap'n, if it *mus'* be so, de Lawd's will be done;" and, second, that the next morning the vessel was hard and fast ashore. The laborers appear to work with more intelligence and energy when on or in the sea. Salt-water seems to be vivifying in its effect. Perhaps it is the unending, unyielding demand for activity in action and thought which the ocean always makes upon those who wrestle with it, that accounts for this difference in character. But it certainly is the case that the colored laborer of the Bahamas does not seem fonder of continued exertion when in his field or engaged in shore work than does his race-brother elsewhere. Yet he is not lazy either, for often he proves a capacity for spurts of exertion that are remarkable when one takes the climate into consideration. Calling a negro one day, I gave him a note to be delivered to a gentleman who was at a point eighteen miles distant, the path between being a mere trail through sand-waste, water-pools, and brush. He was to bring an answer back by sunset. Starting cheerfully, though the day was a hot one, he actually made the thirty-six miles within fifteen minutes of the time appointed, and showed not the slightest trace of fatigue. Asking him what the service was to cost, he rather bashfully asked if I thought "fo' shillin'" (a dollar) would be too much. I do not mention this walk as an uncommon feat. I have known it excelled by women.

The daily routine of labor for a working man is very unlike that of his northern prototype. "Early to rise," whether it results in health, wealth, and wisdom or not, is the rule. Coffee is the first thing on the daily programme, and then work till about ten o'clock, when breakfast is in order. By four o'clock the day's task is performed, and the laborer goes home to his dinner and rest.

His pay is not always in money. An employer will often have a store where his employees are paid in provisions or merchandise, in most cases rarely seeing money from one month to the next. It will be readily seen that this "truck system," as it is called, is liable to great abuse. It becomes often a species of slavery, the consumer being allowed sufficient credit to effectually enchain him; and generally paying his master two profits for everything he uses. The bare necessaries of a savage life are produced on the islands; all else is imported, so that when the importers have got the people tied hand and foot, as is the case on one or two of the islands, the poor wretches must either submit to the tyranny, having no money, or credit elsewhere, or they must go naked and subsist on what they can raise on the soil or get out of the sea.

The individual islands, it must be confessed, differ greatly in this respect. Upon one of the most important of the smaller ones a certain man, who has carried the trucking system to its limit, glories in the title of "King."

There is only one road leading to and from the homes of these islanders. It is the great, blue highway of the sea. Toward it hope looks, night and morning, and its chances are the special providences that brighten the provincial life. Remember that all things for food or other use, except the very simplest; all ideas, all news, all knowledge, all things that interest, amuse, instruct, must come by vessel, and then you will understand how the sight of a sail or a steamer's smoke is greeted with eager interest. A stranger presents all the chances of a lottery till he has fairly cast anchor and his business is fully known. The sailors, who come not only from neighboring ports, but from the uttermost parts of the earth, bring with them a flavor of many lands. To-day it may be a yacht, fitted with all the luxury demanded by modern taste; to-morrow a smuggler on his way to some Haytian or Cuban port, and the next day a whaler turning homeward after a year or two of work. There may be a month of loneliness, when a sail on the horizon is a godsend to minds weary with the reiteration of small local affairs; then all at once the harbor or roadstead will be full of craft—a strangely assorted fleet; and the mariner from Maine, or the fisherman from Nova Scotia, hails his neighbor from Norway or Austria, England or Spain, and together they proceed to enliven the settlement where chance has drawn them. The boy who has gone away to seek his fortunes and to see the world, comes back some day on

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one of these unheralded vessels, and is full of wonderful tales of the cities he has seen and the adventures he has taken part in. Cold, snow, and ice are among the marvellous things he tells about, always finding an interested audience.

Nothing more primitive can be imagined than the mode of travelling from island to island. The wonder, to one who has tried the provincial way, is not that so few people leave home, but that anyone can be induced to do so except in case of dire necessity. Even a man is reduced to sore straits, and to a woman the discomforts and inconveniences are simply horrible. Even upon the mail-boat (until *very* lately) there was no accommodation for more than eight passengers, and these were of the crudest type. A stuffy cabin with eight berths, four upper and four lower ones, that were more like potato-bins than anything else, often had to serve for double that number of people. Besides these were perhaps a score of "second class" passengers, who were crowded in the hold or on the deck—anywhere, in fact, that they could find room to spread themselves. Bedding, store-chest, everything that one needed or was likely to require for a long voyage, had to be provided by the passenger. Yet, why do I write in the past tense? The experiment of using some better means of conveyance is only now being tried, and does not extend to—nor is it intended to include—all the islands of the group. If the discomfort of travel by the mail-boat is great, what must be said of the chance craft, the sponge-fishers, turtlers, traders, and even dirty Haytian sloops, in which the majority must go if they would ever widen their horizon? Among the lower people I have even known two women make a voyage of forty-eight hours in a little deckless sloop, in company with three men, and the feat was not uncommon enough to excite remark.

The better class of people charter little schooners to take them where they want to go, if the expense is not greater than they can stand; for this is apt to be a costly undertaking. If one chances to be becalmed, as often happens, or is forced by stress of weather to take refuge in some harbor or bight, the voyage is indefinitely prolonged. Ten days is not an uncommonly long time to consume in travelling from one end of the group to the other.

Yet the life of the Bahaman, especially the lower-class native, is a life full of romance. A primitive existence, a superstitious, imaginative mind, and the great ocean with all its might and mystery encircling him, compensate for much of life's discomfort. From generation to generation the old tales of marooners and buccaneers are handed down. Enough treasure has been found at various points to form a basis for marvellous tales, and also for some hair-brained expeditions. Caves have produced images carved by forgotten hands, and bones (presumably) of aboriginal origin. A well in one place, and a circle of stones somewhere else, are witched. Every island has its traditions, and every tradition is more or less believed. Wrecks, smuggling, feats of prowess in storm, and of endurance in stress, all become the components of a not unattractive border life, and would doubtless, in any other age than ours, crystallize into an interesting chapter of folk-lore. The time of all others to hear a provincial *raconteur* is on a moonlight night, when a number of men congregate about the fishing-boats, or upon some spar that lies at the end of a rocky point whence an approaching sail may be first sighted. The narrator becomes interested, gesticulates freely, even acts the more exciting parts of his story, while the little audience good-humoredly applaud with laughter that is seldom boisterous or prolonged, and occasionally add such remarks as: "Dat ain't so coarse," "Da's righ'," or "Hi! 'e tellin' um now, for true."

In his home-life the negro is, strangely enough, usually contented and kind. I say strangely, because the tie that binds these black bodies to each other is not of the strongest. It is formed and broken frequently without legal or churchly aid or intervention. But the children, I am convinced, would compare favorably in their manners and appearance with young people of similar grade in any part of the world.

Many of the inhabitants are banded together in societies, whose object is to

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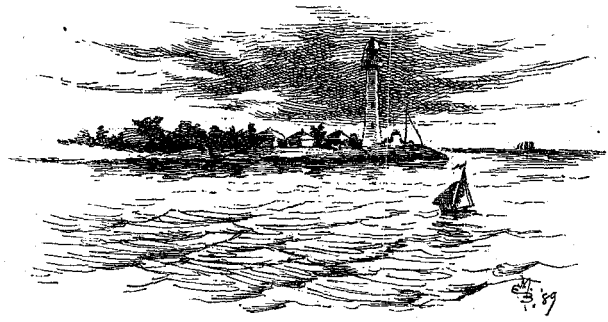
care for the sick and dying, and provide for the families of disabled or deceased members. Upon high days and holidays these societies love to parade with all the pomp and circumstance of wide scarfs, flaunting banners, and gorgeous bands. A band may be composed of one or two wind instruments (difficult to identify), a drum, triangle, concertina, and tambourine, and afford more solid satisfaction to its patrons than the performance would seem to warrant.

The societies divide with the churches the duty of satisfying the organizing instinct. Three denominations, Episcopal, Baptist, and Methodist, share a somewhat imperfect sway over the consciences and lives of the people. The race-love for show leads many of the stranger within their gates. Their costumes are wildly grotesque, home-made affairs, that enhance the drollery of the dances, grimaces, and antics of the performers.

Before and behind these masquers, who are generically known as "Johnny Canoe," come troops of children, half afraid and wholly delighted with the performance. Fire-crackers play an important part in the Christmas observance, just as on the Fourth of July with us. Indeed, "any noise, good or bad," is acceptable.

As in all small communities, weddings and their festal opposite, funerals, make large demands upon popular interest. A wedding affords opportunities that the more sombre funeral does



The Light at Mathewtown, Bahama Islands.

colored people into the fold of the Established Church, where they are satisfied with ritualistic observance, while others find in the freer chapels of Methodist and Baptist persuasion that peculiar bliss that emotional natures enjoy when exchanging the experiences of a common faith.

A chapel is a sort of safety-valve for the pent up emotions of men who elsewhere appear singularly quiet and repressed.

However, on one day in the year at least, an exception is made to the general rule of orderliness and decorum. After the church services on Christmas Day, the towns are given over to the merrymakers, who go in companies through the streets, masked and hideously apparelled. They play every conceivable prank upon their brethren and incessantly demand money from their more exalted townsmen or from the not; yet I think that the general enjoyment of the latter is more keen. To meet solemnly at some neighbor's house in the unaccustomed garb of holy days; to talk in whispers of the departed brother or sister, with sundry digressions on every known topic under the tropic sun; to wait through the hour during which the people are assembling and the mournful preliminaries arranged, while the hush grows more profound, afford a melancholy satisfaction. The mocking-bird that sings lustily from his perch in yonder cotton-tree, or the wood-dove that calls from the tamarind in the next yard, are the only living creatures that do not seem to feel the presence of the mysterious visitor. The guests at length take their places in the procession that forms at the gate and walks to the quiet graveyard, preceded by the bearers and the dead.

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It is a rite to satisfy the negro's easily moved soul. How slow and eminently decorous is that assemblage. The afternoon sun makes long shadows for each mourner, for five o'clock is the usual time for funerals. The white sand of the streets, walled by the white calcareous rock fences, crowned with palm and cork, anaconda bush and jessamine, glitters beneath the hundred dusky feet that impress it. Yonder, after you have passed those few houses, innocent of windows, and roofed with thatch-palm, you are suddenly face to face with a high wall, behind which a few trees look over in a melancholy fashion. The gates are open, and the funeral procession follows that way after the bearers, who have already entered. A few mounds, fewer still having head-stones, lie in the shade of the cedars, or are sprinkled with the white falling oleander blossoms.

And here, after a life scarcely less unobtrusive and quiet, we leave the islander to continue his repose.

AT LES ÉBOULEMENTS.

By Duncan Campbell Scott.

THE bay is set with ashy sails,
With purple shades that fade and flee,
And curling by in silver wales
The tide is straining from the sea.

The grassy points are slowly drowned,
The water laps and over-rolls
The wicker pêche; with shallow sound
A light wave labors on the shoals.

The crows are feeding in the foam,
They rise in crowds tumultuously,
"Come home," they cry, "come home, come home!
And leave the marshes to the sea."

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THE AGE OF WORDS.

By E. J. Phelps.

HISTORY has given names to many ages in the life of the world; ours is the age of words—those cheap and easy substitutes for thought: invented, the witty Frenchman said, to conceal thought; he might better have said, to conceal the want of it. Never since the creation has there come upon the earth such a deluge of talk as the latter half of the nineteenth century has heard. The orator is everywhere, and has all subjects for his own. The writer stayeth not his hand by day or by night. Every successive day brings forth in the English tongue more discourse than all the great speakers of the past have left behind them, and more printed matter, such as it is, than the contents of an ordinary library. Human utterance has become so constant, so multiplied, diffused, reported, and repeated, so typed, stereotyped, telegraphed, published, and circulated: all conceivable subjects are so discussed, considered, amplified, and reconsidered, in speeches, books, pamphlets, magazines, reviews, and millions of newspapers, that there is no escape anywhere from the ceaseless flow. Whatever is, is attacked; whatever has been, is denied; whatever is to be, is loudly predicted; whatever ought to be, is set forth by a thousand voices, each variant from all the rest. Ready-made opinions on all topics are abundant and cheap, and in ample variety. There is no longer an excuse for any man to be ignorant of anything, and whatever he ventures to believe or disbelieve, he equally sins against light. Invention is exhausted in multiplying the means of transmitting knowledge. We are stupefied by the diffusion of intelligence, and lose our eyesight under the excessive glare of light. While the simple-minded wayfarer, at a loss to know what he should attend to and what he should avoid, is bewildered and confounded by the very abundance of the argument that does not convince him, the literature he is unable to enjoy, the learning that profiteth him nothing, and the philosophy that conducts to no end.

With the quantity of utterance its positiveness does not diminish, nor its modesty increase. We no longer suggest, we assert: we do not question, we denounce: we imitate, in all marketplaces, the adjuration of the Mohammedan fig-seller, and cry the louder as our wares grow stale: "In the name of Allah and his Holy Prophet"—Words! Words! How long the supply of material for so much deliverance may be expected to hold out, how long even the east wind of which so large a share of it is composed will continue to blow, is a question that cannot be answered. We certainly seem to be approaching the time when hardly anything will be left to be said on any subject that has not been said before—perhaps many times over; when all known topics will begin to be exhausted; when the numberless discussions that never come to an end will have quite lost their interest, and the patient and overburdened listeners and readers—few in comparison

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with the speakers and the writers—will be ready to exclaim, "to the making of many books there is no end;" yet "there is nothing new under the sun," in the language of men.

It is reported that when a Chinese official was once a prisoner of war on a British ship, the offer was made by his captors to send on shore for any books he might desire, to lighten the hours of his captivity. The offer was declined by the Mandarin, who gravely remarked that he had already read all the books in the world that were worth reading. May not the time be somewhere in the future when we shall, in like manner, refuse to listen any longer to the voice of the teacher, in the belief that we have already heard and read everything that is worth saying?

The resources of the English language have been found to require expansion in order to afford a vehicle for all this discourse. There were not words enough in the "pure English undefiled" to meet the demand; because, as thought grows hazy, language needs to multiply. Words of clear and definite meaning do not answer the purpose, where ideas are uncertain and obscure. A writer who is not quite sure what he is trying to mean, needs a verbiage adapted to his state of mind. So a vast increase of words has taken place, with many of which dictionaries struggle in vain, to the sad detriment of our vernacular, and the much increased confusion of current ideas. In the compilation of the Oxford Dictionary, which undertakes to give an account of every word in the language, it is stated in the *Edinburgh Review* that thirty years' labor has produced one volume of 1,240 closely printed quarto pages in triple columns, only containing words beginning with the letters A and B, and that these number 31,254, including those of doubtful meaning, and of no meaning at all. At what remote period is it reasonable to expect that this work will be completed? And when finished, what, at the same rate of increase, will be the supplement to be added, of new words coined in the meantime?

But seriously, and in the most sober prose, consider for a moment how enormous, beyond human power of calculation, is the product of the printing-press at the present day, and how rapidly it is every year increasing, in all its forms and departments. Regard, in the first place, what is only a small part of it, the number of books that have been published in our tongue in the last forty years. Statistics of their quantity, if it were possible to compile them, would be startling. They cover, in an endless flow and repetition of words, every topic that is within the compass of human apprehension, in all views, right and wrong, that can be taken of it. That among this vast mass are to be found a considerable number of good books, additions in one way or another to the sum of useful knowledge, or to the means of rational mental enjoyment, is not to be questioned. But how large is this number? What proportion does it bear to the whole? By how much of the remainder is the world or any part of it the wiser, the better, or the happier? How considerable a share of it is even positively mischievous in its effect upon the popular mind, in the false taste, erroneous ideas, and unworthy prejudices it generates. And how certainly does the lapse of twenty or even ten years consign the great bulk of it to oblivion. The past literature of our language is splendid and unsurpassed. The race that produced it has now swelled in this country alone to nearly sixty-five millions. We boast loudly of our largely increased machinery for education, our monstrous and numerous libraries, our extraordinary spread of intelligence, our immense advances in learning and knowledge, our wide range and extension of thought; we lay the whole world under contribution, and print a thousand volumes where those who gave us our permanent literature printed one—and yet, in the whole of it, what and how many real additions have we made to that literature? Who and how many are the living writers who have contributed anything to it that will live in after-time, or whose names will be likely to be remembered when they have been fifty years dead? Where are our poets, our dramatists, our historians, our essayists, our philosophers, our really capable critics?

These are questions that everyone can

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answer for himself. It is the object of the present suggestions to ask them, not to answer them, nor to challenge the claim to distinction that any person may think belongs to him. There can be no juster commentary upon current literature than results from taking a lantern and honestly searching for its great men, among the multitude of its disciples. A few will doubtless be found—some of them beyond the iron gate of threescore years and ten. But how few and far between in such a countless army of authors, let each observer judge for himself.

Popular literature nowadays consists in large part of fiction, of which the authors are more prolific than the Australian rabbit. Now, that fiction may be, to a certain limited extent, one of the most charming as well as wholesome forms of literary production, will not at this day be questioned. Poetry may be expressed in prose as well as in verse. And how deftly in either form the golden thread of romance can be wrought by enchanted hands into the web of human life, some names attest that always will be household words wherever the English tongue is spoken. But the everlasting repetition, through countless thousands of volumes, of the story of the imaginary courtship and marriage of fictitious and impossible young men and women; and when all conceivable incidents that could attend this happy narrative are used up, and the exhausted imagination of the narrator refuses any further supply, then in their place an endless flow of commonplace and vapid conversation, tending to the same matrimonial result, until it is clear that the parties, if they were real, would talk themselves to death — this is the staple of what is now well called fiction, because it never could exist in fact. What a food for an immortal mind to live on, year in and year out, as its principal literary nourishment! And what sort of mental fibre is it likely to produce? Is it from such nutriment that are to be expected the robust and vigorous masculinity that should belong to the American man, or the finer but equally healthy and sound qualities that should distinguish the American woman? The taste for this kind of food is the morbid appetite produced by long nourishment upon pastry and slops. A healthy stomach would reject it.

But though such a craving widely exists, and grows by what it feeds on, very much of the circulation of this kind of literature is due to the ingenious exertions of the publisher. Each successive production is "pushed" and "noticed" so as to be brought for its brief moment into the public attention. For a few days or weeks it is made to be more or less talked about and written about, before it is supplanted by a new and similar work of genius. Hundreds, and perhaps thousands, read the book because it is talked about, and they are ashamed to say they are not acquainted with it. Not to have read the "Washerwoman of the Pyrenees," or "The Jack of Trumps," or "Peter's Wife's Sister," while they happen to be in vogue, would indicate a want of literary culture. So the reader who has no time to make acquaintance, and never does make acquaintance, with the really choice literature of his language, who only knows by name the great authors he has never read, toils in vain to keep up with the contents of his circulating library, which offers him a fresh bill of fare every month; quite unmindful that each one of these butterfly celebrities, after its nine days of popularity, disappears and is heard of no more, altogether eclipsed by the equally ephemeral glitter of its successor. It is a very characteristic anecdote that is told of a young ladies' seminary in England, whose pupils, being asked who is the greatest writer in the English language, unanimously named Shakespeare; being next inquired of who was their favorite author, replied, by a large majority, "Edna Lyall."

It is undeniable that, outside of a certain limited class of scholarly and thoughtful people, the great majority of all who read anything except the newspapers, read books of this description. The statistics of popular and circulating libraries show that seventy-five per cent. of all the books taken out are novels of recent production. A library for the general public that did not furnish them could not be sustained, whatever real treasures of knowledge and literature it might offer. Probably the most numer-

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ous readers of novels are to be found among women, perhaps because they have more time and fewer other diversions than men. In the large class of them who derive their ideas of life and of the world from this source, the result is seen in the enormous and increasing business of the divorce courts, of which they and their husbands are the principal patrons. Aside from the loose and vague notions of morality that become familiar to them, unconsciously, from the books they read, they enter upon married life with ideas and expectations so false and theories so absurd that nothing but disappointment and unhappiness can follow. Instead of the impossible and self-sacrificing heroes of their dreams, they awake to find themselves married only to men, with the imperfections common to humanity. They perceive that the perfection they are in search of is to be found in other women's husbands, not in their own; on which point they would be speedily undeceived if they could exchange situations with their apparently more fortunate sisters. It is not long before both parties to a union that has proved a disappointment are ready to escape from it; or, if not, one or the other is determined to break away. It is probable that all other causes put together are not so prolific of divorce among the class in which it commonly takes place, as the fact that its women are brought up on novels of a low grade as their habitual and almost only reading.

To the heterogeneous mass of bookmaking outside of fiction that is poured out upon us, it is hardly necessary to advert. He who runs may read it, though for the most part he had much better not. Much of it is characterized by haste, superficiality, and redundancy of words which the writers lack the time and the thought necessary to condense; which often would not repay condensation, or would disappear in the process. Speculation on all subjects, too hazy for comprehension, spurious philosophy, theology that is religion's worst enemy, political science invented to serve the ends of a party or to cater to a popular prejudice, useless erudition in all its numerous departments, catchpenny treatises and compilations made to sell, or to air the cranks of their authors or further their ambition for notoriety—all the forms and infinite variety of "books that are not books." Among its best features are the writings that elucidate physical and scientific discovery. That it presents other excellent exceptions to its general quality, only makes that the more apparent.

Book-making has become a trade. Profit is its chief end. The day of studious and self-denying lives, devoted to study and to thought, and regardless of gain, are almost gone by. Literature is no longer "cultivated upon a little oatmeal," nor for its own sake on any fare. Men do not write because they are charged with a message to humanity that has been mellowed and tempered by long reflection, by communion with nature and the higher influences of the soul. To catch the ear of the public by a lucky hit or device, to take a popular tide at the flood, to dash off something or compile something that will sell, and if a success of this sort attracts attention to the name of a writer, then to push it for all it is worth by the most rapid production possible of whatever the name may make a market for—this is the trick and art of what is called literature. Reputation depends on good management much more than on merit. Not so were the enduring achievements of the human intellect brought forth. They were not the product of any age of words. They came chiefly out of the great silences, when thought was mightier than speech, when words were few but fit. There has been noise enough always in the world, no doubt, and it has died away for the most part into everlasting stillness. It is only the silences that have become vocal, whose voices remain and will remain.

The great profusion and variety of utterance, the jargon of many tongues, are not favorable to the production of mental work of the highest order. Such a voice will not be heard or waited for in the general confusion. If some of the greatest performances that have taken place in literature were now for the first time to be brought out, it is questionable whether they would gain any general attention, and whether they would not be quite oversloughed and cast in-

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to the shade by the loudly puffed productions of the ephemeral writers of the time.

The nation maintains at Washington, at vast expense, a printing machine that turns out hundreds of tons of books annually. But there is rarely one among them of the slightest value or interest to any rational being: long-drawn-out and ostentatious reports of what nobody wants to know; endless "documents" that nobody reads; tables unlimited of useless knowledge; Congressional speeches that had no hearers and find no readers. No library could contain them—only the paper-maker has use for them. They are fit contributions to an age of words.

But, as has been remarked, books, in all their profusion and with all the pamphlets and periodicals added, form only a small part of the product of the modern press. They are but a handful beside the multitude of newspapers that no man can number, which overspread every part of the land and fill even its remotest nooks and crannies. In every new frontier settlement the first institution is a whiskey saloon, and the next a newspaper. Compared with the resounding clamor of their discordant cries, ceaseless by day or by night, all other printed words are only as a few scattered voices in a general Babel. That we are fortunate in the possession of some newspapers, both in city and country, which well discharge their proper office, and are conducted with dignity, decorum, ability, and usefulness, all will concede. But as in the matter of books, the question is, how many are of this stamp, and what relation do they bear to the whole? And what are the adjectives that properly describe the rest? Description, indeed, is unnecessary, because the knowledge of it is already notorious and universal. No thoughtful or educated person needs to be told what are the qualities of the mass of American newspapers, with the creditable exceptions already referred to: whether they are high or low in intellectual ability and in tone, in what language they are usually expressed, whether they seek to enlighten and guide public opinion, or to follow its worst aberrations and cater to its lowest instincts; whether they attempt to discuss with fairness and candor the merits of controverted questions, or whether they depend upon misrepresentation of facts, upon cheap gibes, and appeals to the meanest prejudices; whether or not they observe the truth, respect private character, and the decencies of life; whether, in short, they serve, so far as they go, to instruct, to improve, to elevate their readers, or only to delude and debase them, are inquiries that thoughtful men can answer from their own observation. If they can be generally answered favorably, so much the better for the newspapers, and so much the worse for those who venture to question their character and their influence.

One thing, at least, must be generally admitted—the newspapers have put an end to all human privacy. There is no man so obscure, so unassuming, so utterly withdrawn from the public eye and from all challenge of popular attention, who has the right to a concealment of any act or fact or word or thought of his own private life, if it will make an item, or, especially, if it be one from which, by any misrepresentation or gloss, a sensational story can be made and sold. The reporter is omniscient and omnipresent. If we take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the sea, he is there before us, insatiable, rapacious, remorseless. His theory is that every circumstance and incident in every man's and woman's life is the property of the public, if it can be made to minister to the appetite for scandal or idle gossip, or the pleasure of the base in the humiliation or discredit of those above them. With him, sorrow commands no charity, misfortune no consideration, age no reverence, woman no deference, death no solemnity, the grave no refuge. Nothing is so pathetic or so pitiful as to appeal to him for forbearance. Humanity has no rights that he is bound to respect. The only question is, will the story sell, if sufficiently distorted, exaggerated, and dressed up?

If a man commits a crime he cannot reasonably ask that the newspapers should help him to conceal it. If he is in official station, or in any manner invites or challenges attention to himself

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or his affairs, he may justly expect criticism and publicity. But in no other country than ours is the idea tolerated that private and unoffending life can have no secrets; that the skeleton in every closet is to be put on exhibition, for the profit of the thief who is clever enough to steal it.

Not a less prominent feature in much that is called journalism, is the habitual and wanton defamation of personal character. Libellous abuse, especially of political opponents, or of any individual who has in any way provoked the hostility of the manager, is so common and constant as to attract comparatively little attention. Many a journalist would laugh at the suggestion that he should refrain from the publication of a malicious and defamatory story concerning the candidate he seeks to defeat, merely for the reason that the story is a falsehood. He would probably reply, in the slang of the trade, that "it is a good enough Morgan until after the election." There is no law of libel in this country, except in theory. Practically, it has no force. The newspapers are strong enough to make it virtually powerless. The peculiar kind of legal talent that is always available when anything especially base is to be defended, is quite able to make the remedy of the plaintiff much worse than the injury complained of, and no man resorts to it twice.

But these are offences against the individual chiefly, except so far as they tend to debase the popular taste, and blunt the sense of what is due to private rights. A more serious mischief to the public is to be found in the unclean and repulsive sensational narratives with which so many columns of papers of this class are filled: the criminal, obscene, and demoralizing incidents, which, bad enough when merely reported as part of the news of the day, are spun out, elaborated, and repeated with an infinite variety of disgusting and unwholesome detail; the lives and conduct of the criminal, the vicious, and the profligate; the most unsavoury of the contests in courts of justice, amplified and adorned; all that panders to the morbid and depraved taste.

That this material sells freely is true. There is no merchandise so profitable as garbage. Publishers would not print it if a certain large class of readers did not demand it. No one becomes a purveyor of garbage for the mere pleasure of handling it. In the language of Colonel Sellers, "There are millions in it." But it is not the less debasing, and to the cleanly sense offensive. There can be no question that the publication of the sickening details of murder and suicide, in such prominence and redundancy of description, does contribute very much to the increase of crime of that sort. There is a contagion in such things among weak, morbid, insane, and unbalanced minds. Those skilled in mental disease recognize and understand this as one of its manifestations. It is frequently observed that one homicide or suicide of peculiar and startling circumstances produces an epidemic, and is followed by others of a like description in various parts of the country. And the exploits of highwaymen, robbers, and prize-fighters, gilded and glorified, turn many a juvenile brain astray.

Turning from the press to the orator, the other great instrument in the overflow of words, it is to be observed that the amount of speech-making on all sorts of occasions and all kinds of subjects has increased beyond the fashion of former times, in nearly the same ratio as the outpouring of the press. For this, indeed, the press is largely responsible. The custom of reporting, after some fashion, speeches the most ordinary and commonplace, a weariness often to the hearers and of no interest to anybody else, has set thousands of tongues a-wagging for the glory of getting into print. They are reported, not because they are of any importance, but because the daily necessity for material to fill up the newspapers is often urgent, and must be supplied from all available quarters, at whatever expense of dulness or inaccuracy, when more interesting news does not transpire.

But the same influence that has so stimulated oratory and increased its volume, has at the same time diminished its quality, by destroying its best element. The newspaper press has turned the orator into an essayist, and usually a dull essayist at that. The essence

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of a good speech upon ordinary occasions is its adaptation to the tone and spirit of the surrounding atmosphere—its sympathetic touch with its hearers—the indescribable magnetism born of time, place, circumstance, and personality—the charm of utterance—the inspiration of the hour. Fox's remark that if a speech reads well it was not a good one, had great truth in the day when speeches were speeches and not essays. The speaker nowadays cannot address himself to his audience, he must harangue Christendom through the next morning's papers; he is weighted all the time with the thought of how what he says will be made to read, and what will be said of it. The unhappy orator who, ignorant or forgetful of the presence of the reporters, and relieved of the incubus of their anticipated butchery, takes his tone from the occasion—loses for the time the painful self-consciousness which is the bane of public speaking, and speaks naturally, easily, and perhaps with feeling and earnestness the words that are given him, may make, so far as his immediate audience is concerned, a most successful and felicitous deliverance—quite the next best thing to silence. But his blood will run cold at the travesty that will appear next day in print, when a reporter's misunderstanding of it has been condensed into reporters' English. Its wit, its humor, its point, its effectiveness, its eloquence if it chanced to rise so high, have all disappeared, and in their place comes a disjointed and incoherent jumble of platitudes, expressed in the worst possible language. So to avoid being thus made ridiculous, he must write out and recite an article that he can give a copy of to "the press." Nothing can be more unlike than an essay for publication and a speech, which, to meet the requirements of common occasions, should be in a great measure extemporaneous, at least in its language. The article may read fairly well; as a speech, it is prosy and artificial, wearisome to the hearers and without immediate effect.

Anyone who has attended a public dinner on those rare and delightful occasions when reporters are excluded, and has listened to the felicitous and often brilliant speeches born of the occasion and mellowed by the charm of the hour, not intended to be printed nor possible to be printed, and has also been present at another similar time when perhaps the same men, arraigned before the bar of the press and in danger of being set in the public pillory next day, have struggled as best they might with the difficulties of the situation, will quite appreciate the difference. On more than one such occasion speeches have been heard from eminent and distinguished men, with a feeling of disappointment that they failed to rise to the spirit of the hour, or to touch the hearts or the sensibilities of their audience. The reason was that the speeches were not speeches. They were creditable but tame articles, written out beforehand for the inevitable newspaper publication.

The same reason that thus chills and paralyzes the sort of public speaking that to be successful needs to be extemporaneous, has also its effect, though perhaps in a lesser degree, upon those more elaborate addresses, on important occasions, that are prepared in writing. Even in these the writer has constantly in mind, in their preparation, not his hearers but his readers. So such productions, however excellent they might be as contributions to a review or magazine, become guarded, frigid, and tame, and the elements of true oratory they might otherwise contain are smoothed and polished away.

The same cause has turned Congress, and even the British House of Commons, into mere talking-machines. "One weak, washy, everlasting flood" of useless and dreary speech-making runs through them, only occasionally relieved by the voices of those qualified to command and deserve attention, and renders the discharge of public business even in Parliament extremely difficult, and in Congress almost impossible. This would not be tolerated if, as formerly, these speeches were addressed to the Houses where they are made instead of to the world at large. But a certain right to the "floor," for the purposes of buncombe, has become established by prescription and has to be submitted to. Such speeches have for the most part few or no listeners, except the reporters.

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In the splendid days of parliamentary eloquence, when Pitt and Fox and Burke and Sheridan, and many others less celebrated, but fit compeers of those great orators, drew the attention of the world to the House of Commons, reports of the debates were prohibited, and only to a small extent winked at. And so in the great period of our own Congressional oratory, speeches were made to the Houses and not to the press. In language, but by no means in matter, they were extemporaneous. They were not only listened to, but were powerful in their effect. The report of them was a secondary consideration. When required for publication they were written out by the author from such notes as he had, or such as had been taken at the time, instead of being written and even printed beforehand, and read to a small and inattentive House, and empty galleries.

While, therefore, we have plenty of clever and fluent speakers, to some of whom it is easier to speak than to be still, it is undeniable that it is the widespread publication and reverberation of the spoken word that has almost extinguished true eloquence, and reduced it to the dead level of written dissertation, sometimes interesting and useful, but rarely great. That the pulpit has held its own better than other departments of public speaking, is because its occupants, with a few sensational exceptions, still address their congregations instead of preaching to the newspapers.

Perhaps the most hackneyed of all hackneyed quotations is the remark of somebody who said that if he could write the songs of the people he cared not who made their laws. Despite its exaggeration, the saying had a certain truth in its time — when songs were written in the English tongue and expressed some intelligible idea, and were set to those sweet and simple melodies which modern musical improvement has succeeded in extinguishing. But if the songs of the people may be supposed to have an influence upon their character akin to that which the laws they live under exert, what must be thought of the effect upon them of their daily and habitual reading, and of the public utterances to which their attention is constantly compelled? It is probable that the great majority of men in this country who are able to read print, read nothing but newspapers, and those not of the best. In their instruction, the morning and the evening papers are the first day, and the second day, and all days. Of those who venture further in quest of mental nutriment, the greater part do not get beyond the region of current fiction of the cheaper kind. And what other knowledge they have is derived from those who cry aloud in the streets continually. What harvest is it fair to expect to reap from this broadcast sowing of the wind? Surely it cannot make thoughtful, self-contained men, of independent ideas, individuality of character, wholesome in sentiment, generous in sympathies, fit support for a government that rests upon the intelligence of the mass of its people, and not upon its higher and more cultured class. So much babble would seem to be the very opposite of reflection. It is its natural effect to implant in such minds the demon of unrest, the craving for morbid and unnatural excitement, the unappeasable hankering after something new; to make silence, their own thoughts, the solitude of nature, the seclusion of domestic life, the peacefulness of husbandry, alike insupportable; to impel them to run to and fro in the earth, to abandon quiet rural homes for the "centres of intelligence," and the simplicity of the country for the glitter and show of the city; to regard a genteel life as happier than an independent one, and "business" as more respectable than labor.

If an intelligent stranger from some distant planet could be supposed to come near enough to us to hear only the clamor of perpetual and discordant words, full of sound and fury, without having any knowledge of their effect, he might, perhaps, in the simplicity of his heart, have grave misgivings about the outcome. He might expect in a nation so afflicted, a gradual decline in popular taste, and in moral tone. He might expect to find family ties loosened, religion decayed, iniquity in high places, and a false, unreal life in many homes where men were keeping up a show beyond their means. He might look to see leg-

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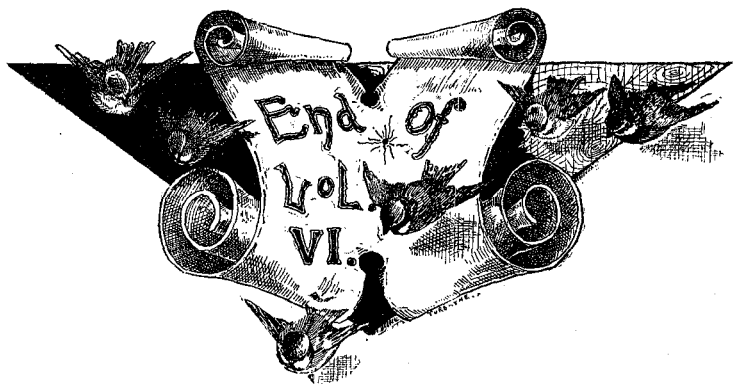
islatures become intolerable, juries suspicious, officials corrupt, votes bought for cash, public offices sold in the market; a system of education of which the main result was to teach the people to talk—not to think—and to dissatisfy them with the state of life to which it had pleased Heaven to call them, without fitting them for a better; a universal and unscrupulous pursuit of money as the chief end and hope of humanity, and of office as its principal distinction; a nearer and nearer approach in the minds of men toward that supreme conception of the fool's heart: "There is no God. Science created the world, and science will be its redeemer."

Let us hope and let us believe, as far as we can, that this untaught and casual visitor would be altogether mistaken in his forebodings. Let us continue to assure and reassure each other, that if there exist any slight indications to the contrary, they are only trifles light as air, sure to disappear before the grand advance of our intelligence and the progress of our institutions. We are very fond of glorifying our time, as the highest summit in all respects that human history has yet seen. A thousand bludgeons of the press would leap from their brief repose to annihilate the pessimist traitor who should be so disloyal to the age he lives in, as to see in it, and much more to speak of, any blemish or sorrow that universal democracy cannot cure. In regard to all material advancement, prosperity, and discovery, we are no doubt well justified in the superiority we pride ourselves upon. But, after all, may it not be possible that the story of Babel, like so many passages in history that portray the decay of nations, may sometime repeat itself; and that the great multitude who, with unquestioning confidence, are building the tower that is to scale Heaven, may be discomfited and scattered by the confusion of tongues? Whether that could ever be or not, one truth must meanwhile command general assent—that the language of a nation, and the use that is made of it, are at once the best evidence of the character of its civilization, and the most powerful influence in creating it.



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